Mar. 29, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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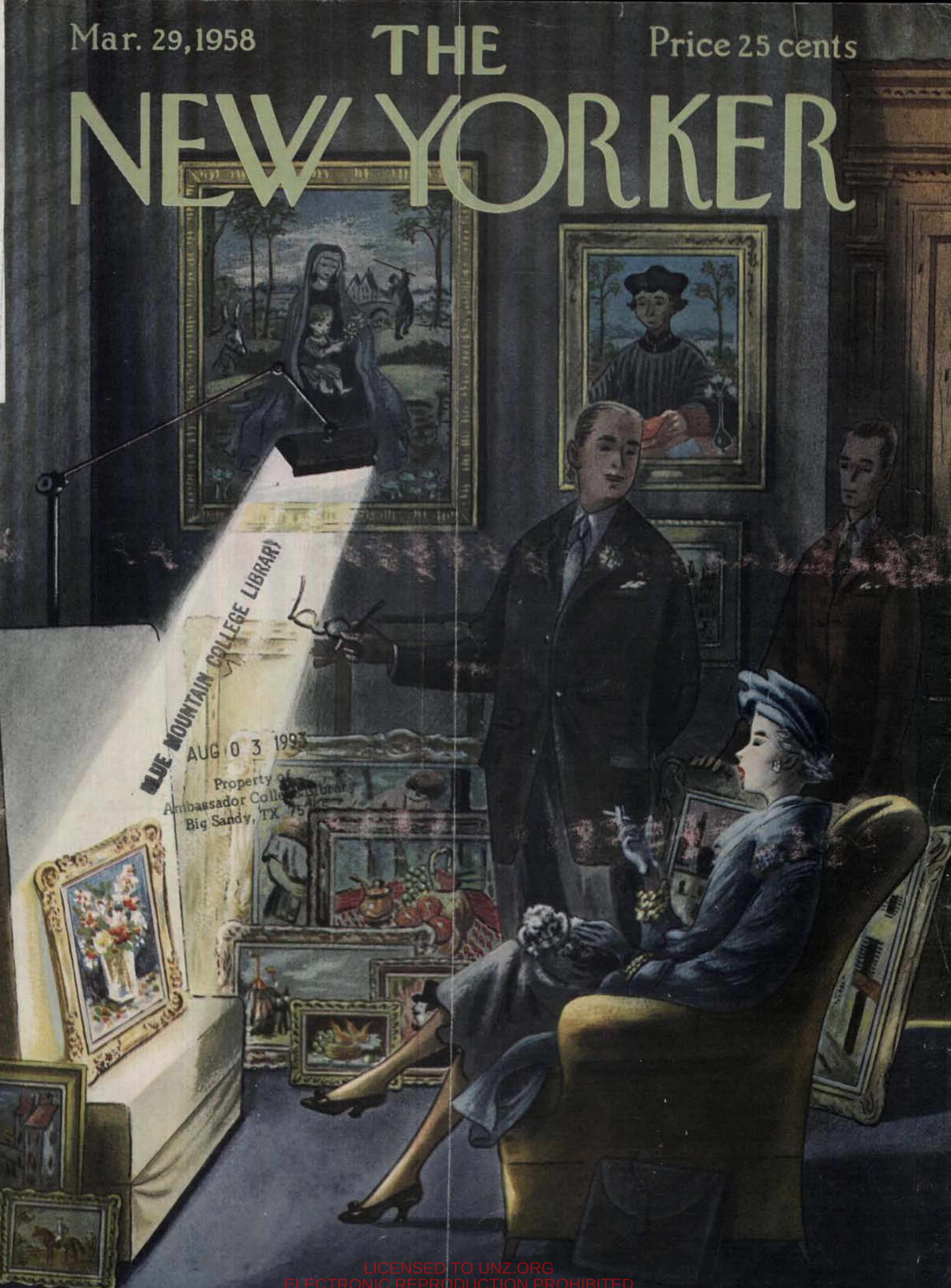

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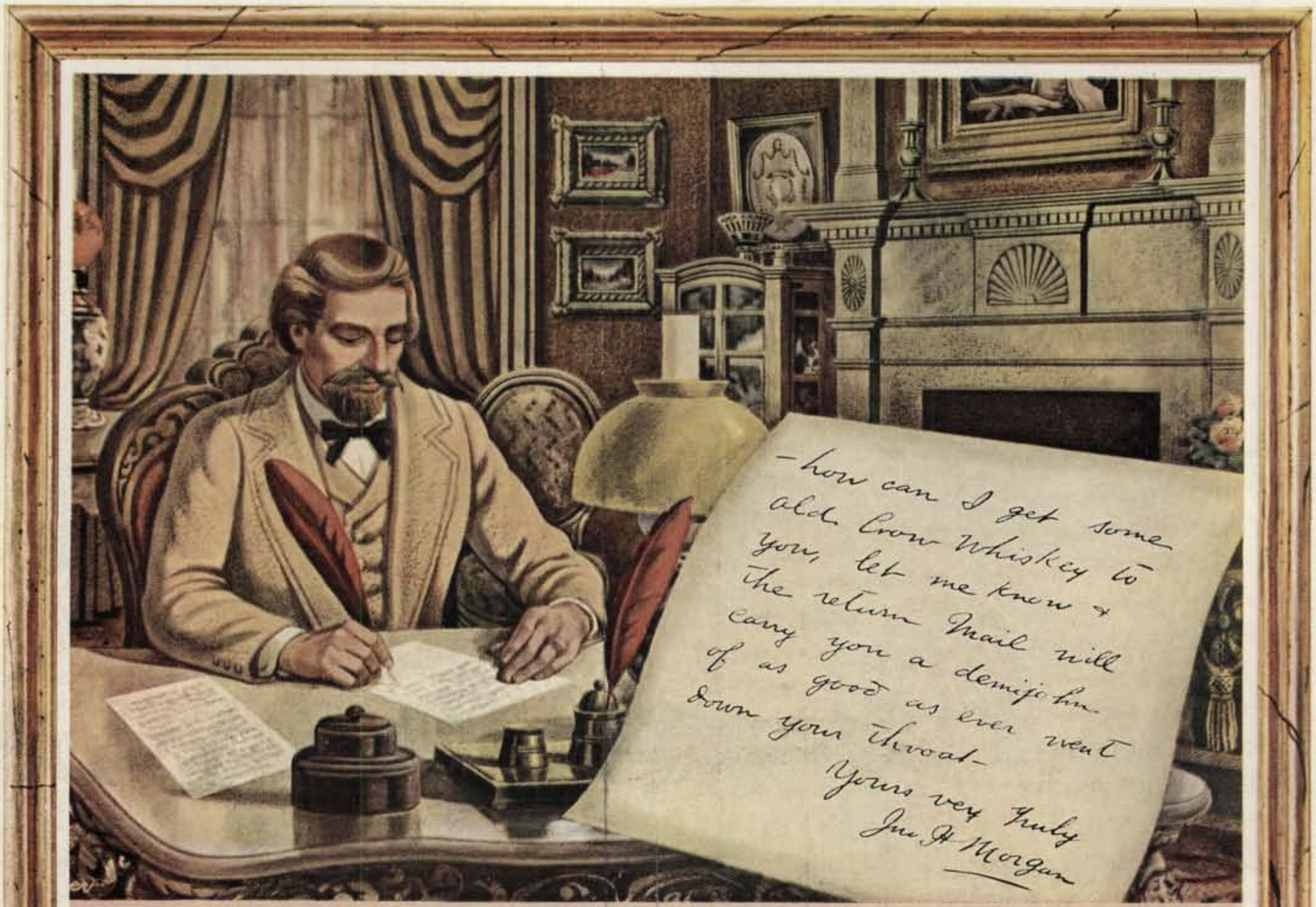

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blue Denim—A well-staged account, by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble, of the emotional confusions of the younger set. June Walker and Chester Morris head the cast, which includes a number of attractive younger people. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—William Inge's play about the small tragedies and comedies that beset an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. It probably tries to cover too much ground, but it is often very funny and touching. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart are superlative in leading roles, and Elia Kazan's direction and Ben Edwards' set are extremely commendable, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Entertainer—Laurence Olivier displays enormous virtuosity in this tragedy about the sordid life of a second-rate music-hall performer. Otherwise, this John Osborne play doesn't add up to much, although Brenda de Banzie, George Relph, Joan Plowright, and Richard Pasco are fine in supporting roles. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fair Game—Sam Levene and several subsidiary wolves pursue a virtuous divorcee through the wastes of the garment district in this comedy (by Sam Locke), which owes a large measure of its success to Mr. Levene's genuinely comic performance. Among those associated with him are Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—John Osborne's play about a young Englishman in rebellion against his world is moving, sardonic, and superbly performed. The cast is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look Homeward, Angel—Ketti Frings has worked something of a miracle in reducing Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel to a coherent and frequently compelling play. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith bring three members of the Gant family marvellously to life, and George Roy Hill's direction and Jo Mielziner's sets are both beyond criticism. With Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, and Florence Sundstrom. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Romance and assorted uproars in a mythical kingdom dreamed up by Peter Ustinov, who also portrays the hero of the play. Mr. Ustinov is both funny and energetic, and he will probably make you condone an occasional torpid moment. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rope Dancers—Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, and Joan Blondell are highly effective in this drama by Morton Wishengrad, which treats mainly of a woman overcome by a feeling that she has sinned. Just why this lady feels so bad is not made too clear, but the play is impressively sincere and, at times, very affecting. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy gives a wonderfully strong performance as Franklin D. Roosevelt in Dore Schary's restrained and eloquent play about three crucial years in the late President's life. The admirable supporting cast includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Remembered—Helen Hayes once more shows herself to be incomparable in this translation of Jean Anouilh's delightful comedy about an eccentric old duchess, a melancholy prince, and a pretty little milliner. Among the others in the cast are Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft do brilliantly as the whole cast of William Gibson's stenographically exact play about a couple of lonely people in New York. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—A revival of the Jean Anouilh comedy, with Melvyn Douglas, Betty Field, and Lili Darvas in a cast directed by Harold Clurman. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—Some droll doings involving Peter Lind Hayes, as a professor who gets mixed up with the F.B.I.; Mary Healy, who plays his wife; and Ray Walston, who is cast as a clumsy Mr. Fixit. The play was written by Norman Krasna, an old hand at this sort of comedy. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—Auntie Mame: Greer Garson now is the heroine of this comedy taken from Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Long Day's Journey into Night:** Eugene O'Neill's study of his youth, with Fredric March and Florence Eldridge. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly at 7:30. Closes Saturday, March 29.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Back to Methuselah—Tyrone Power, Faye Emerson, and Arthur Treacher in a new version, by Arnold Moss, of Shaw's comedy. Directed by Margaret Webster and presented for a six-week engagement by the Theatre Guild, in association with Mr. Moss. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

International Soirée—This revue, starring the Parisian chanteuse called Patachou, is at best a springtime diversion. Her associates include a Belgian pantomimist, a pair of gypsy dancers, a quartet of puppeteers, and a master of ceremonies whose name is Hiram Sherman. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly at 9. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, March 29.)

Jamaica—A tale of old West India, featuring the very personable Lena Horne, who sings some superior ballads but is defeated in the long pull by a witless book. Harold Arlen composed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. Appearing along with Miss Horne are Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this excellent piece about an Iowa con man who falls in love with a librarian. Robert Preston is wonderful in the leading role, and his capable supporters include Barbara Cook, David Burns, Pert Kelton, Iggie Wolfington, and Dusty Worrall. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Captain!—An adaptation of an Alec Guinness film that isn't very subtle in its humor but is still a genial affair. Directed by José Ferrer, who collaborated with Al Morgan on the book, it has songs by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans, and a worthy cast that includes Tony Randall, Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet," and if it is not especially moving or always plausible, it makes a lively evening. Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the generally successful dances. With Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, Carol Lawrence. (Winter

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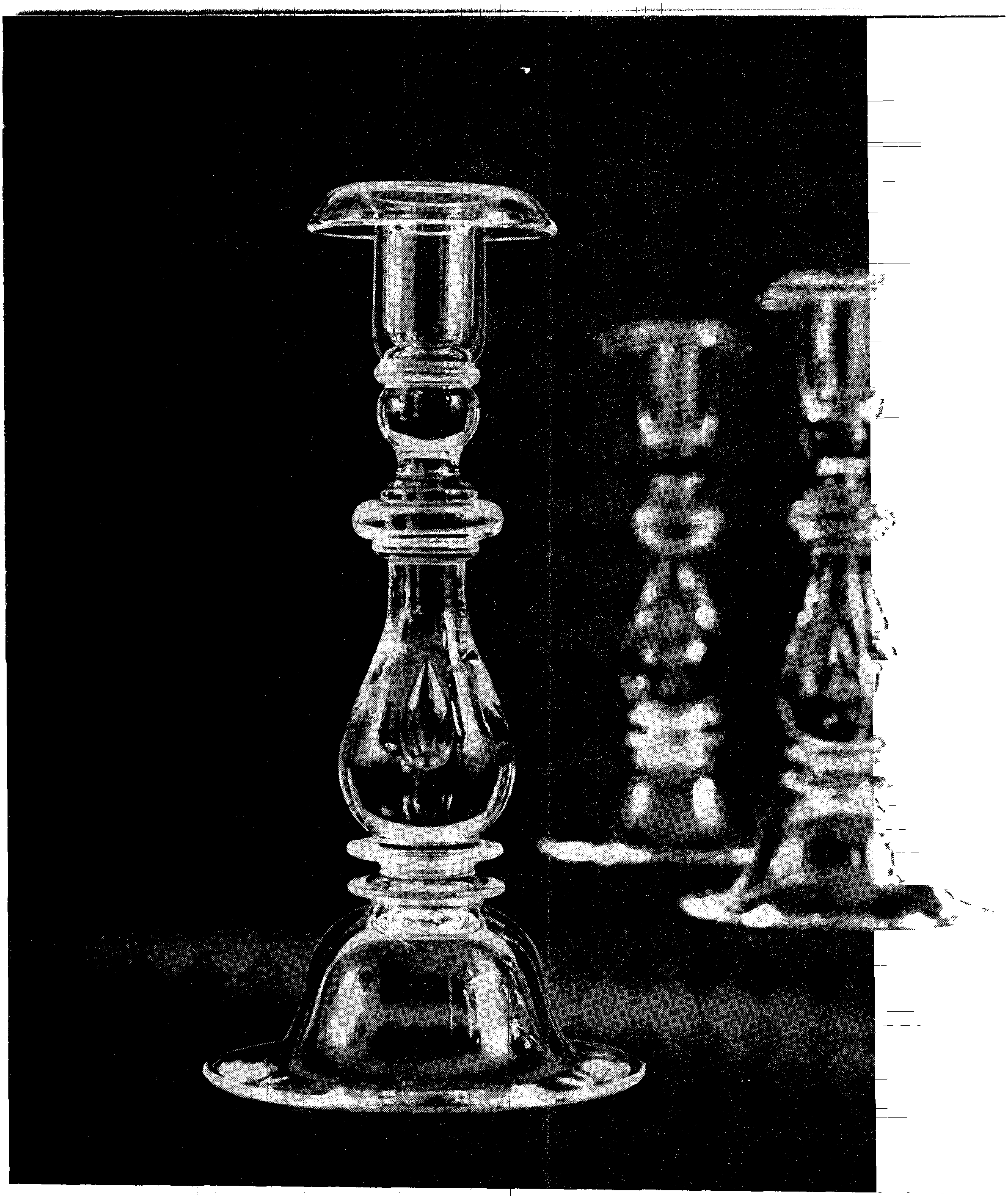

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BELLS ARE RINGING: Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. Sydney Chaplin is also in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LI'L ABNER:** An adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip. With Wynne Miller, Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Billie Hayes. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEW GIRL IN TOWN:** Thelma Ritter in a musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

SAY, DARLING—A comedy about a musical, by Richard Bissell, Abe Burrows, and Marian Bissell. It is based on Mr. Bissell's novel of the same name and has songs by Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne. David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head a cast directed by Mr. Burrows. Presented by Mr. Styne and Lester Osterman. Opens Thursday, April 3. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"Oklahoma!," with Helen Gallagher, Herbert Banke, Lois O'Brien, and Gene Nelson, is the last in a series of three musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, March 28: "The Barber of Seville." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CARNEGIE HALL PLAYHOUSE—Ann Hillary and John Brachita in a revival of "Dark of the Moon," a play by Howard Richardson and William Berney. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," with Gerald Hiken. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—Colleen Dewhurst, Jack Cannon, Arthur Malet, and George C. Scott in a revival of Edwin Justus Mayer's "Children of Darkness." (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—Sandy Wilson's musical "The Boy Friend." Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those who appear in it. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

GATE THEATRE—Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," in a dramatization by Boris Tumarin and Jack Sydow. With James Patterson and Eulalie Noble. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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30	31	1	2	3	4	5

GREENWICH MEWS THEATRE—Gorky's play "The Courageous One," adapted by Miriam Goldina, and with Howland Chamberlin and Maurine Holbert in the cast. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-7183. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

MARTINIQUE THEATRE—A revival of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible." Michael Higgins, Barbara Barrie, and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—The Stratford Festival Company of Canada in a six-week repertory of two plays. The schedule through Sunday, April 6: Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Thursday through Sunday, March 27-30, and Saturday and Sunday, April 5-6. . . . ¶ Donald Harron's "The Broken Jug," based on a comedy by Heinrich von Kleist, opens Tuesday, April 1. Subsequent performances Wednesday through Friday, April 2-4. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, April 27.)

ROOFTOP THEATRE—Claude Dauphin and Edith Atwater (who will be replaced on Sunday, March 30, by Frances Reid) in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Scott Merrill, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

YORK PLAYHOUSE—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer," presented under the over-all title of "Garden District." The cast includes Anne Meacham, Hortense Alden, and Eleanor Phelps. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

ROBERT JOFFREY THEATRE BALLET—"Whirligig," "Contretemps," "Pas des Déesses," and "Le Bal." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, March 30, at 8:30.)

MARTHA GRAHAM AND HER DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, April 12—Tuesday, April 1, at 8: "Clytemnestra" (première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 2, at 8: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 2:30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Diversion of Angels," and "Deaths and Entrances." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 8:30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Embattled Garden" (première), and "Deaths and Entrances." . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 8:30: "Night Journey," "Diversion of Angels," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 2:30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Embattled Garden," and "Cave of the Heart." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: "Clytemnestra." (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey will launch their annual spring fête on Wednesday, April 2, at 7:30, with a performance for the benefit of the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund; for tickets, call JU 2-5400. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 11. . . . ¶ The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and the kings in their pet counting house. Incidental music, for talking or dancing to, by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room is a rest home all evening—no fanfare, no fury. In their stead, there's Joseph Ricardel's happy but muted little dance band, and a vast covey of violinists slowly winging their way hither and yon. The sole touch of glitter is the song recital by Betty Benee, a breath of old Broadway. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper, the Persian Room offers the songs of Jana Mason, a young hopeful. Ted Straeter, owner of the world's noblest dinner jacket, a richly engraved piano style, an offhand tenor, and a virtuoso dance band, does the rest of the music, with (as usual) an assist from Mark Monte's bouncy quintet. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, an excellent setting for affairs of state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays from four until seven every day in the Palm Court and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either pasture.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's dance orchestra will deliver its final consignment of sweetness and light to the Grill Saturday, March 29. On Monday, March 31, Sammy Kaye's orchestra will move in. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Elysian field days (or, rather, nights) are available in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's little dance bands prance from one end of the evening to the other. A prominent guest at dinner and supper is Ginny Simms, a nightingale out of our lively past. Her final performance will be on Wednesday, April 2; Florence Henderson and Bill Hayes, who've both been Broadway varsity material, will start singing the following evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seven days a week, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—You'd swear, from the looks of the place, that it's really the cherished old Ambassador Hotel, and (in everything but name) it is. The Embassy Club, which hasn't so far been recaptioned, still murmurs calm dinner music until ten; then it's on with the dance, led by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays.

STATLER HILTON, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Xavier Cugat band, sort of a Latin-American grand slam, is in the Café Rouge, which is barely big enough to hold all the decibels. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, at dinner and supper, the Messrs. Varel and Bailly, authors and declaimers of French Hit Parade ballads, are declaiming them. They're assisted in this mundane pastime by a male chorus of almost unearthly vigor, enthusiasm, and mobility. Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gypsy band do emphatic dance music the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by the trio of Cy Walter (Ivy League) and Jozsi Ribari's group (neo-Viennese) from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Empire Room's gypsies do the job from eight to twelve.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room is far enough up in the world to be above the smog belt. Languid non-dance music bubbles now and then. This goes on from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. Joel Forbes is the Sunday driver. The *mise en scène* is practically House of Lords. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Real people, and people invented by Damon Runyon and Elsa Maxwell, all democratically rubbing shoulders. Jack Banan, the piano man here, is of the good old school. He starts in at about eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Everybody seems to know everybody, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts; some of the late-evening guests also know the newest show tunes, and prove it. Goldie Hawkins and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, play double as well as single piano until curfew rings the night out. Six is the opening hour; Monday is the day of rest. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday for both strings and sybarites. The strings, Teo Fanidi's corps of fiddlers, are local color; the sybarites just drop in for dinner or supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar takes a Mediterranean honeymoon cruise all the way from Seville to Sorrento, holds sway from nine to one every evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Love, in the wily words of Mabel Mercer's *salonnière* ballads, is a potion to be taken with a grain of salt or a quarter grain of Equanil. She's one of our best after-dinner condiments; there's also piano from the cocktail hour on, some of it by Sam Hamilton, her faithful amanuensis, and some of it by Don Evans, whose virtuosity is everyone's reward. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): One of the best-maintained pianos in our town has evening workouts with Johnny Mehegan, a Juilliard-faculty man whose ideas and execution belong to an era that is anything but academic. Ten to one-thirty or two is the schedule. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Armor that's a perfect fit for a king (Henry IV, of course), and lots more engines of war. Wandering unawed from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make sweet music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The pictures on the walls, a show in themselves, are staying put, but the cast of players keeps changing. Stuart Hart, pianist and singer, winds up on Saturday, March 29, and a new calypso singer, possibly the last of his faltering breed, arrives on Monday, March 31. His name is Slinger Francisco. The leader of the incumbent jazz trio, a loud one, is Alex Kallao. It's not moving out for a while yet. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, all resolutely Spanish, are restless at night, which leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): An old Spanish custom in an elegant new stage set, offering an old Spanish mixture—provender and wine of the country all evening; piano, violin, guitar, and song from seven-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The blue Danube, flowing as gently as the sweet Afton through neat and largely sedate surroundings. The instrumentation runs to zimbalons and violins and sopranos, the nourishment to Vienna. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAV-**

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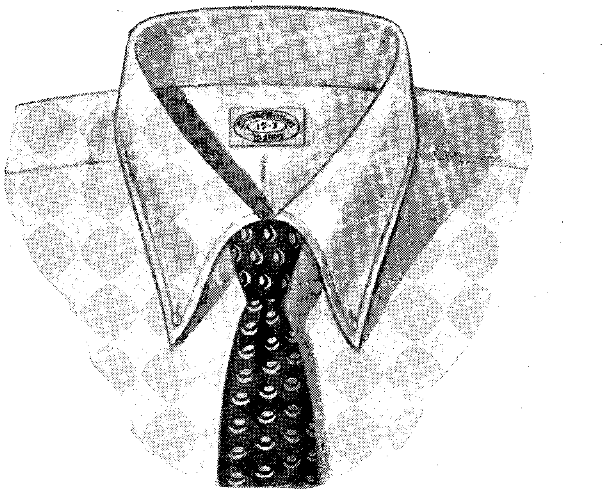

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ERLY LOUNGE, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, always pulsating to a spate of casual piano.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer, the social lion of the premises, does kitten-on-the-keys piano at intervals between eight-thirty and one-thirty or two. The room, a luxurious landscape, is closed Sundays.... **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, who inhabits the bar of an establishment devoted to making life easy for bon-vivants, rambles along the piano in a manner indicating that he's now veering from Vienna toward a more up-to-date concept. He operates from five to eleven. All is dark Sundays.... **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition of oak panelling, Peter Walters runs off strictly parlor piano from five-thirty to eight, and nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Shelley Berman, an analyst who can make your nightly sessions on the couch a distinct pleasure, is explaining, in phrases well couched themselves, how easy it is for you to go all to pieces all the time. His compeers are Evelyn Knight, an ornament to any gathering, even in the unlikely event that she couldn't sing a note; Dorothy Loudon, a trumpeter swan who enjoys a series of dizzy spells; and George LaFaye's puppets, who whisk their beholders back and forth between sublime and ridiculous. Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard are a comfortable cushion for all concerned.... ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty is again conducting his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, every night except Saturday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there's also a catch-as-catch-can session by Bobby Short, whose upswept piano and voice outtalk Gabriel's horn, and the Lyons group.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The revue, an art form lately smothered to death by the sheer weight of its own trappings, has here been revived by a new miracle drug—humor. It involves a quartet of engaging but not altogether innocent little lambs (Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jean Arnold) and a very big bad wolf (Ronny Graham). The architect of this project is Julius Monk; its rascally words and music come from Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestration comes from the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Nine-thirty and twelve are the zero hours; Sunday is the holiday.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The anteroom of the Downstairs Room, and also within the orbit of Julius Monk. Its design—the whiling away of idle hours—is served by the trio of the eminent Norman Paris, the pianist with the shortest fingers and the longest melodic line in all jazz chamber music, and the piano and voice of Warren Vaughn, which are cheery. Justin Arndt and Frank Cerchia are the Paris sidemen. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey, the orator whose end product is always *reductio ad absurdum*, will sign off on Sunday, March 30, and so will Charlie Mingus and his intricate five-man Jazz Workshop. Tuesday, April 1, will be check-in time for Roger Price, a hair-trigger and harebrained conversationalist in his own right, and Thelonious Monk, a cornerstone of the new expressionism in music and the leader of a small group of acolytes. Sundays, there are matinées at 4:30 P.M., as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. ... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Three of the characters who have made the Bon Soir the jolly place it is today are again nesting in the family tree—Sylvia Syms, the basso-profundo spirit of rhythm; Phil Leeds, a keen student of life, and a funny one; and Jorie Remus, a *diseuse* whose forecast is heavy thunderstorms, followed by going home to Mother. Jimmie Daniels, articulator of lush-life lyrics, and the Three Flames, a group of instrumentalists without let or hindrance, also stand and wait. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, who've clowned here many a time, are at it again. Undine Forrest is now the house canary, and there's also lots of piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, lifetime keepers of the inn. The clowns are off Sundays, when old movies are added; Miss Forrest is off Mondays, when amateur talent has its brief moment.... **DOWN IN THE DEPTHS,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (MU 6-0300): The minute saltcellar of the Hotel Duane, carpeted wall to wall, is activated by people who see no harm in a little fun. At the moment, they are Mike Nichols and Elaine May, whose one-act plays about Inside U.S.A. are a deft interweaving of pathos, bathos, and chaos; Milt Kamen, an orator in whom the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, and the height of foolishness are all well met; and Jo March, a very recent girl delver into country music. Mickey Leonard's trio, also very recent, provides the proper underpinning. Closed Sundays. On Wednesday, April 2, a new amusement device—a midget revue in which Mary Harmon, a sprig of catnip, and Jean Shepherd, a cat who walks by himself through the small hours of radio, are concerned—will have its trial run.... **THE BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The whole thing, tucked away behind the sort of jaunty Midtown Café, is probably the figment of someone's imagination, but the music—the voice of a wisp named Janice Mars, and the piano of the composer Baldwin Bergerson—is as real as can be and quite free of cliché. All quiet Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Arrayed on the bandstand of Mr. Condon's new and handsome place of business are Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (whenever the moon is in the right quarter) Mr. Condon himself. In between sets, Bud Freeman, saxophone emeritus of the Condon hierarchy, leads a trio into action. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, for whom the world stopped back around 1913, are reproducing as faithfully as possible the music of that long-ago sphere. They are assisted in this memory course by Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut tight on Sundays. Jam sessions Mondays; the one on March 31 will be run by the Six-Pence, a University of Pennsylvania undergraduate body.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Whether it's new-school jazz or new-school concert piano that Bernard Peiffer is playing in the back room is not always completely clear, but whatever it is, he shouldn't ever go back where he came from (France). He works with two aides who read him like a book. There's other new-school sound by the trio of Tal Farlow, whose fingering of his electronic guitar is as unorthodox as the music that comes from it. This group is fancy-free when its Eddie Costa plays vibes, guttural when he plays piano. The Peiffers are away on Sundays, the Farlows on Mondays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The rocket's red glare comes from Count Basie's band, a mighty force when it wants to be; the pensive music comes from Randy Weston's trio. Joe Williams, the Basie blues singer, is a shot well worth hearing round the world. Their last night is Wednesday, April 2; one night later, Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, which has a bit of screech-owl blood in its veins, and the thoughtful Les Jazz Modes quintet arrive. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar, after nine-thirty, Don Shirley, now at the head of a trio, performs after ten every night but Monday. His music is a lot less glorious Technicolor than it used to be.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St.

(CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by Billy Maxted's band, which has great respect for tradition. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Men of iron, firing point-blank and selling their lives as dearly as possible. Dixie is their home. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are Vic Dickenson, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3 P.M., Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon play host to Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Music for nostalgists, from the teething age on up, and plenty of nut-brown ale to wash it down with. On Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, the rumble should be handled by Tyree Glenn, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Pee Wee Erwin, Johnny Windhurst, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A slight case of split personality (is it music room or convention hall?) that can lead to a slight case of split eardrums. Johnny Costa's trio, which represents the Pittsburgh school of the new jazz, and a quartet run by Peter Appleyard, the London vibes man, will take leave on Saturday, March 29. Sunday, in accordance with inexorable custom, will be devoted to the work of visiting practitioners. On Monday, March 31, two of the upper-echelon modernist trios—Marian McPartland's and Buddy Greco's—will report for duty. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Any resemblance between this small world and the one the rest of us live in is coincidental. At the moment, the musicians concerned, who blow hot, blow cool, are presumably Jimmy Giuffre's vanguardist trio, to which Bob Brookmeyer adds considerable flavor; on Sunday, March 30, Reese Markewich's Mark V quintet will be added to the assemblage. Sundays, the doors open at five; nothing doing Tuesdays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quartet of Lee Konitz, of which Billy Bauer is an active member, woos a muse of music unknown to any of the classicists and to quite a few nontraditionalists. Sundays, the wooing runs from four until ten. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A fairly accurate reconstruction of the seething Romany Marie days in the Village, all except the music, whose sense of doom is quite modern. It comes from Pepper Adams, Donald Byrd, and two or three fellow-mourners. Mondays, indigenous poets chant to a background of the same sort of jazz. . . . **BLACK PEARL,** 1393 Second Ave., at 72nd St. (TR 9-0810): Our places of worship grow ever stranger, and here's the newest nominee. Under its canopy, the masterly Oscar Pettiford simultaneously plays bass and supervises the work of a quintet, still in the jelling process, that includes, off and on, Sahib Shibab on flute and saxophone, Johnny Coles on trumpet, and Betty Glamann on harp. No music Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS—A seventieth-birthday showing of recent oils; through April 19. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

BEN-ZION—Water colors, gouaches, and etchings, including landscapes, still-lifes, and Biblical illustrations; through Saturday, March 29. (Deitsch, 51 E. 73rd St.)

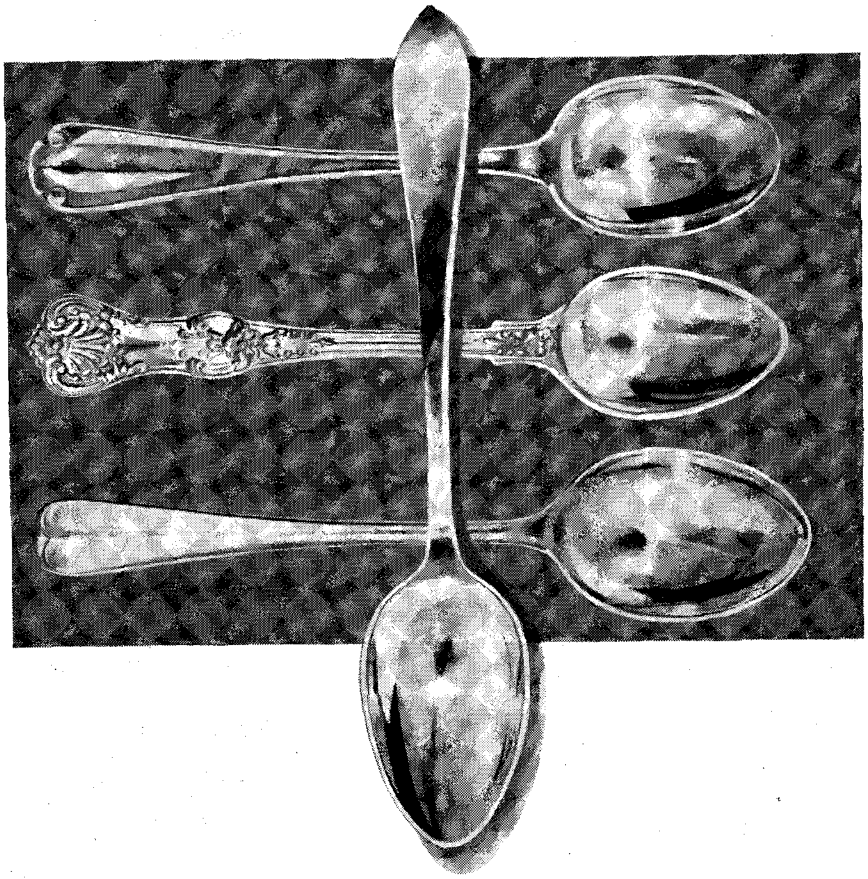
BYRON BROWNE—Semiabstract paintings; through April 12. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CHARLES CAJORI—Oils and drawings; through April 12. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—A lone show of paintings; through April 26. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent canvases; through Saturday, March 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Water colors (1939-53);



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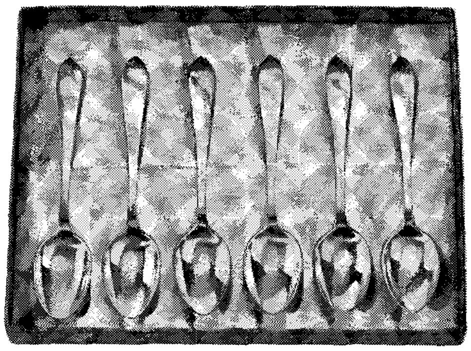

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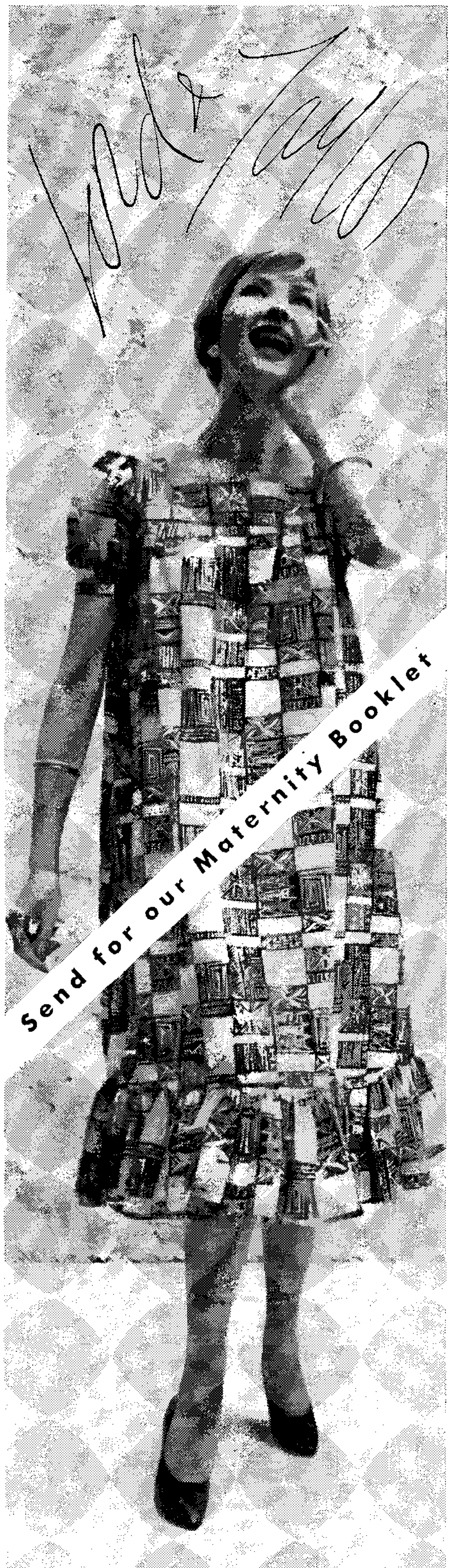
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through April 12. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Joseph Glasco—New paintings and sculptures, much more geometric in style than his previous work; through Saturday, April 5. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

William Gropper—Water colors; through Saturday, April 5. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Sidney Gross—Semiabstract oils; through Saturday, March 29. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Dong Kingman—Water colors (of Hong Kong, Rome, Paris, and London), full of playful, intricate detail, as usual; through April 12. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Robert Knipschild—Abstract Impressionist paintings, in oil, encaustic, and gouache, plus a group of drawings; through April 12. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Kaethe Kollwitz—A series of etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs, supplemented by some rare drawings; through Friday, March 28. (New Art Center, 1193 Lexington Ave., at 81st St.)

Lee Krasner—Very large abstract oils; through Saturday, April 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Lawrence Kupferman—Abstractions, chiefly based on nature themes, in a variety of mediums; through Saturday, March 29. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Aristide Maillol—Thirty-nine bronzes (and one marble statue), including some that have seldom been seen here; through Saturday, March 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Gerhard Marcks—Recent bronzes, suavely stylized by this contemporary German sculptor; through April 12. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marino Marini—One of Italy's foremost artists, in a showing of figure bronzes and paintings; through Saturday, March 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Matta—Abstract Surrealist paintings, livelier and more colorful than his last batch; through Saturday, April 5. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Paula Modersohn-Becker—Works by a forerunner of the German Expressionist movement. First one-man show in New York; through April 12. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Ernst Wilhelm Nay—Paintings by a contemporary German abstractionist. First major one-man show in New York; through Friday, April 4. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Mario Negri—Slim, attenuated bronzes by an Italian sculptor. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

George Papashvily—Sculptures in stone; through April 12. (Washington Irving Gallery, Irving Pl. at 17th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Edouard Pignon—Semiabstract oils and water colors by a top-ranking member of the Paris school. First one-man show in New York; through April 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Wildly inventive concoctions in paint, construction, and collage; through Saturday, March 29. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Georges Rouault—Paintings; through Saturday, March 29. (Hervé, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

Gérard Schneider—Big, rhythmic abstractions by this contemporary French painter; through Saturday, March 29. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

Charles Schucker—Airy, graceful abstractions, romantic in mood; through Saturday, April 5. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Charles Sheeler—Recent realist oils; through April 19. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Tancredi—Non-objective oils and gouaches by an Italian painter of the Tachiste school. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 29. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Nicholas Vasilieff—Primitive figure paintings and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 29. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Esteban Vicente—Recent collages; through Saturday, March 29. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Charles White—Large, powerful compositions in a mingling of mediums, based mainly on Negro spirituals; through Saturday, April 5. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Sol Wilson—Landscapes, interiors, and seacoast subjects; through Saturday, March 29. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Still-Lifes—Examples from various schools and periods by European and American artists, including Eugène Boudin, Frans Snyders, Jan van Huysum, Paul Cézanne, William M. Harnett, and Joseph Stella; through April 19. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters—The ninth annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphic work by candidates for Institute Grants in Art. Among the artists represented are Milton Avery, Larry Rivers, Seymour Lipton, and Leonard Baskin. Through April 6. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: "The Performing Arts" is the theme of an exhibition of paintings selected by Leon Kroll, Sol Wilson, and George Picken; through Friday, March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Oils and other works by Joseph Stella, Leo Quanchi, and August Mosca; through April 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Leonard Baskin; starting Tuesday, April 1. . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Giuseppe Capogrossi; starting Tuesday, April 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **GALLERY 75**, 30 E. 75th St.: Fumi Komatsu; starting Tuesday, April 1. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Alexej and Andreas von Jawlensky; starting Saturday, April 5. . . . **KOOTZ**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Ibram Lassaw; starting Tuesday, April 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Louis Bouché; starting Monday, March 31. . . . **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.: Dorr Bothwell; starting Tuesday, April 1. . . . **NEW ART CENTER**, 1193 Lexington Ave., at 81st St.: George Grosz; starting Wednesday, April 2. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Group show; starting Monday, March 31. . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Tuesday, April 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Masterpieces of Korean Art," an exhibition being presented under the auspices of the Korean government. Included are ceramics, sculptures, metalwork, stoneware, and paintings, ranging in date from the first or second century to the twentieth. Through Thursday, April 3. . . . ¶ A travelling exhibition of forty-one oil paintings, dating from 1916, by Sir Winston Churchill; through Sunday, March 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and drawings by the French Post-Impressionist Georges Seurat; through May 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday, April 3, until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

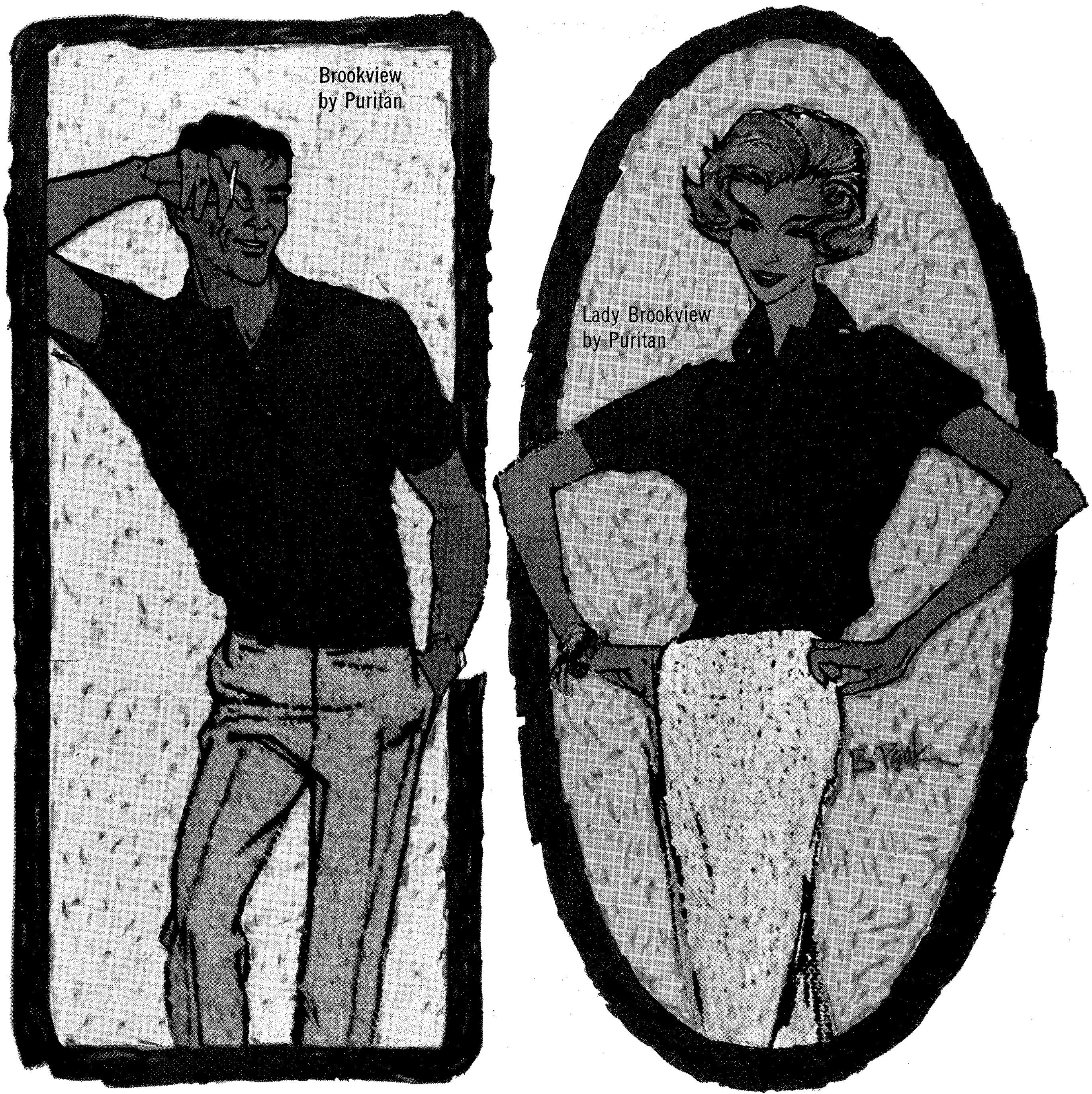
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An Easter exhibition of forty-five water colors illustrating the life of Christ, by James Joseph Jacques Tissot; through April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Alicia Penalba, Shindo Tsuji, Etienne Hajdu, and four other abstract sculptors are participants in an international sculpture-and-drawing exhibit; through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—About thirty oil paintings, including still-lifes and portraits, by Arthur Kaufmann; through Sunday, March 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-second annual of the American Abstract Artists, with paintings and sculptures by member and guest artists, among them Josef Albers, Ad Reinhardt, John von Wicht, and Ibram Lassaw. After Sunday, March 30, the Museum will be closed until Sunday, April 6, when there will be a new show. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A display of



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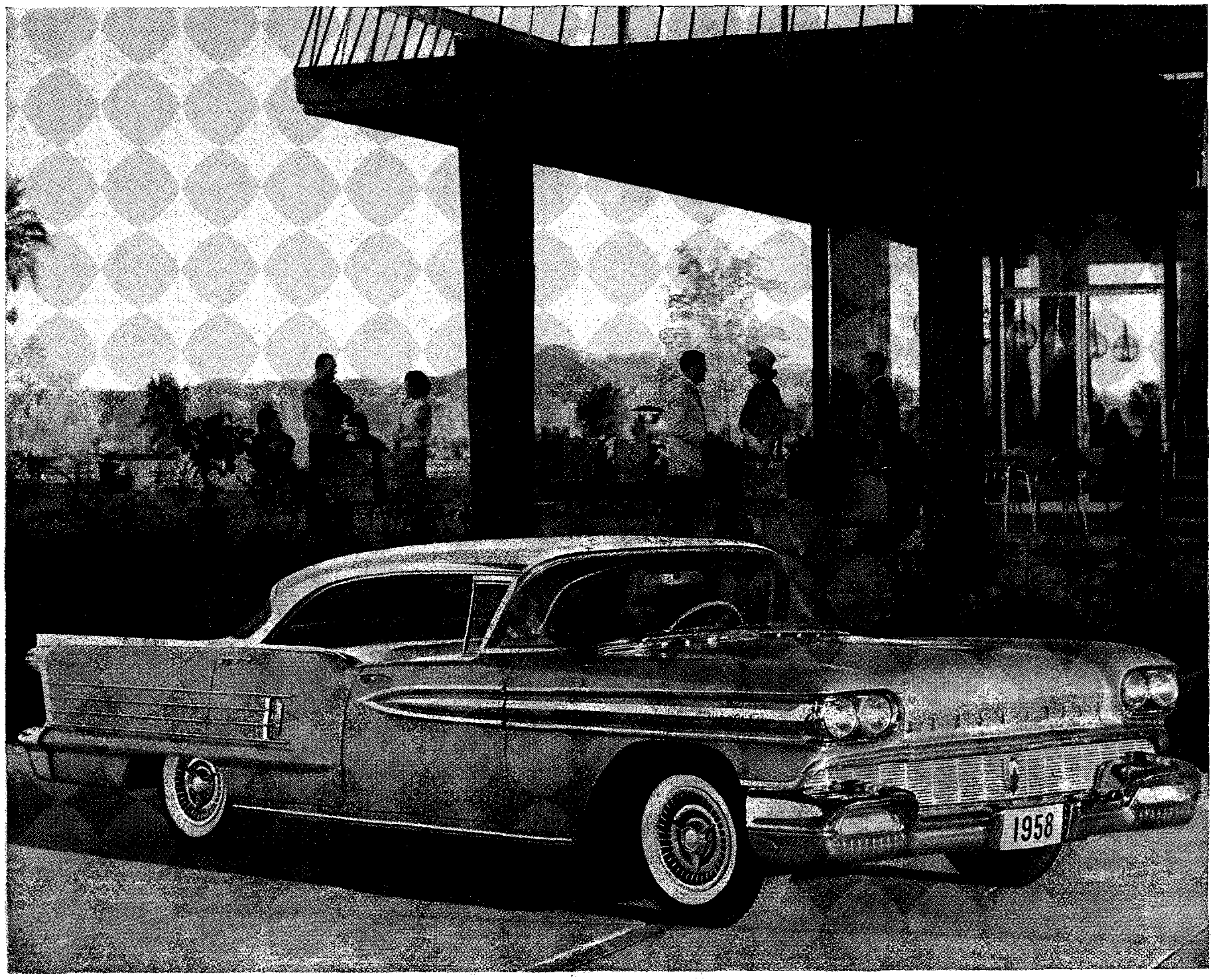

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the work of the late Robert Edmond Jones, consisting of a hundred and thirty original stage and costume designs for plays, operas, ballets, musical comedies, and motion pictures; through April 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 27, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Martha Moedl, Grace Hoffman, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Friday, March 28, at 8: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Martha Lipton, Mario Del Monaco, Leonard Warren, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Antonietta Stella, Margaret Roggero, Eugenio Fernandi, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 8: "Faust," with Marcella Pobbe, Richard Tucker, Jerome Hines, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Monday, March 31, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Risë Stevens, Mario Del Monaco, Martial Singher, and Norman Scott. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 2, at 8: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, George London, Richard Tucker, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Victoria de los Angeles, Margaret Roggero, Carlo Bergonzi, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 1: "Parsifal," with Margaret Harshaw, Ramon Vinay, George London, and Otto Edelmann. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Jan Peerce, Mario Zanasi, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, George London, Cesare Valletti, and Fernando Corena.

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of a season of American opera, which will continue through Sunday, May 4—Thursday, April 3, at 8: The New York première of Douglas Moore's "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with a book by John Latouche. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Ernest Ansermet conducting on Thursday, March 27, at 8:45, and Friday, March 28, at 2:30 (both with Nathan Milstein, violin). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting on Saturday, March 29, at 8:45 (with Joseph Schuster, cello). . . . ¶ Ernest Ansermet conducting on Sunday, March 30, at 3 (with Nathan Milstein, violin). . . . ¶ Robert Shaw directing performances of Haydn's "Creation" on Thursday, April 3, at 8:45, and Friday, April 4, at 2:30 (both with Adele Addison and Louise Natale, sopranos; John McCollum, tenor; Mack Harrell and Paul Ukena, baritones; and the Robert Shaw Chorale.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. The last in a series of three concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30.)

The Seven Last Words of Christ—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra in a performance of this work by Haydn, with Alexander Scourby, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 5, at midnight.)

St. Matthew Passion—Erich Leinsdorf directing the Symphony of the Air and the Rutgers University Choir in a performance of Bach's oratorio, with Maria Stader, soprano; Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Norman Farrow and Kenneth

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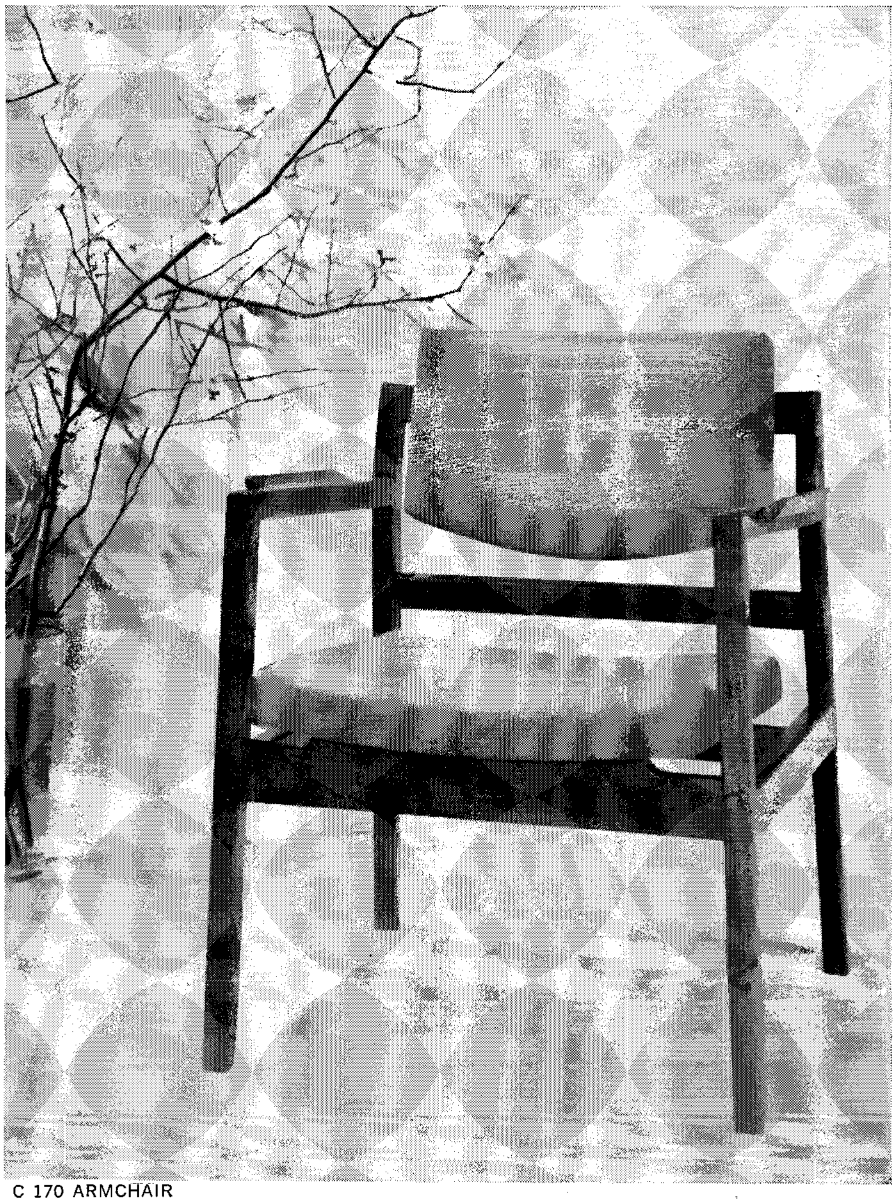

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Smith, basses; and the Columbus Boychoir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 28, at 8:15.)

DON COSSACK CHORUS AND DANCERS—Serge Jaroff directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 28, at 8:30.)

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Carissimi's "Jephte" and Schuetz's "The Seven Last Words," with soloists and an instrumental ensemble. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, March 30, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

MYRA HESS AND ISAAC STERN—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 27, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Guitar. (Town Hall. Friday, March 28, at 8:40.)

GINA BACHAUER—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 29, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

PIERRE LUBOSHUTZ, GENIA NEMENOFF, AND BORIS GOLDOVSKY—With an orchestra, playing concertos for one, two, and three pianos. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT—A program by the Beaux-Arts String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 29, at midnight. For information about tickets, call CI 7-0852.)

MIRIAM BURTON—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 30, at 5:30.)

LOIS MARSHALL—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, March 30, at 8:30.)

JOSEF LHEVINNE SCHOLARSHIP FUND CONCERT—Rosina Lhevinne, piano; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Leonard Rose, cello; and Oscar Shumsky, violin. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, March 31, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

KROLL STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of three recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, April 2, at 8:40.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 3, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

MANTOVANI—The English conductor leading an orchestra in his own arrangements. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 30, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Among those scheduled to appear are Jean Shepherd, Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, J. J. Johnson, Don Elliott, Sonny Stitt, Oscar Pettiford, Cannonball Adderley, and Philly Joe Jones. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8:30 and 11:15.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Mickey Crawford vs. Gil Turner, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 28. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HOCKEY—Stanley Cup Playoffs: Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, March 27, at 7:30.)

HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 5.)

INDOOR POLO—Thursday, March 27: Two All-Star games, for the benefit of the Judson Health Center. . . . ¶ Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

RACING—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, from Friday, March 28, through Saturday, May 10. The Paumonok Handicap, Friday, March 28; the Swift, Saturday, March 29; and the

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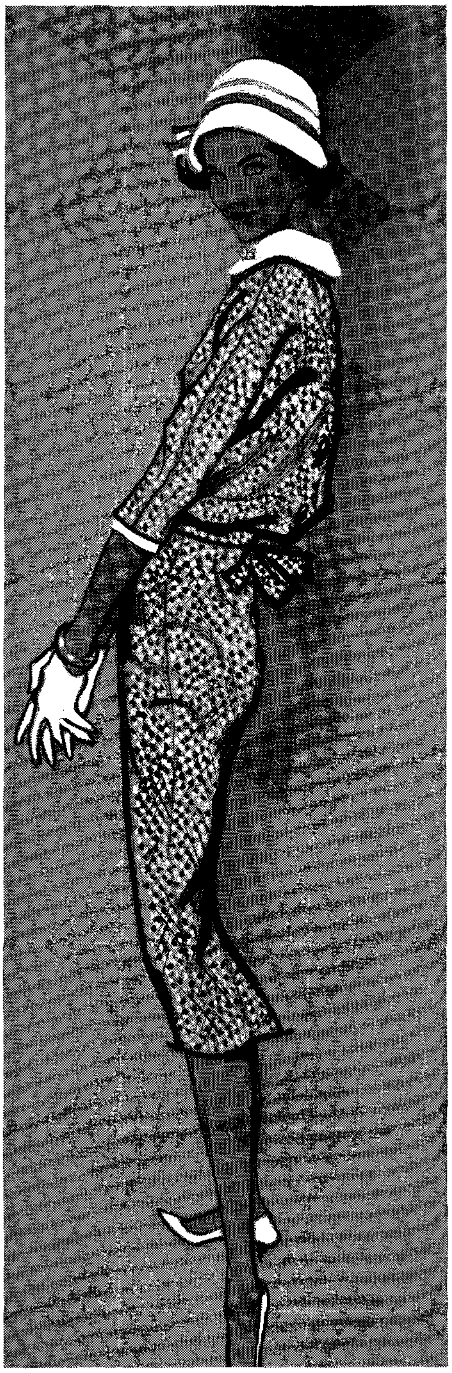

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Gotham, Saturday, April 5. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **BOWIE**, Md.: Daily at 1:30, through Saturday, March 29. The John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, Saturday, March 29.... **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:30, from Monday, March 31, through Saturday, May 3.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30, from Tuesday, April 1, through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSICAL PLAY—The Theatre for Young People presenting "Dame Wiggin's Dilemma." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 5, at 11.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Time and the Stars," has to do with man's concept of time and his attempts to mark its passage by the movements of celestial objects. Starting Tuesday, April 1, there will be an additional feature, "Easter in the Heavens," concerning the astronomical background of Easter and Passover. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Thursday, April 3, at 11, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; and Friday, April 4, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Good Friday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Now that the Trusteeship Council has adjourned, the organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until April 15, when the Economic and Social Council is scheduled to convene; there will, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby *no earlier than thirty minutes* before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Isabella Gardner and Alastair Reid reading from their own poetry. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 30, at 5:30.)

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show of spring flowers, with special displays of Easter lilies and primroses, and a children's exhibit, featuring rabbits and a large Easter egg. (Opening day, Friday, March 28, from 2 to 4:30, and daily thereafter, 10 to 4:30; through April 13.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 29, at 1:45: Georgian furniture, embroidery pictures, Chinese semiprecious-mineral carvings, ivories, porcelains, genre paintings, and Oriental rugs; the property of Franz C. von Kossler and others.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, April 1-2, at 1:45: Modern French illustrated books, posters, and color prints, together with fine bindings, reference books, and autograph letters; from a New England collector.... ¶ Thursday, April 3, and Saturday, April 5, both at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and prints by such artists as Buffet, Jean Dufy, Matisse, and Toulouse-Lautrec, along with French furniture and decorations; owned by Davis Brown and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 29.

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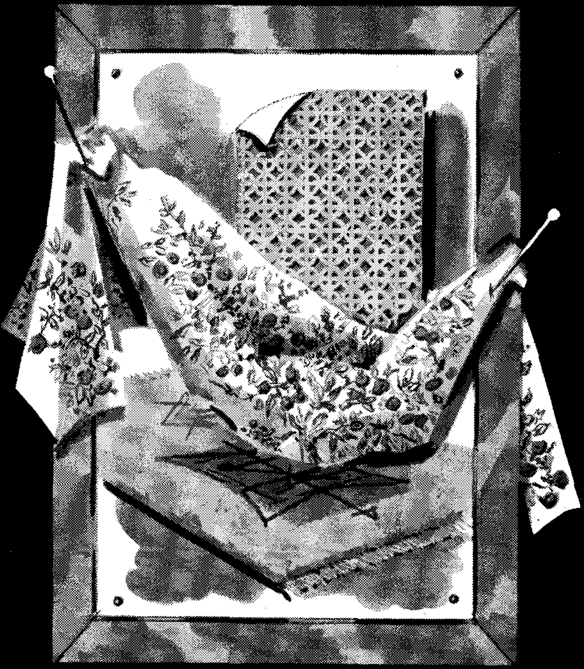

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. The piece is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a little too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's a bit of practically everything in the emotional line in this description of British military adventures in the Far East during the Second World War, but it holds together rather impressively. The direction, by David Lean, is brisk and perceptive, and the cast, led by Alec Guinness, William Holden, and Jack Hawkins, performs admirably. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a flawless performance in this powerful French film, based on a novel by Zola, which has to do with the unhappy lot of the lower orders during the Second Empire. Miss Schell is sturdily assisted by François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

It Happened in the Park—A great deal goes on in the Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome, during the course of the five stirring vignettes, all of them concerned with *amore* of one sort or another, that make up this picture. Franca Valeri, Vittorio De Sica, Giulia Rubino, Anna Maria Ferrero, and many other distinguished actors are on hand, and all are splendid. In French. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; March 27, tentative.)

The Pajama Game—A peek into the Sleeptite Pajama Factory. Almost the entire cast of the original musical (with the addition of Doris Day) is on hand—John Raitt, Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, to name a few—and the results are a treat. George Abbott and Stanley Donen produced and directed the film; Mr. Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the screenplay. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 30-April 1.)

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Sayonara—Marlon Brando and a Japanese actress named Miiko Taka demonstrating rather happily that East and West can, too, meet. Mr. Brando, equipped with an accent that is strictly from Dixie, plays a major in the Air Force taking a breather in Kobe during the Korean War, and Miss Taka plays a lissome song-and-dance girl who makes him see the advantages of racial tolerance. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through April 1, tentative.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting March 29.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting April 2.)

Witness for the Prosecution—Charles Laughton giving a gaudy and compelling performance as an English barrister defending a young man who is accused of knocking off an old lady. Based on the play by Agatha Christie, the movie was adapted for the screen by Billy *Wilder and Harry Kurnitz, and the cast in*cludes Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll appraisal of some benighted denizens of the Very Deep South. Carroll Baker and Karl Malden. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 1, tentative.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 27.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith in an account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 1, tentative.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting April 2.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590. Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, 7, and 9:45; Saturdays at 10, 1, 4, 7, and 10; and Sundays at 1, 4, 7, and 10.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 27.)

Laura (1944)—*Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney,* and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 31-April 1.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The Disney landmark. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th St., JU 6-4448; through April 1.... ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting April 2.)

The Window (1949)—About a persistent young fibber who happens to witness a real murder and can't get anybody to believe him. With Bobby Driscoll and Arthur Kennedy. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting April 2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The final programs in a series of films directed by Fred Zinnemann—March 27: "High Noon" (1952), with Gary Cooper and Grace Kelly. ... ¶ March 28: "From Here to Eternity" (1953), with Burt Lancaster and Montgomery Clift.... ¶ March 29: "A Hatful of Rain" (1957), with Don Murray and Eva Marie Saint.... ¶ March 30-April 2: "The Story of Dr. Carver" (1938), a Pete Smith short; and "The Search" (1948), with Montgomery Clift and Aline MacMahon. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through April 1: Theatre closed.
From April 2, at 8:30: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, Dean Martin. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Actors Studio. For information about tickets, call CO 5-3320, Ext. 56.)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Theatre temporarily closed.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
*"Saddle the Wind," Robert Taylor, John Cas*savetes.

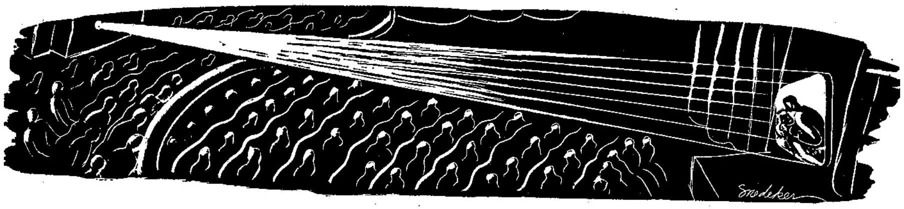
Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE



EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 2 (tentative): "All at Sea," Alec Guinness; and "Decision Against Time," Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Sellars.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through April 1: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker; and "Flood Tide," George Nader, Cornell Borchers.
From April 2: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "The Brave One," revival, Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 1 (tentative): "All at Sea," Alec Guinness; and "Decision Against Time," Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Sellars.
From April 2 (tentative): "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through April 2: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Lovemaker" (in French), Betsy Blair.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 1: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker; and "Flood Tide," George Nader, Cornell Borchers.
From April 2: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "The Brave One," revival, Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through April 2: "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through April 1 (tentative): "All at Sea," Alec Guinness; and "Decision Against Time," Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Sellars.
From April 2 (tentative): "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 28: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
From March 29: **SAYONARA.**

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
"Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
March 27 (tentative): **IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK** (in French); and "The Virtuous Scoundrel" (in French), Michel Simon, Marguerite Pierry.
March 28-29 (tentative): "I Accuse!," José Ferrer; and "The Safecracker," Ray Milland.
March 30-April 1: To be announced.
From April 2 (tentative): "Seven Hills of Rome," Mario Lanza, Marisa Allasio.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 1 (tentative): **SAYONARA.**
From April 2: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 1: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker; and "Flood Tide," George Nader, Cornell Borchers.
From April 2: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "The Brave One," revival, Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 2: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through March 29: "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin; and "Unnatural," Hildegarde Neff, Erich von Stroheim.
March 30-April 1: **THE PAJAMA GAME**; and "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn.
From April 2: **SAYONARA.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 1 (tentative): **A FACE IN THE CROWD**, revival; and **BABY DOLL**, revival.
From April 2 (tentative): "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
GERVAISE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 2: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through April 1: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker; and "Flood Tide," George Nader, Cornell Borchers.
From April 2: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "The Brave One," revival, Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
March 27: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE INFORMER**, revival.
March 28-29: "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave; and "The Girl in the Black Stockings," Lex Barker, Anne Bancroft.
March 30: "The Proud Ones," revival, Robert Ryan, Virginia Mayo; and "The Naked Street," revival, Farley Granger, Anthony Quinn.
March 31-April 1: **LAURA**, revival; and Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson.
From April 2: **FUNNY FACE**, revival; and **THE WINDOW**, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
HENRY V, revival.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 1: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival.
From April 2: "Merry-Go-Round" (in Hungarian), Béla Barsi.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova.

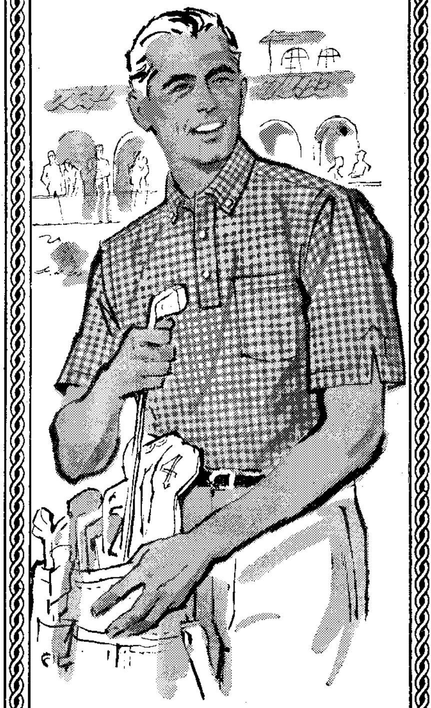
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"All at Sea," Alec Guinness; and "Decision Against Time," Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Sellars.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through April 2: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through April 1: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker; and "Flood Tide," George Nader, Cornell Borchers.
From April 2: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "The Brave One," revival, Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through April 1: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker; and "Flood Tide," George Nader, Cornell Borchers.
From April 2: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "The Brave One," revival, Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.

Done for us by Hathaway, the gingham pullover



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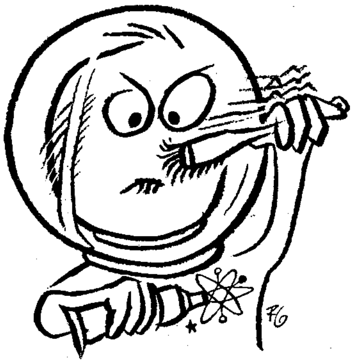

Futuristic this . . . futurama that. Everyone scooting about in a souped-up, swept-back, stratosonic hurry. Harmless toothpastes are *Atomicated.* Defenseless artichokes are *Activated.* Mother's kitchen is *Micromatic*, baby's diapers are *Jetspun.* There's a Flying Saucer in everyone's future, and some bounder has even *Energized* Dad's beer.

Which is all very well, of course. It's just not our dish of tea. (Nor yours either we suspect.)

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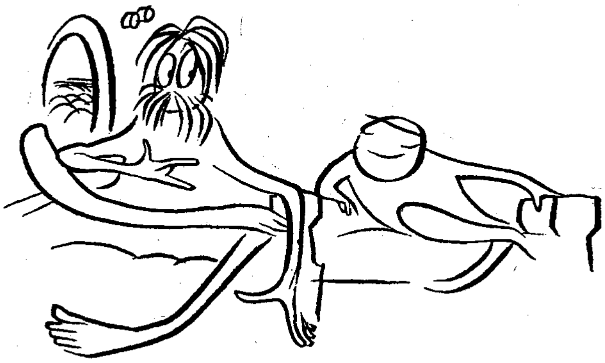
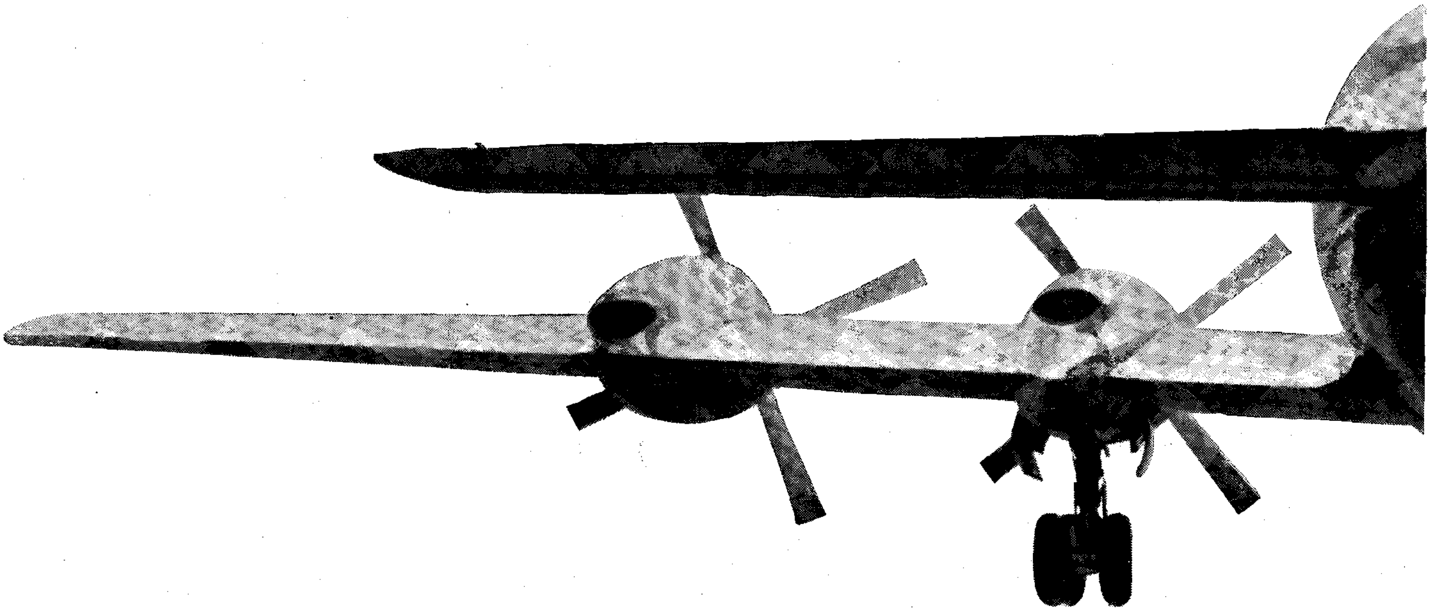


(Hermits, Six-Footers and Mothers-accompanied-by-child are all wild about the spacious seating.) You whisper through space in absolute bourgeois



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(Up to you, of course. But one night last week, 26,000 feet up over Mombasa, an elderly gent dropped his hearing-aid in his Scotch. Splash like thunder. Woke up everyone on board.)

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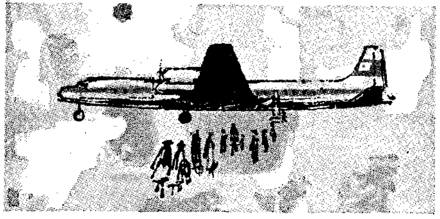

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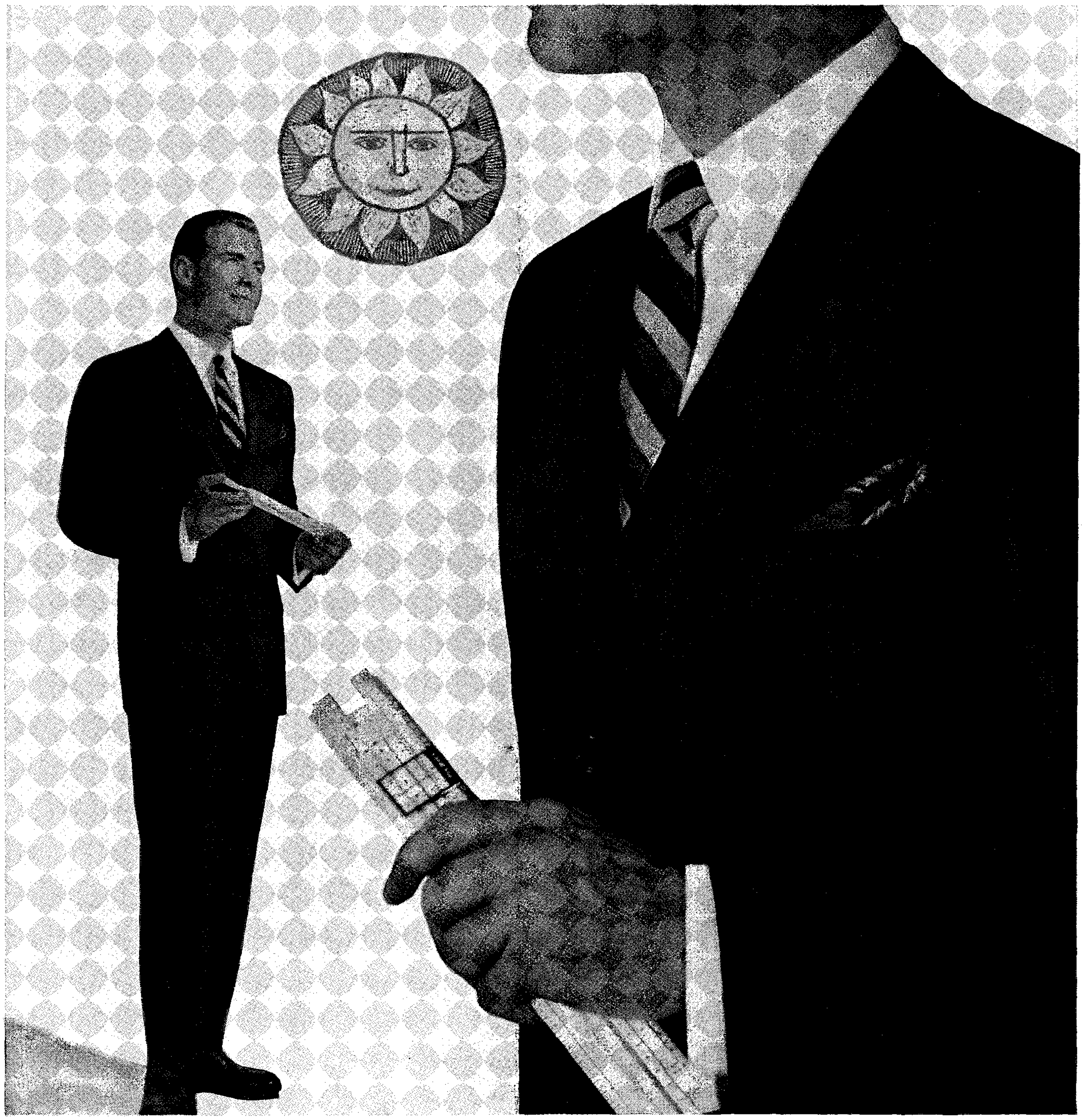

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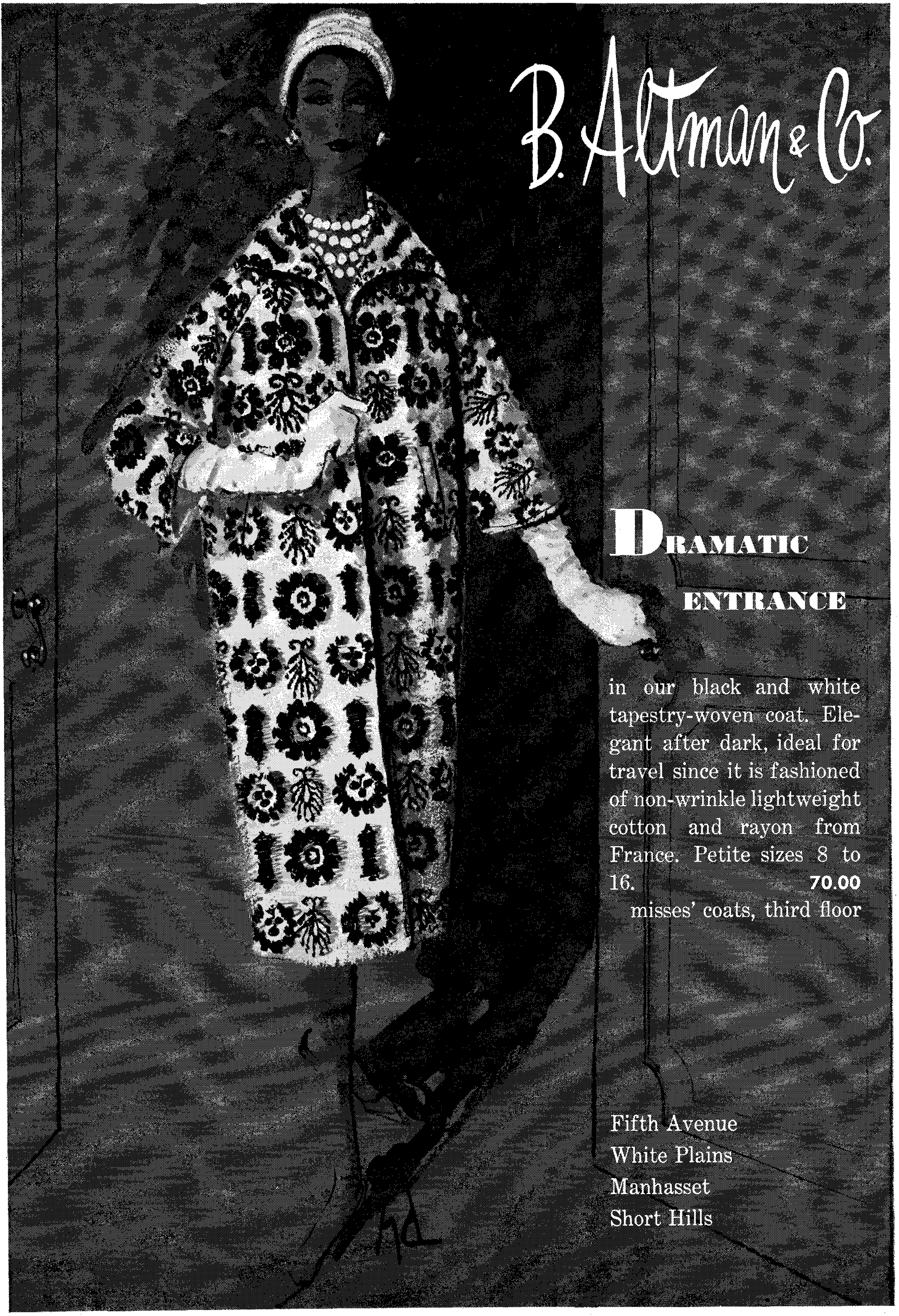

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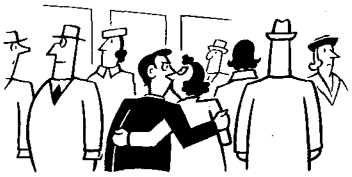
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON our way back from lunch a few days ago, we ran into a New Yorker who has been out of the country for a couple of years and who was all aglow because, he said, he detected an encouraging change in the emotional climate of this, his native city. "May have something to do with fallout," he said. "I was walking through your office building on my way to lunch in a restaurant across the street, and as I went in through the door on Forty-third, I nearly ran into a pair of lovers—a short, dark-haired, intense-looking boy with his right arm around a shorter, dark-haired, intense-looking girl, the girl with her left arm around the boy, moving along in the crowd and turning their heads toward each other to kiss whenever they felt like it. They were in their early twenties and not self-conscious, and nobody stopped or turned to gawk at them. I went along past the barbershop, the nine elevators, the cigar stand, and the office-supply shop in the lobby—not at all like the banks of the Seine—and as I came out on Forty-fourth, I nearly ran into another pair—same grips, same manner—kissing each other like the dickens and nobody taking any notice. The second girl and boy, looking only temporarily intense, were tall and pale, blond-to-brown hair. It appeared that this kind of thing was now commonplace, accepted. I crossed the street to the restaurant where I had my lunch date, and there, in front of the door, at twelve-fifty-five noon, a lady who looked like a literary agent or a writer for a supermarket magazine was saying goodbye to her gentleman friend, kissing him harder than used to be customary in daylight, or so it seemed to me. All this made me so optimistic that I thought for a moment that the food in the place might have improved, too, during my absence, but I guess you can't have everything."

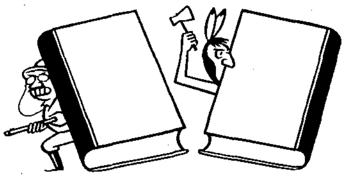


Annus Mirabilis

MORE books were published in this country last year than in any other year in our history except 1910. The exact figures are 13,142 titles in 1957 and 13,470 titles in 1910. We asked several of our older publishing friends to explain why 1910 should have proved such a cultural high-water mark, and none of them could. Sooner or later, they all countered by putting the mystery in what is to them a much more vivid and vexing form: Why is it that a country that has almost doubled in population, and has made even greater gains in wealth and literacy, doesn't publish at least twice as many books these days as it did forty-seven years ago? We gathered that the various answers to this question tend to cancel one another out; if somebody claims that newspapers or magazines or movies or radio or TV or any of them in combination have cut down on the amount of book reading the country can be expected to do, somebody else comes along with figures demonstrating that all these supposed threats to book buying actually encourage it.

In despair of solving the mystery, we settled for a general comparison of our two most prolific years. In 1957, the top best-seller—not counting paperbacks—was "By Love Possessed," by James Gould Cozzens, which sold two hundred and seventeen thousand copies; in 1910 the top best-seller was "The Rosary," by Florence Barclay, which sold two hundred and fifty thousand copies. "The Rosary" was based on, and took its title from, the most popular song of the year and was issued in an affecting purple cover; a tale of artists and duchesses, it was the first book in many years to outsell any novel by the American writer Winston Churchill, whose "A Modern Chronicle" came in second in 1910. Second in 1957 was "Peyton Place," by Grace Metalious, which had been third in 1956 and of which, in both hard-cover and paperback editions, over six million copies have been sold.

Mary Roberts Rinehart, who in 1909 became the first American detective-story writer to achieve a best-seller, had two best-sellers on the list in 1910—"When a Man Marries" and "The Window at the White Cat." "Freckles," by Gene Stratton Porter, which hadn't sold especially well when it was first published, in 1904, was reprinted in a cheap edition in 1910 and became a best-seller; it was Mrs. Porter's first great success and eventually sold close to a million and a half copies. Mrs. Porter stood for love of nature and children, and aroused pretty much the same sort of incredulous headshaking in literary circles that Frances Parkinson Keyes does today. As for the nonfiction titles of 1910, no fewer than twenty-five were books about Africa, of which the most popular was Theodore Roosevelt's "African Game Travels;" eighteen were about the American Indian; and four were about Napoleon. John Clark Ridpath's "History of the World," in nine fat volumes, reached a good many thousands of glass-fronted parlor bookcases that year; so did editions of the writings of Dickens, Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Lincoln, Poe, Darwin, Holmes, and Gladstone.



Among the other authors published in 1910 were Arnold Bennett, Finley Peter Dunne, Maxim Gorky, William Allen White, H. G. Wells, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Rafael Sabatini, Rudyard Kipling, Albert Payson Terhune, Jack

London, George Barr McCutcheon, George Meredith, Elinor Glyn, John Galsworthy, George Santayana, Irving Babbitt, Zane Grey, Edith Wharton, Harold Bell Wright, John Dewey, H. Rider Haggard, and Upton Sinclair. J. M. Barrie brought out three books, as did his friend George Bernard Shaw, while another friend, G. K. Chesterton, brought out four. A. A. Milne and Will Cuppy had their first books published in 1910. In spite of what writers like to tell each other and the Internal Revenue Service about using up their creative resources and therefore deserving depletion allowances, the fact is that many writers enjoy a fantastically long professional career. Ezra Pound, Bertrand Russell, Frank Swinnerton, Louis Untermeyer, Mary Roberts Rinehart, P. G. Wodehouse, and Winston Spencer Churchill all published books in 1910 and 1957. Moreover, Sir Winston shares with Mrs. Metalious (talk about *politics* making strange bedfellows!) the distinction of having been on the best-seller list at both the beginning and the end of 1957.

•

Washington Intelligence: The menu of the Army and Navy Club thoughtfully advises, "Your waiter will gladly furnish a wax-lined bag for pet scraps from your plate."

Special Instrumentalist

Bruno Zirato, the managing director of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society, is a large man in his middle sixties, who wears large double-breasted suits with large double-breasted waistcoats. When he was in his early teens, however, and living in Rome, he was so small that one of his uncles, an economical host, used to smuggle him into the opera under his cloak. A few years later, Zirato's entire life was changed by a chance encounter in a bar. He told us about this, and about quite a lot of other things, the other day, when we visited him in his office, in the Steinway Building. "I was born in Calabria, on the Strait of Messina, opposite Sicily," he said. "Wonderful country! My father, a magistrate, moved to Rome when I was ten. I attended college there, and then I went to Paris, with the intention of entering the Sorbonne. I had been in Paris only a few days when I met an American doctor from Kansas City in a bar. We had some drinks and went out to dinner together. 'Do not stay in France,' he said. 'France is not the land of opportunity. The land of opportunity is America.' He was sailing back, on a steamer called the Philadelphia, the following day, and I joined him. He took me to the Hotel Metropole here, and the next day left me, stranded. I knew no one. I knew no English. I got a job writing for an Italian paper at three dollars an article, learned English, and began to give Italian lessons. I entered the musical world through Caruso. In 1916, there was an Italian Bazaar at the Grand Central Palace, and I was on a committee that persuaded artists to appear at booths where sales were poor. We persuaded Caruso to do this—not sing, just come in and buy something. He bought two statuettes and asked me to bring them around to his hotel the next day. I did, and we got to talking about Italy. I stayed for lunch. He offered me a job as his secretary, at three hundred dollars a month. I remained until his death, in 1921. Look!"

Mr. Zirato handed us a copy of "Enrico Caruso: His Life and Death," by Dorothy Caruso, opened to a passage that read:

> Zirato wasn't a trained secretary. No professional could have held the position for a day, for . . . he had no time to himself, no regular hours; he had to do anything Enrico asked, and at any time, regardless of his personal feelings. His inexpertness at the typewriter was more than balanced by the speed with which he used two fingers, and his prodigious memory aided the unique method he had invented to keep in order letters, accounts, lists, clippings, albums, collections, engagements, messages and people. He loved music, and Enrico was his god. Toward the god his attitude was either filial, paternal or impersonal, depending upon Enrico's state of nerves. But there were times when he misread the signs and the result was an instantaneous burst of Jehovic wrath before which Zirato bowed silently, sorrowfully. He was the buffer between Enrico and the public; if at times he found the work hard, the rewards were great, and I never heard him protest or complain.

After Caruso's death, Zirato took a year off to write a biography of his late employer. Next, he became the personal representative of many opera singers and instrumentalists, and the New York representative of the San Francisco and Los Angeles Opera Companies; of the Teatro Colón, in Buenos Aires; and of La Scala, in Milan. "I helped engage the artists they wanted," he said. "La Scala would wire me, 'Is So-and-So available for such-and-such a day?' I put twenty young American singers in the Met. Lily Pons. Grace Moore. I represented Pinza, Amato, and Gigli. My association with the Philharmonic began in 1929, when Clarence Mackay, its board chairman, suggested I become the liaison man between its management and Toscanini, its general musical director. Two years later, I became its associate manager, and, in 1947, co-manager, with Arthur Judson. A wonderful man!"

Mr. Judson retired in 1956, leaving Mr. Zirato in charge of a hundred-and-five-piece orchestra, which annually gives more than a hundred concerts at Carnegie Hall. "It costs between nine thousand and ten thousand dollars to give one concert," he said. "If we sell out the house, we get between five thousand and six thousand dollars. So we have a large yearly deficit, most of which is made up by the Friends of the Philharmonic. The only instrument I play is the cash register. My only hobby is gardening. My wife—Nina Morgana, the singer—and I have an apartment opposite Carnegie Hall and a house in Chappaqua, where I raise roses, vegetables, and fruit trees. All terraced, as in Italy. A hundred and fifty fruit trees and over three hundred rhododendron and mountain-laurel shrubs. It is really a beautiful place! I think I am back in Italy until I look at the house, which is American Colonial."

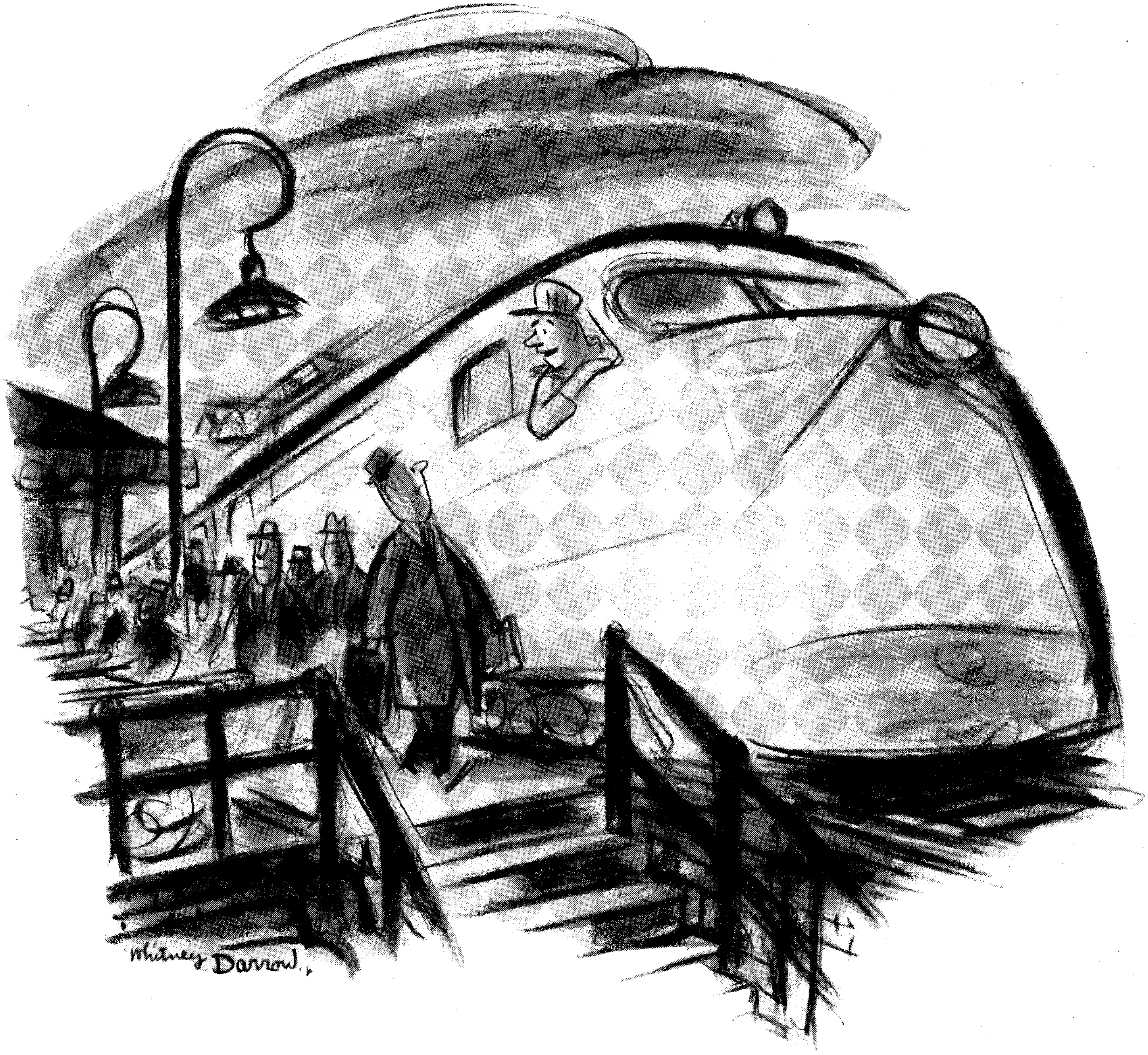
Mr. Zirato shrugged philosophically, and we took our leave.

•

OVERHEARD outside Barnard College: "I'm just sick and tired of being potential."

Deadly

Snake-Lovers, who we guess have as much right to be happy as anyone else, are rejoicing these days over the acquisition by the Bronx Zoo of ten baby taipans. Now, it appears that one of the things that makes snakes lovable, at least to people capable of loving snakes, is their deadliness, and the reason the taipans have caused such a stir locally is that they're among the biggest and rarest venomous snakes. Dr. James Oliver, Curator of Reptiles at the Zoo and, for the time being, practically a mother and father to the ten babies, assured us the


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Pardon me, but do you have the correct time?"

• •

other day that as a killer the adult taipan compares favorably with the king cobra of southeastern Asia and the African black mamba. The deadliness of a snake is graded, roughly, according to its general excitability, the length of its fangs, the amount of venom it can discharge, and the potency of its venom; in all four respects, the taipan excels—to such an extent, indeed, that only two human beings are known to have survived its bite.

"Our taipans are the first ever to be exhibited in this country, or, as far as I know, anywhere in the world except Australia, of which they're natives, and New Guinea, the only other place where they've been found," Dr. Oliver said. "The first taipan known to science was killed in Queensland in 1867, and it was fifty-six years before a second one turned up." The Doctor went on to say that the taipan is the rarest snake in its home continent and the biggest venomous one, running to over eleven feet when full grown. Among venomous snakes, it's exceeded in length only by the king cobra, which reaches eighteen feet; the black mamba, which reaches fourteen; and the bushmaster, which reaches twelve. The taipan has remarkably long fangs and is said to eject twice as much venom as any other Australian snake. Venom, which not only kills a snake's prey but breaks down animal tissue and thus aids the snake's digestion, is classified as either hemotoxic, meaning that it primarily attacks the blood, or neurotoxic, meaning that it primarily attacks the nerve centers controlling the heart and respiration. Most venoms are a mixture of the two varieties, but the taipan's venom is predominantly neurotoxic, and from the point of view of snake-lovers this imbalance is, we gathered, much to its credit. "Why, you can be bitten and not feel a thing!" Dr. Oliver exclaimed, in an admiring tone. "You're simply anesthetized!"

The Zoo had long hoped to procure a taipan to round out its collection of deadly reptiles, but none came on the market. Last year, Dr. Oliver got in touch with Kenneth Slater, an Assistant Animal Ecologist in the Division of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture of the Territory of Papua and New Guinea, who for several years has been collecting taipans in New Guinea, in order to develop an effective serum, or antivenin, from their venom. From Port Moresby, Slater wrote that he had ten live adult taipans in his possession, all of which he needed in his laboratory work; he also had a number of taipan eggs incubating. When, or if, they hatched, would the Zoo care to try rearing a few? Dr. Oliver replied that the Zoo certainly would. Slater imposed only one condition—that the Zoo purchase enough antivenin to take care of accidents. (Slater is one of the two men who have survived a taipan bite.) The taipans hatched in October and were shipped by air from Sydney some weeks later, arriving at the Zoo in December. "We were very much afraid that they might be too upset to eat, but all except two of them ate splendidly and at once. The two soon died, but the rest have been flourishing. We keep them on a hearty diet of water and freshly killed baby mice. Come and have a look at them."

Dr. Oliver led the way to the taipan cage, and there were his little taipans—a coiling mass of slender brown shapes, with rather flattened heads, bright orange-brown eyes, and incessantly flickering tongues. "Aren't they handsome?" Dr. Oliver asked. "And in such excellent condition, too! When they arrived, they were about seventeen inches long; now they're just over twenty-two inches. At the moment, our chief concern is to keep them healthy. Once they're a year old, we'll begin to spy on them a bit—check up on their mating habits, and all that sort of thing. So little is known of taipans. Most exciting."

We inquired how old the taipans would have to be before their venom became dangerous.

"Why, they're deadly right this minute," Dr. Oliver said, and beamed at us and them.

Do-It-Yourself

DURING a recent recital at the Frick Collection, Paul Badura-Skoda, the pianist, interrupted his performance to announce, "Ladies and gentlemen, there are two notes out of tune on this piano, and I am going to fix them." Thereupon, Mr. Badura-Skoda, after advising the director from WNYC, which was broadcasting the recital, to entertain his listeners with some records, disappeared. Eventually, he returned with a tuning key and set to work enthusiastically. In no time at all, he had the piano in shape, and the rest of the performance went off without a hitch.

WSC

STILL pondering Winston Spencer Churchill's *literary* durability, we went up to the Churchill exhibit of oils, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, one afternoon last week, along with thousands of others, and admired the great man's work. There were forty-one Churchills along the walls—still-lifes, landscapes, seascapes, bottlescapes, scenes of Cannes, scenes of Jerusalem, scenes of Flanders during the First World War (painted in 1916), and a final, serene, tender oil of old, strong, courageous, and beautiful trees, painted last year. Dominating the paintings in the first gallery (there were three galleries in all, and one-way traffic, to avoid tieups) was a huge photograph by Karsh, of Ottawa—Churchill glaring fiercely into the camera, his jaw set, one hand in his waistcoat pocket, his polka-dot bow tie virtually in motion, and a heavy gold watch chain across his ample front. Alongside the photograph, in large letters, was a quotation from Sir Winston's book "Amid These Storms," in which he related his deep despondency, his anxiety, and his frustration when he left the Admiralty in May, 1915. "And then it was that the Muse of Painting came to my rescue—out of charity and out of chivalry, because after all she had nothing to do with me—and said, 'Are these toys any good to you? They amuse some people.' "

We walked through the quiet galleries and listened to the quiet comments of the viewers—men and women, boys and girls.

"Don't you remember those banners from Blenheim, dear?" one old lady asked another. "Sir Winston has moved them from the far corner and put them in the picture."

"Where are the Atlas Mountains?" a lad with a book bag asked us.

We told him where they are.

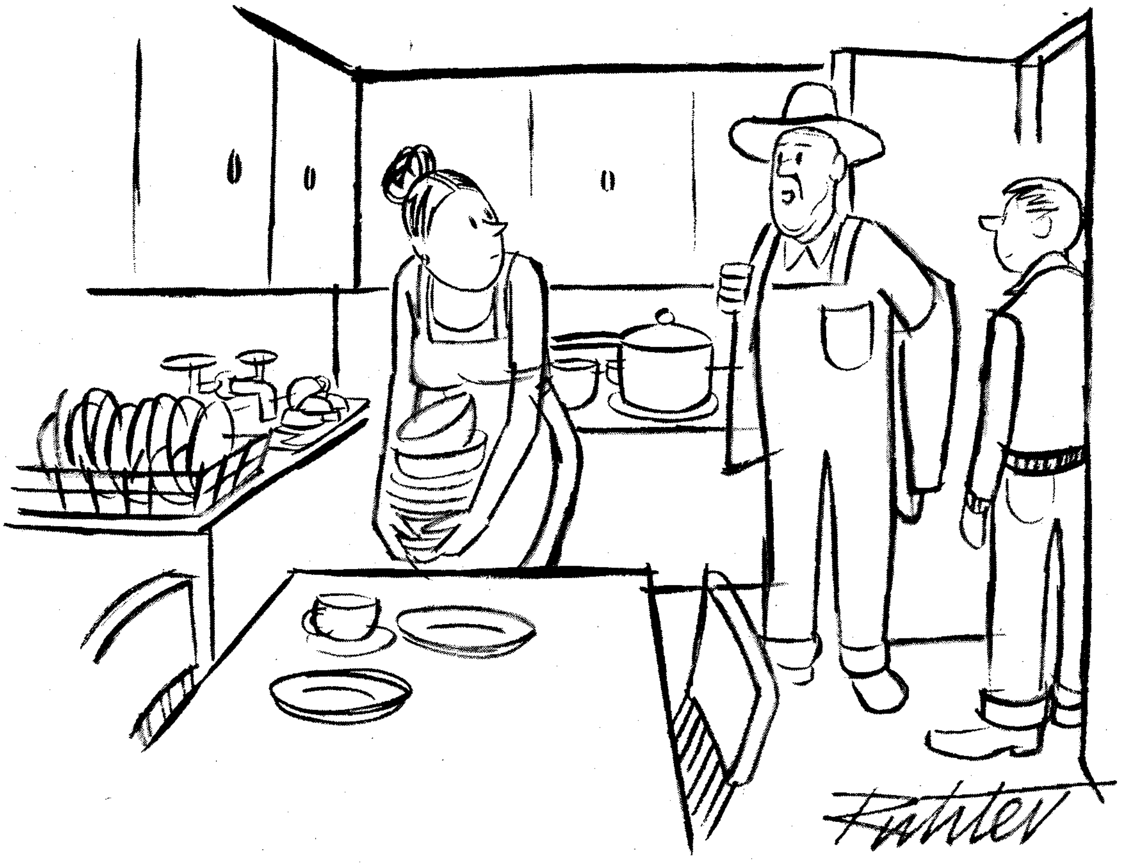
"Am I dumb!" he said, and moved along.

"Just lovely," said a lady to herself, standing before a Venice scene.

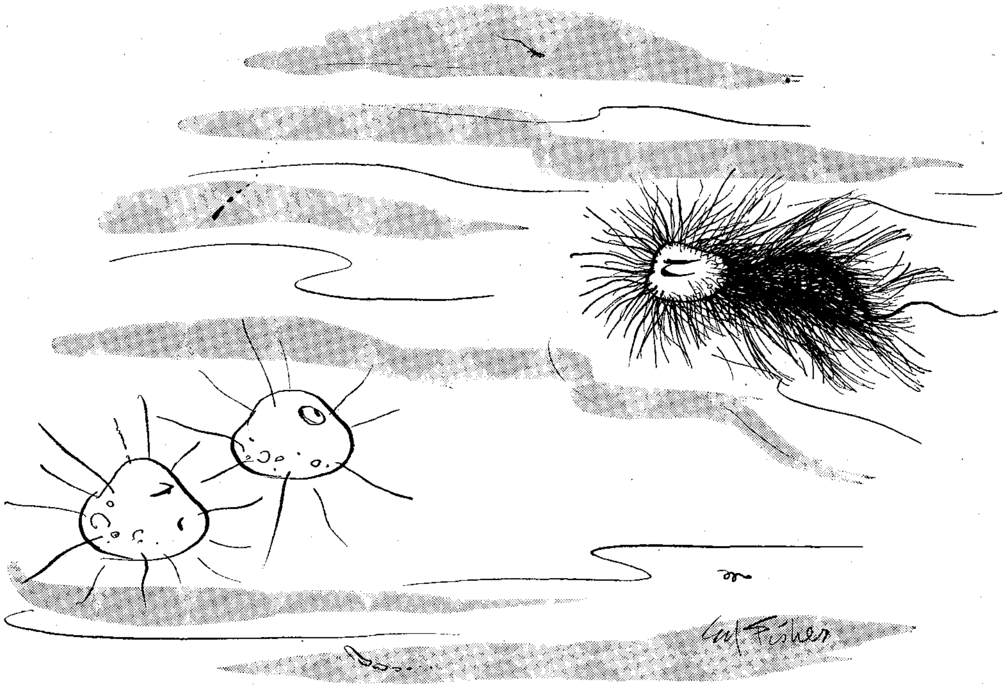
"Did he ever take any lessons?" a man asked his female companion. "I wonder if he ever went out into the fields and painted with an artist."

"They are lonely pictures," said the lady. "I will presume he painted alone."

"Look at this beautiful landscape loaned by Bernard Baruch," said a teen-age girl wearing black stockings.



"We may be a little late tonight, Emily. We're hanging Ezra Taft Benson in effigy."



"Must be that new bug that's going around."

"Too much of a sameness," said a girl with her. She was wearing red stockings. "I think he has trouble with human figures. Ellen has trouble with her mills; she works like a dog on mills."

And so it went: "charming," "labored," "fantastic," "true depth"—in short, an art exhibit.

After we had toured the galleries, we dropped by the tapestried (Flemish and Franco-Flemish, sixteenth century) office of James J. Rorimer, the Museum's director. We wanted to congratulate Mr. Rorimer for permitting New York to see the Churchills. He was delighted. "There has been a great deal of criticism," he said. "People act in a very strange manner when it comes to art. Some people say we are catering to the public. That is true, all right. Sir Winston would be the last to say that this is great art, but is it not wonderful to see what a man like this does to relax? He found an outlet. I find an outlet, when I am tense, in looking at objects. Sir Winston writes and paints. If I could paint as well as Sir Winston, I fear that I would feel compelled to give up everything but painting. The urge to go on would be tremendous. The response to the exhibit has been overwhelming. So far, we have exceeded our estimate of catalogue sales three times over—some four thousand copies of the soft-cover ones, some seven hundred of the hard covers. The Churchill attendance has been staggering—more than seventy-six thousand to date, with some twenty thousand the first Sunday, some seventeen thousand the second Sunday, and the Museum itself jammed with thirty-six to thirty-nine thousand Sunday visitors. On a normal Sunday, we may have twenty-five thousand visitors. When the question arose as to whether we should show the paintings, I gave both the pros and the cons to the Board of Trustees. They left the decision to the director. To me. President Eisenhower urged Sir Winston, by letter, to exhibit the paintings. Last December, I was in London, and lunched with Sir Winston's private secretary, Montague Browne. We lunched at his club, Boodle's. Montague Browne made it clear to me that Sir Winston demanded that the exhibit have no possible taint of the commercial, in any way. Sir Winston himself was out of town at the time, and Lady Churchill was ill. But here," he said, dipping into a folder on his desk, "is a letter to me from Churchill."

He handed us a letter written by Churchill last December 23rd, from Chartwell, Westerham, Kent. "I am so sorry that my absence from London made it impossible for us to meet," wrote Churchill. "I am complimented by the Metropolitan Museum's wish to display my pictures during their tour of the United States, and I am much obliged to you for the personal interest you are taking in the matter. With good wishes, I remain, Yours sincerely, Winston Churchill." The signature was small and clear and forceful, similar to the "W S C" that identifies each of the paintings. Mr. Rorimer gently put the letter back in the folder. "I knew of some Churchills in the City of New York, six of them," he said. "They belong to Mr. Baruch, Mr. Sulzberger, Governor Harriman, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Douglas, Mr. Luce, and Mr. Luce III, and I made arrangements for them to be exhibited with the thirty-five that were going on tour. There were many phone calls to England, I can tell you that. I am not at liberty to divulge precisely who it was I spoke to, or what it was we spoke about, but I can say that Sir Winston was intensely interested in every aspect of the exhibit. I have a letter from someone close to the President. I cannot divulge who wrote the letter, but I was immensely cheered by it. 'You certainly have done right by Sir Winston,' the letter read, 'and I can assure you it is infinitely appreciated by the President.' We are showing the pictures as the work of an amateur painter, but they are the pictures of a man who can campaign like Rembrandt. We are interested in everything about this man. Would one not be interested in the handwriting of a monumental man? I believe in handwriting as an indication of character. We have not put anything in storage in order to show the Churchills. We have denied nothing else to Museum visitors. It's a shame that we have to keep the lines moving. In a museum, one wants people to linger. A museum director remarked that Churchill was also a fine bricklayer but that his museum did not exhibit bricks and he would not exhibit the Churchills. I do not see the connection. We exhibit paintings. And what is a painting? Someone has said that a painting is a layer of pigments applied to a surface. The purists say it may be a *series* of layers and it isn't always a pigment. I like Gertrude Stein's definition: 'A painting is an oil painting when it's an oil painting.'" Mr. Rorimer smiled. "I like to visit the galleries when I have a free moment," he said, "and look at the Churchills."

Hippophile

TRUDGING past the Times Building, on West Forty-fourth Street, during the storm last Friday, we came upon a lady, swaddled in oilskins, who was reproving a mounted policeman for having his horse out in such bad weather. "He ought to be home in a nice warm stable," she said.

"What about me, lady?" the cop asked. "You think *I* like being out in this blizzard?"

"At least, you're not getting your feet all wet," said the lady, with some asperity.

FOUR FOR THE T-BIRD

A TOPICAL DRAMA IN ONE ACT

> The new 4-passenger Thunderbird stands only slightly larger than the raciest car built. It rides and handles and parks like a dream. There's room to seat four varsity crewmen in lap-of-luxury comfort.
>
> —*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

Scene: *Outside the locker rooms of the Oostertag Memorial Field House of Purview State University. Two advertising executives, Rex Bonesteel and Langbourne Chubb, are standing beside a spanking-new pale-magenta 1958 four-passenger Thunderbird. Bonesteel is anxiously scanning the bronzed young athletes who, dressed in letter sweaters, charcoal slacks, and scuffed buckskin shoes, are coming out of the locker rooms and streaming past them toward the other ivy-clad buildings on the campus. Chubb is slumped against one of the fenders of the Thunderbird, moodily kicking pebbles onto the lawn. It is late afternoon of a golden day in early spring.*

Bonesteel: C'mon, Langbourne. Get with it, boy. We have to cram four varsity sweepswingers into this chariot but now. Tomorrowsville will be too late, like.

Chubb (*gloomily*): You do it, Rex. I'm bushed. This fieldwork is getting to me. Last week the dry-rum shindy in San Juan with that Leverett Culpeper III. All Monday and Tuesday at the Menninger Clinic collecting dream data for the Maidenform account. Nine hours yesterday with the research boys on the Royal Bee Jelly farm. I still got these lumps on my neck from the stings.

Bonesteel: All part of the game, fella. Come on, now; watch for some real tall ones here. Mr. Ford wants this ball of wax on his desk first thing in the ack-emma. This account isn't pilfer-proof.

Chubb: Me—a desk man, a Keats. I could be writing continuity for Anacin that would put iron bands around the boobs' heads.

Bonesteel: But forget it. Big Brother has his eye on you. He's testing you, like. We pull this caper off and it's corner offices for the both of us. Houses on Quaker Hill. Just you wait and see, buddy boy— (*He breaks off and, smiling, steps up to a tall, blond young sophomore.*) Hello there! How's the air up there, Slats? How was it out on the lake today?

Sophomore: I don't quite get you, sir.

Bonesteel: I mean, you're a crewman, *n'est-ce pas*? Maybe on the varsity?

Sophomore: No, I'm track. Hop, step, and jump. Only I got this Charley horse right now, so they've got me putting back the bar for the pole vaulters. (*His eye falls on the Thunderbird.*) Say-y-y! This must be one of the new Birds! Gee, it looks to me as if that stands only slightly larger than the raciest car built!

Chubb: Hands off the merchandise, boy. Don't bruise the fruit, see? Get Pop's check for four Gs and it's yours. On your way, Hoppy. (*The Sophomore leaves disconsolately.*)

Bonesteel: Damn. You're sure they *got* a crew here, Langbourne?

Chubb: Sure. What about some trackmen, though? You think they'd settle for four high jumpers?

Bonesteel: Not a chance. Mr. Ford says crewmen, he means crewmen. Hey, look! Here come some *real* giants. Look at 'em! Cripes, I hope they *will* fit. *Achtung*, Langbourne. Let's make with the teeth. (*Smiling again, he intercepts four tall, broad-shouldered young men with deep tans.*) Afternoon, gents. Hiya there, Tab, Rock, Marlon—uh, Tyrone. Could it be that I'm addressing four stalwarts of the varsity shell?

Chubb (*getting to work at last*): Obviously, Rex. Look at those rangy deltoid muscles. I'll wager we're looking at half of our first boat in the next Olympic Games.

Crewmen (*grinning self-consciously and answering together*): That's right, sir. . . . How did you ever guess? . . . Yes, we're all in the first boat. . . . Gee, they *recognized* us!

Bonesteel: Good-oh. You big boys got a minute, here? Just a few ticks out of these bright college years to help my colleague and I out with an experiment in pure applied science?

First Crewman: Why, I guess so, sir.

Chubb: It's a small test in the interests of American know-how. Fiscal overtones to it, too.

Bonesteel: Doing your bit in capitalism's present life-and-death struggle for survival. *Entendu*?

Second Crewman: What's the deal?

Bonesteel: Why, Mr. Chubb there and I want your help with a spatial-adjustment problem under raw field conditions. Probably get your names into *Fortune* magazine. Very big deal.

Chubb: Not to put too fine a point on it, we want all four of you to climb into this new Thunderbird. Think you can do that, men?

Third Crewman: All at the same time?

Chubb: Sure. Why not? Look, it seats four now, see? Gonna make the old T-Bird as obsolete as the pterodactyl.

Third Crewman: O.K. I'm game. You want to try it, men?

First Crewman (*drawing the three others aside and speaking to them in a low voice*): Look, I don't like this. Let's not go into anything with our eyes closed. I mean, what about our amateur status?

Fourth Crewman: Gosh, yes! These two might be inspectors from the N.C.A.A., or something, trying to trap us. Remember what happened out in the Pacific Coast Conference.

Second Crewman: Yeah. I louse up this scholarship and it's back to steel-puddling for me. I've got to think of the wife and kids.

Third Crewman: But they haven't offered us any money, have they? They aren't *giving* us the car. They just want us to sit in it. What's wrong with that?

Bonesteel (*who has been eavesdropping*): Clean hands, men—that's our policy. (*He shows them his clean hands.*) Not a penny in it for any of you. 'Pon my word. You're dealing with a right outfit. Why, those G.M. boys would slip you a block of stock for something like this. Ruin you for life.

Chubb (*looking at his watch*): So how's about it, chaps? Let's get this show out of Wilmington, hey? (*He and Bonesteel lead the Crewmen up to the car and open the doors.*)

Bonesteel (*taking the Third Crewman by the arm*): You first, Stretch. In the back, there.

Chubb (*as the Third Crewman climbs in*): Oops! Watch your head.

Bonesteel: Now put your feet in. Ups-a-daisy! That's the I.

Chubb: Comfy?

Third Crewman: Yes, fine. (*He smiles.*) It's got more room in it than a racing shell.

Chubb: No witticisms there, Jack Paar. Watch the old irony, chum.

Bonesteel (*to the First Crewman*): You're next, fella.

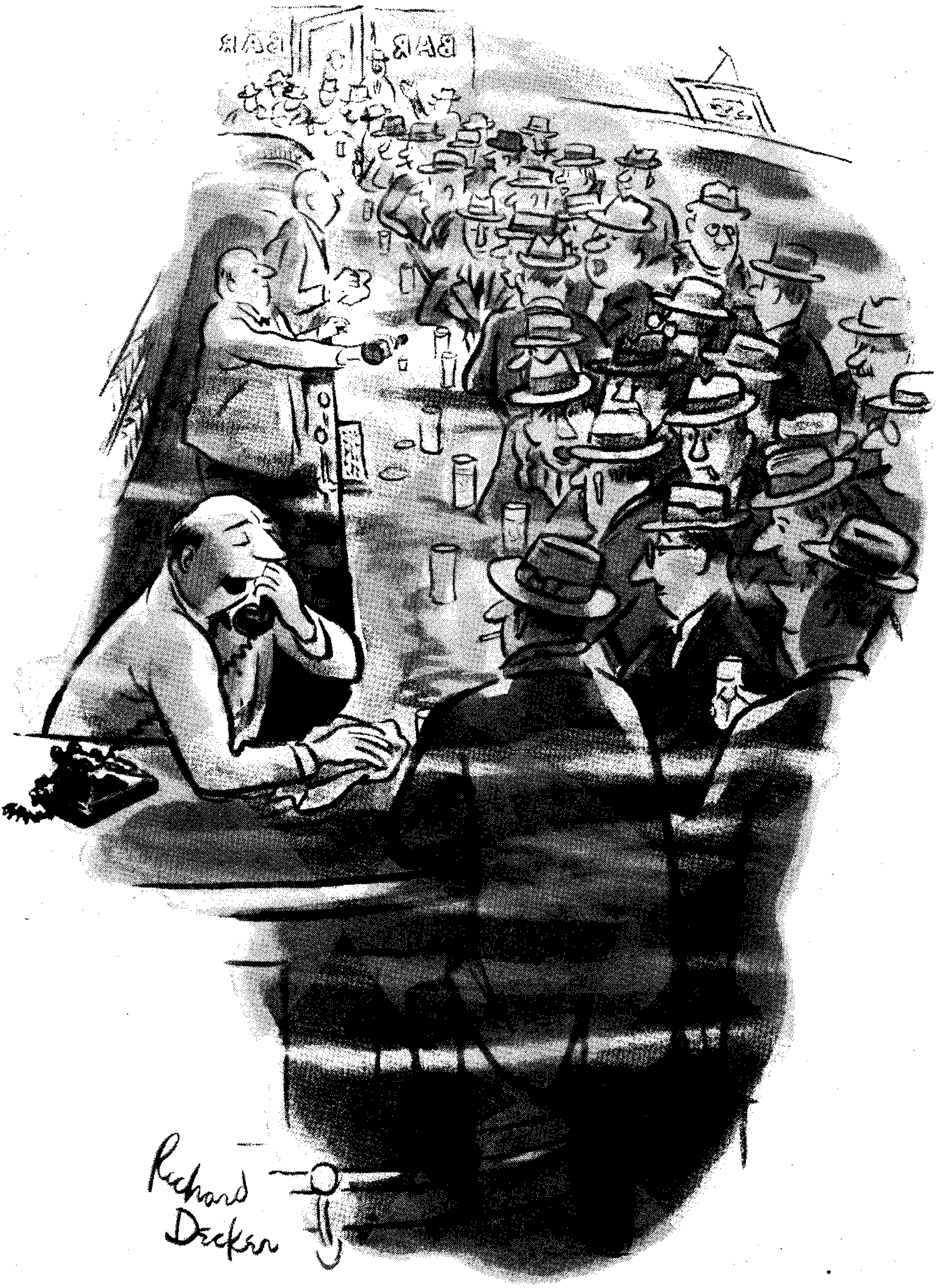
First Crewman: Couldn't I wait and sit in front?

Bonesteel: Sure thing. Frontsville for you. (*To the Second Crewman*) You slip in back there, Long John. I'll just hold your books. Don't want to scratch up the vinyl, do we?

Chubb: No, not that way. Bend your legs. *Bend your legs!* I thought you were a varsity athlete. *That's* the way! (*To Bonesteel*) I tell you, this working with amateurs is going to buy me another ulcer.

Bonesteel: Quiet, pal. We're halfway home. (*To the First Crewman*) O.K. *Now* you. (*Closing the right-hand door*) This must be a real treat for you men. You're all riding frontward for a change. (*The Crewmen laugh dutifully.*)

Chubb (*to the Fourth Crewman*): O.K., Buster. Let's put this project down the mail chute. Just slip in behind the wheel there. Any old way will do.



"No, Ma'am, there's nobody here answering that description."

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Fourth Crewman (*hanging back*): Did I hear you say *varsity* athletes?

Bonesteel: Righty-oh. You said you were all first-boat men.

Fourth Crewman: Well, as a matter of fact, I *was* in the first boat. Up till just a few minutes ago.

Chubb: *What?*

Bonesteel: What is this, anyway? You getting cold feet, or something?

Fourth Crewman: No. The fact is, the coach busted me back to the third boat after practice this afternoon.

Chubb: Whassamatter? You catch a goddam crab, or something?

Fourth Crewman (*blushing*): No. I just trailed my hand in the water.

Bonesteel: So what? I don't get it.

Fourth Crewman (*a tear glistening in the corner of one eye*): Our coach can't *stand* anybody trailing his hand in the water. I just did it for one tiny second when we were resting after a sprint, 'cause it felt so nice and cool.

Chubb: For *that* they throw you off the varsity?

Fourth Crewman: Yes. The Old Man yelled at me through his megaphone. It was awful. He said, "We're not punting on the Cam, Lady Agatha!" And then— And then he told me I was third boat. (*He bursts into tears and runs off.*)

Chubb (*angrily kicking a white-wall tire*): God's teeth! He had to trail his hand! I would have thrown him out of school. So help me, Rex, I'm going to quit this game. I just can't take it any more. I'm going to start chicken-ranching.

Bonesteel: Lay off that ejection button, Langbourne. We gotta think. (*He sticks his head in one of the windows and smiles at the Crewmen again.*) Just sit tight, men. Take ten. We're in a bit of a box.

Second Crewman: Hey, I've got to go study. I've got an hour exam tomorrow in Advanced Highway Courtesy.

First Crewman: Yeah. You said just sit in it for a *minute*.

Bonesteel: Easy on. All we need is one more man from the first boat. We won't be a sec.

Chubb (*studying the last few athletes coming out of the locker rooms*): I think we're licked. No more tall ones. These shrimps all look like scrubs on the badminton squad.

Bonesteel (*beginning to lose his optimism at last*): This is Bataan, mate. I think we've bought it.

Chubb: Just for one more lousy varsity paddler.

Crewmen (*suddenly yelling together from inside the Thunderbird*): Hey, there's Jake! . . . Get Jake! . . . Jake's in the first boat. . . . Hey, Jakey, c'mon over here. Quick!

(*The Fifth Crewman appears. He is five feet four inches tall, and wears horn-rimmed glasses. He peers into the car.*)

Fifth Crewman: Hi, fellows. Why are you all hiding in there? Who owns this snazzy job?

Bonesteel: What goes? Who's Eddie Arcaro here?

Chubb (*darkly*): So help me, if you Andy Hardys are playing with us, I'll make you laugh out of the other side of your mouth. The last man who pulled a fastola on me is back in the bull pen writing baby-food copy.

First Crewman: But don't you see? Jake *is* on the varsity. He's our coxswain.

Chubb (*a light growing in his eyes*): Good Lord, Rex! You don't suppose . . .

Bonesteel: No, Langbourne, no. It just won't do, *mon vieux*. After all, there's such a thing as standards in this game. Rectitude.

Chubb: But who's going to know?

Bonesteel: *I'll* know, that's who. A man has to live with himself, like. (*He pauses, looking down at the Fifth Crewman.*) But after all, he is on the varsity. How does the copy read, Langbourne?

Chubb (*takes a folded paper from his inside pocket, and reads eagerly*): Hmm. Buzza-buzza-buzza . . . Here: ". . . room to seat four varsity crewmen in lap-of-luxury comfort." There! Not a word about *oarsmen*. We're clean, Rex.

Bonesteel: But supposing the Corvette boys get wind of this? It'll be Devil's Island for you and me, Dreyfus.

Chubb (*rapidly putting his hands over his mouth, his eyes, and his ears*): Who's to tell? We're sitting in the same missile. Am I going to start a countdown?

(*They look at each other, judging their mettle.*)

Bonesteel (*crisply*): Right.

(*They grasp the Fifth Crewman under the arms and bundle him hastily into the driver's seat of the car. Chubb slams the door shut.*)

Bonesteel: One, two, three, four. Check?

Chubb: Check.

Bonesteel (*turning his back and lighting a cigarette*): O.K. Get 'em out of there and get their names. But quick. We gotta beat feet.

Chubb (*throwing open the doors*): Come on, you galley slaves. Out! Out! Gimme your names as you file past. *Move!*

First Crewman (*getting out*): But aren't we— Aren't you even going to give us a ride?

Chubb (*who is busily writing their names in a notebook*): Ha. You see a meter on this *macchina*, Jack? You see a jitney license anywhere?

Second Crewman (*retrieving his books from Bonesteel*): But we did you a favor, sir. Just once past the Theta Delt house, that's all.

Bonesteel (*pulling on a pair of dogskin gloves*): Look, Skippy, I start giving you minors free joy rides in this 300-h.p. job and what's going to happen? Suppose I start cornering a little too fast between like Mory's and Flirtation Walk, and I prang the crate? Where am I then? With a passel of underwriters and deans in my scalp, that's where. Have a little consideration for the other fella, fella. That's my motto. (*He climbs in behind the wheel.*)

Chubb (*getting in on the other side*): And besides, I wish you younger types would start thinking about something beside fast cars and soft living. Don't you realize we're five years behind the Russkis? Hit those books for a change. (*To Bonesteel*) Gun it, Fangio. We gotta be in Detroit nine sharp.

Bonesteel: *Arrivederci*, men.

(*They roar off into the gathering darkness as the curtain falls.*)

—Roger Angell

JOHN OTTO

John Otto of Brunswick, ancestor
On my mother's side, Latin scholar,
Settler of the Cumberland Valley,
Schoolmaster, sire of a family,
Why, one day in your white age,
Did you heave up onto your old man's legs
In the house near Blain, in Perry County,
And shut the gate and shuffle away
From the home of eighty years or so
And what cronies were left, and follow
The road out of the valley, up the hill,
Over the South Mountain, to Carlisle,
The whole way on foot, in the wagon tracks,
To die of fatigue there, at ninety-six?
I can see Carlisle Valley spread below,
And you, John, coming over the hill's brow,
Stopping for breath and a long look;
I can hear your breath come sharp and quick—
But why it was that you climbed up there
None of us remembers any more.
To see your son and his family?
Was the house too silent in Perry County?
To ask some question, tell some secret,
Or beg some pardon before too late?
Or was it simply to look again
On another valley, young in the sun
Almost as in the beginning, to remind
Your old eyes of a promise in the land?

—W. S. Merwin

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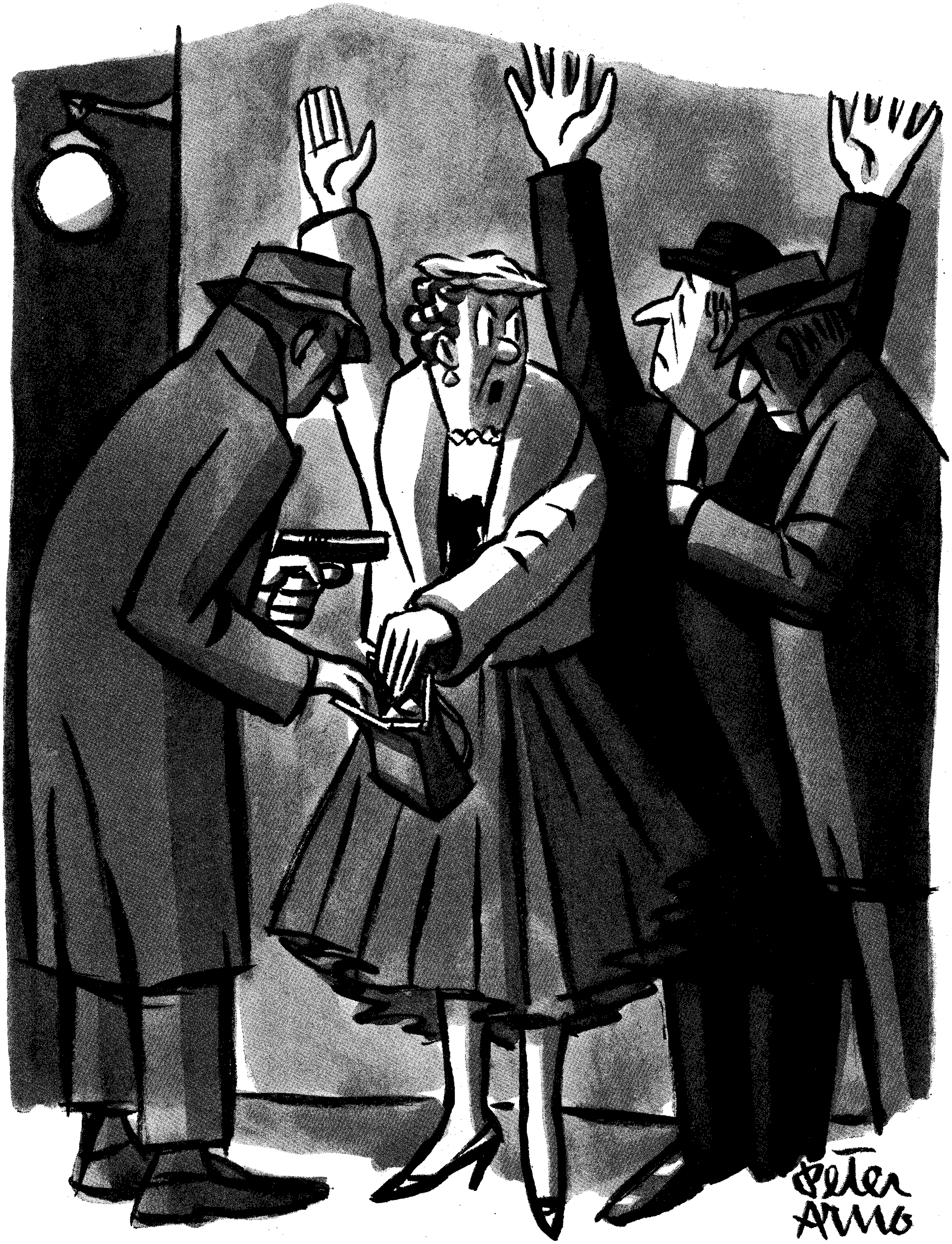


"Does this come out of my house money?"

THE LOCUM TENENS

BECAUSE of the telephone, Dr. Adam Hutton, the newly arrived locum tenens, was occupying the conjugal bedroom. He got into bed, tilted the reading lamp, and pulled up the eiderdown. The moment he laid hold of it, he remembered the roast fowl at supper. The roast fowl had been good and substantial; so was the eiderdown, and the phrase "spotlessly clean," which the eiderdown demanded as its due, could have applied with equal propriety to the fowl's accompanying bread sauce.

Everything in the room brandished cleanliness, merit, and substantiality, while, at the same time, the coloring of wallpaper, carpet, and curtains plainly indicated that they had been chosen because they would not show dirt. "All the best bedrooms in Horn Street must have been like this," he said to himself. "Still are, for that matter, I daresay." Behind a chink in the curtains (he had pulled them apart to look out) the windowpane glittered like a diamond, and in through the opened window came the familiar, grimy smell of the industrial West Riding. He had not smelled it for nearly thirty years.

But in his youth he had only guessed at such bedrooms, deducing them from furniture shops and advertisements. The cleanliness, merit, and substantiality of his own surroundings had been of a shabbier, more arduous kind, and the smell of grime much more insistent, while he, with the thudding industry of a small engine, had fought to learn, and to be able to go on learning, until, by the end of his teens, he had finally learned himself out of his station and away from his birthplace, never to return. Get-on-and-get-out, get-on-and-get-out, get-on-and-get-out . . . If they had not been the words of his private heart, the printing shop across the street would have dinned them into him.

And he was still within the letter of his vow. He had not returned. This was Mexley, not Goatbridge. Identical in griminess and clatter, eclectic hideousness of public buildings, and stoical ugliness of working-class streets, Mexley and Goatbridge and Hudderbeck and Wendon and Gullaby, sprawling one into another and laced together by trolley buses, were identical in mutual contempt, Goatbridge averring that folk in Hudderbeck never shut a door after them, Hudderbeck and Wendon cherishing a legend of what went into Mexley pies, Mexley, Goatbridge, Wendon, and Hudderbeck jeering at Gullaby greenhorns, and Gullaby on its hillside looking down on their smoky rooftops as on the Cities of the Plain. "God knows what came into my head," said Adam Hutton; and opened the street map of Mexley, which was not Goatbridge, and began to memorize its layout. Knowing Goatbridge, he found it easy enough to put Mexley together by its street names. Foundry Street, Wharf Street, Hoggle Yard and Slaughter Yard and Tanhouse Yard, Bull Ring and Laystall Lane—that would be the old part of the town. And Douro Crescent and Portico Place would be the former residential quarter, left now to brass-plate users, solicitors, and town offices—so he need not trouble to memorize that square of the map. Odd, though, that he could not find Horn Street. Realizing that Horn Street had got in from Goatbridge and that he was half asleep, he put out the light.

In his dream it was a Christmas morning, and the Goatbridge Brass Band was standing on the roof of the fire station, playing "Christians, awake! Salute the happy morn." But he was in a double bed in Mexley, and the telephone was ringing. A voice that might have come from any one of his aunts said, "Is *that* you, Doctor? I'm in the call box—Mrs. Bella Heaton—and it's Joseph. He's been throwing up these last three hours, and I don't like the look of his nose, and his feet are like ice, and—"

"I'll come at once. But first tell me your address."

A voice completely changed and concealing ineffable astuteness remarked, "You aren't Dr. Walker, though."

"No. Dr. Walker's in Wales, on his holiday. I'm doing his work. Now, tell me where you live."

"Oh! Well, I daresay you might as well as not."

As he left his room a door across the landing opened, and Miss Linda Walker appeared. "Oh dear! Your first night, too. I'm so sorry." She wore a blue dressing gown. She had put on her spectacles. Her hair stood out like brass filings. "Can you manage all right? Will you be able to find your way?"

"Perfectly. Mustn't wake your mother."

WHEN he returned, the hall light was on, and a thermos, a teacup, and a plate of sandwiches stood on the hall table. Yorkshire hospitality. Mrs. Bella Heaton had already forced cocoa and seedcake on him. But he ate the sandwiches, for the raw air had given him an appetite. After leaving his patient he had gone to view Goatbridge by the pale moonlight, driving back by the Gullaby Road, whence Gullaby Old Church, silhouetted on the hilltop, looked as alarming as ever, gaunt, and yet glutted, its churchyard crammed with enormous jostling black headstones.

Breakfast was at eight. Porridge, ham and eggs, pikelets, potted shrimps, a blazing fire at his back, and a purple radiance shed on Mrs. Walker's spotlessly white hair from the band of colored glass in the window. He was so insistently fed that he could barely get in his thanks for the thermos and sandwiches.

"Linda's her father's daughter," said Mrs. Walker in tones of mild pride. "She knows. What's our motto in this house, Linda dear?"

"Keep up the doctor, and he'll keep up the patient."

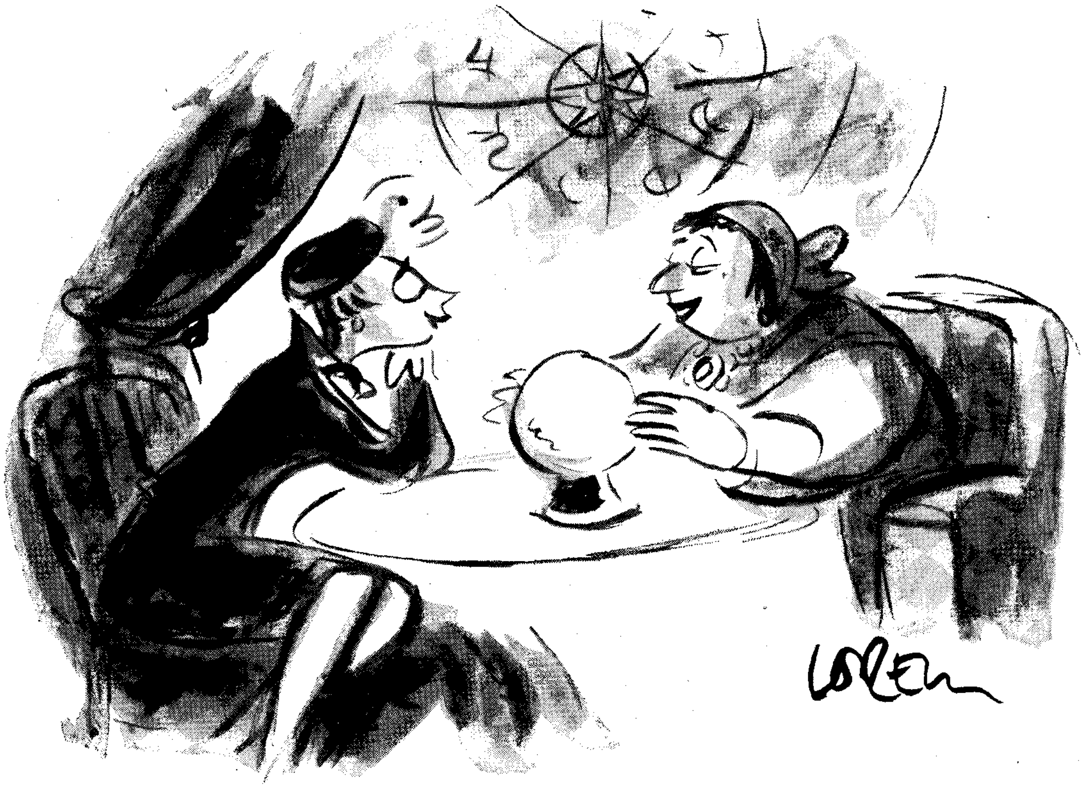
"That's right. And you may rest assured, Doctor, if you should be out on a night call, Linda will always have something ready for you, no matter how often. And when you've finished your breakfast, she will be ready to show you the files and the forms and the registers and the daybook and the appointment lists. Linda does all the bookwork, and she's qualified as a dispenser. She'll make a wonderful wife for a doctor, one of these days."

Even for a mother, Mrs. Walker was shameless. Linda was not shameless; she was merely willing.

Adam had no fears. It was only a fortnight, and he could be heartless for much longer than that. He would be heartless, civil, and inscrutable.

But as the day wore on, with surgery hours, and visiting, and midday dinner, and visiting, and a groaning tea table, and surgery hours again, it was to himself that he was inscrutable. What the devil had possessed him to come here—what sentimental lunacy, what decrepitude of mind?

Getting on and getting out, he had finished his training, and travelled on



"I see a tall, dark, handsome man who will introduce you to a short, fat, wealthy one."

a research scholarship, and passed the war years as an Army doctor, and spent his accumulated pay on buying a partnership in a South Coast practice; and then, not liking the shape of National Health Service, had got out of that and into the research laboratories of a new firm that was making a good thing out of vaccines and antibiotics. There he proposed to remain, well paid, well thought of, interested in what he was doing, and near enough to London to be able to ease himself into a degree of culture that would make his old age creditable and entertaining. And then, because he was glancing through the *British Medical Journal* in order to compare his firm's advertisement with the advertisements of other firms, "Mexley, West Riding," caught his eye. What followed was dementia. Reading that Dr. James Walker required a locum tenens during the second fortnight in March, and even while scornfully commiserating the wretch who could only get away for that meagre release, he became convinced that if he did not snatch at this chance of going to Mexley, the rest of his life would be meaningless. So intense was his madness that not even the words "live as family" could deter him. He had been going to Rome in April. Changing the date of his holiday, he arranged to go to Mexley in March. But why? But why? To be within smelling distance of the Goatbridge gasworks when the wind blew from the sweet south? To hear the Mexley Choral Society rehearsing Stainer's "Crucifixion"? To discover experimentally what went into a Mexley pie?

With the whole vehemence of his Goatbridge breeding, he exclaimed "Mexley!"

BUT by his third day in Mexley, subdued by hard work and harsh air, grossly hungry, grossly sleepy, shamelessly trifling with Mrs. Walker's shamelessness, and automatically relying on Linda's willingness, Adam began to feel it almost a matter of course to be there. In the preliminary correspondence, Walker had said that he would leave a detailed list of the patients under treatment, so that his locum might know from the start what would be required of him. This list turned out to be a great many slips of wastepaper scribbled over with mysterious abbreviations—patients and treatments intermingled with memorandums about drugs that would need to be replenished, lyings-in to be expected, and fishing tackle that Dr. Walker would want on his holiday. These were piously handed over by Linda, but every morning she supplemented them with a neatly written schedule, telling him in a sweet full voice that Mr. Bucklaw and Mrs. Protheroe were cancers, that Miss Eden's boy was an epileptic, Mr. Murgatroyd a faker.

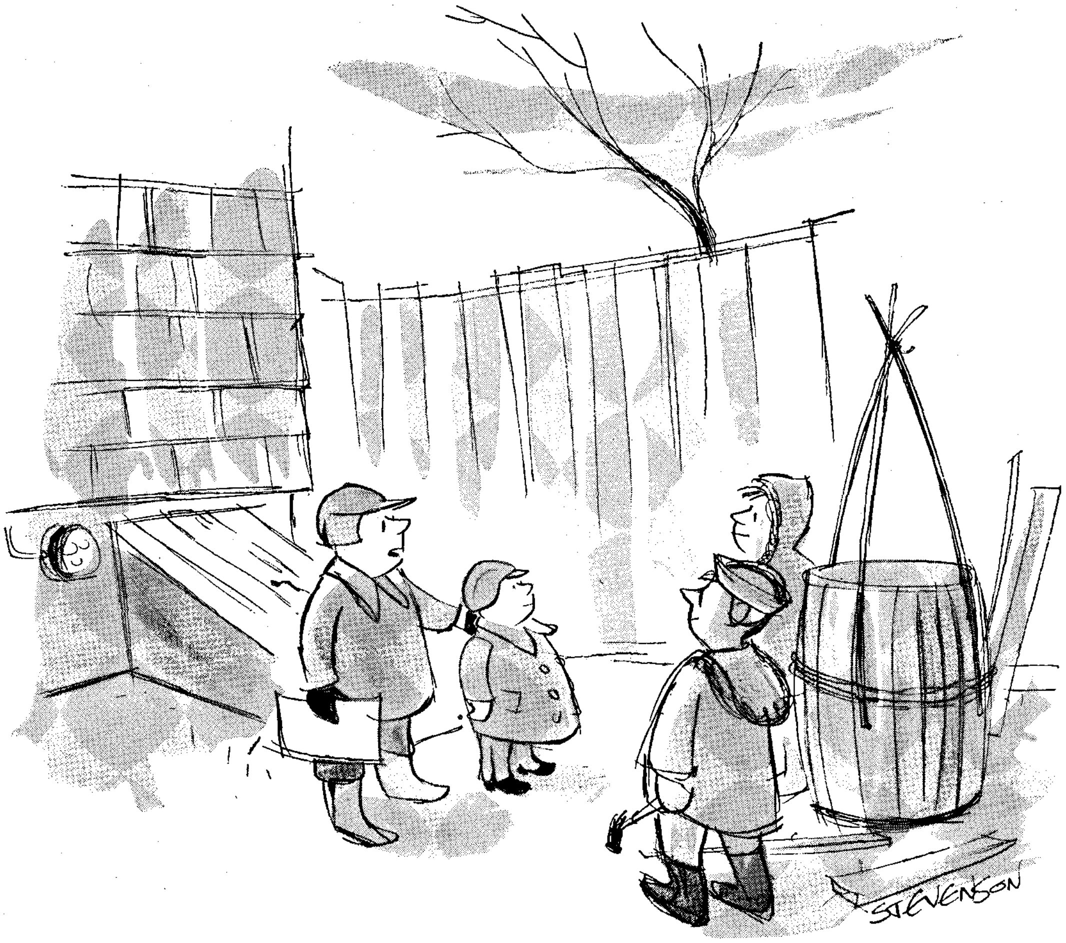
"And old Mrs. Robertson—she'll expect to be looked in on today—is another. But you mustn't tell her so; otherwise she'll send for you in the middle of the night with a heart attack."

"I don't know why your father wanted a locum. You could do it all, and cook the pudding into the bargain. Who are these other regulars for today?"

Smiling, flushed with pleasure, she replied, "Mr. Holmes, disseminated sclerosis. Ben Trotter, Parkinson's disease. Miss Rawson, arthritic and bedridden. Mrs. Ackroyd, cardiac dropsy. They're all in Tanhouse Yard, so you'd better leave your car in Bull Ring. And if nobody answers the door at Number Eleven—that's Mrs. Ackroyd—it will be because the niece she lives with is out fitting. She dressmakes. So just walk in and up the stairs to the front bedroom. But mind the stairs. Father says they're rotten, and the coffin will have to come out by the window. They're shocking places, those houses in Tanhouse Yard. They ought to be pulled down. Nobody lives there but remainders."

Still flushed, still smiling, she straightened the papers and went away; for it was part of her willingness that she knew when she was done with. As soon as she was out of the room, he unstraightened them again, pencilling in queries and alternative medicaments. Walker was still in the epoch of *Ferri Phos., Tinct. Val., and Card. Co.* This was a pity; for, as a musician reading a single orchestral part can deduce quite a lot about the composer's merits, Adam, reading Walker's clinical notes, often perceived acumen, and sometimes even diagnostic brilliance. Someone really ought to overhaul the old man and bring him up to date.

Most of the younger patients were ready enough to be brought up to date. They had read articles on modern medicine in popular papers, knew that recent discoveries were wonderful, and asked if they couldn't have some of these injections, like Aunt Gertie when she died in the hospital. No such readiness was shown in the quarter between Foundry Street and Laystall Lane, where the uncontaminated voice of



"By this time tomorrow, fellows—if our calculations are correct—Ralphie Sanford here will be in orbit."

• •

Mexley remarked "Doctor never give me blue physic" or "Haven't you any of t'old stuff left?" or "Never set eyes on nowt like this."

Miss Rawson, arthritic and bedridden, whom he found standing on a stepladder in a long flannel nightdress, engaged in putting a bit of shine on the gas bracket, consulted him about her football pools and, finding that he didn't know much about them, either, gave him a long lecture on how to do permutations. When he got away, he almost flinched under the westering light, which had broken through the day's long dullness. Every detail of Tanhouse Yard was as brilliantly affirmed as if Vermeer had painted it. There was no answer when he knocked on the door of No. 11, so he pushed it open, to be confronted by a dressmaker's dummy, alarmingly actual in a cheap white satin wedding dress. If it had not been for Linda's directions, he might have taken it for the ghost of Anne Boleyn or some such headless heroine. But, of course, that onslaught of raw light had left him dazzled.

He went upstairs and into the front bedroom, and into another attack of light and of pictorial quality. The tall double bed faced the window. Exactly centered in the bed was an elderly woman, sitting up against a heap of pillows. She must have been a fine, robust creature in her time, and she still displayed tokens of an obstinate vitality; for her hair was the hair of a young woman—smooth nut-brown hair, very thick, and plaited into two great ropes that hung down over her subsided breasts. But what overwhelmed him was the way she queened it over the bed. Never—so it seemed to him—had he seen a bed so mastered, so possessed, by its occupant; and though she had those subject pillows heaped behind her, her spinal column needed no such support. Straight and sufficient, it could have carried the weight of a pediment poised on that large shapely head with its ropes of plaited hair.

"Mrs. Ackroyd?"

"Aye."

Her voice conveyed nothing beyond local breeding and the fact that this was no Miss Rawson to delay him in conversation. He asked his questions and examined her. To judge by her disease, she might be dead in a month; to judge by her physique, she might live another two years. Her answers were brief, plain, and dismissing, as though she knew all this for formality and waste of time. Her instinct tells her not to talk, he thought. A big black-and-white cat lay beside her, as unforthcoming as she. "Company for you," he said, constrained by her lack of conversation to say something, however flat.

"That's right."

Her eyes were so sunk into the stained caverns of their sockets that he could not tell their color, or the direction of their glance. She did not turn her head, but as he opened his case and stood debating whether his alternative to the medicine Dr. Walker had been giving her would be any more to the purpose, he felt she was watching him. "Have you anyone to go to the chemist—Enright, in Church Street?"

"My niece."

"I'll leave a prescription there. It might ease your cramp. She could call for it later this evening. Dr. Adam Hutton is the name."

"Aye." And then, with a slow, broad grin, as if mocking her own taciturnity, she added, "That's right."

But was it taciturnity? It might be some sort of oncoming coma.

"I think I'll take your pulse again."

As he took hold of her wrist, the cat began to purr. The pulse rate was unchanged, the pulse itself a fraction steadier.

"Well, you've got a very creditable pulse."

The purr grew louder. He looked down at her. It ceased.

"Was that *you*?"

"I wondered when you'd notice it. It's quite tiring to do. Aren't you going to tell me I've got a creditable purr?"

Her composed expression hardened. The purr began again, easy and lulling.

"Stop it! Please stop it! You might strain your heart."

At this, the cat sat up and examined him. Under their joint scrutiny, he somehow got out of the room. As he heard his hobbledehoy feet on the stairs, he realized that his departure had been exactly that—awkward, bashful, and incompetent, like the boy at Goatbridge; and when he reached his car, he only half believed that it was his, or that he would be able to back it out and swing into the stream of traffic.

No wonder that such women with their cats were burned for witchcraft!

A DOCTOR has his professional magic, too, and by the end of the day Adam had contrived to forget about Mrs. Ackroyd. But that night, as he got into bed, he remembered how she had lain, majestic and central, and he felt a childish obligation to settle himself with equal dignity exactly in the middle of the bed. Almost instantly, he was asleep.

All that night, he dreamed of Goatbridge, only waking for long enough to be aware of this before plunging back into a further depth of dream. It was the genuine Goatbridge. He walked through the familiar streets—Crane's Lane, burrowing between the tall mills and crowed over by the stamping thud of machinery, and Union Street, with its abrupt falling perspective of mean little shops and sham-lavish barrows along the pavement edge, Technical Street, and Jubilee Street, and Old Quarr. And once, looking down from Old Quarr, he caught sight of the canopy of smoky green and pink above the fairground and heard the steam-calliope music, hot and strong, like a cough linctus. But the intensity of that bygone woe turned him aside and he went down Crab Street. There the trolley buses clanged by, the greasy brilliance of engraved and gilded glass ennobled the windows of The Dog Tavern, Dotty Jenny hurried along, whispering to herself, "No bread at the baker's," and outside the Labour Exchange the men of his father's generation were waiting in a queue to draw their unemployment money. But in some way all this was transparent, so that wherever he looked he saw the rise and fall of the landscape—not just in a crannied view at the end of Church Street, or desolately preserved in the bluff of rock and sickly turf above the goods yard, but everywhere manifest, shouldering itself out of houses, silent amid the clatter of machinery, sombre through the neon lights of the picture house, rough underfoot though he trod on stone pavements. And sometimes it seemed that Goatbridge was something cast by a magic lantern on the dark moorland, and at other times it seemed that the moor was welling up through Goatbridge like a gathering mist.

In the morning, he woke knowing that this dream had in some queer way enriched him. It was as though he had borrowed the Eye of Time and by viewing Goatbridge in its simultaneity of existence and non-existence had arrived at a complete clinical observation that would at last resolve his conflict of nausea and mysterious craving. So to Mrs. Walker's inquiries as to how he had slept he replied that he had slept remarkably well.

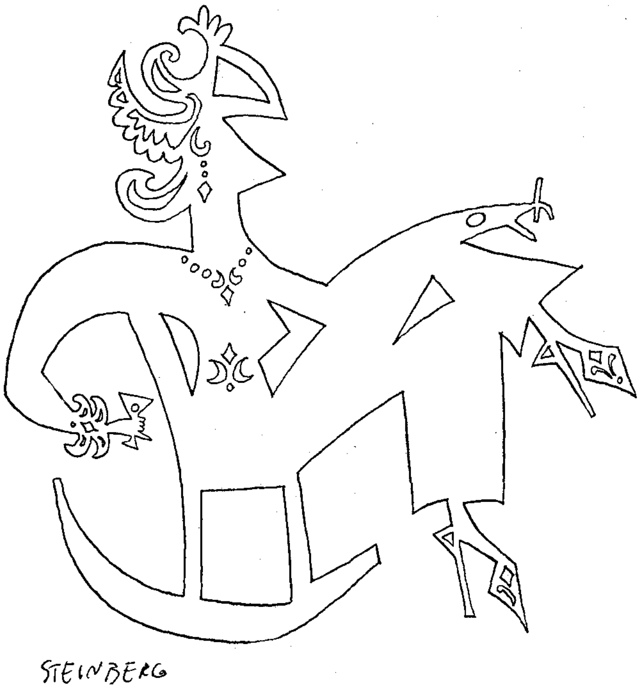
"And you're looking well, too, if I may say so. Much better than when you came. After all, there's nothing like one's native air."

Linda's spectacles, so clean that they were like something in an operating theatre, flashed as she looked up. "But, Mother, Dr. Hutton comes from the South."

There was a twang of reproach in her voice. Mrs. Walker said nothing. Neither did he.

But how on earth had the old schemer snuffed it out?

This was Saturday. On Sunday, Linda appeared in a purple tweed tailor-made, but a providentially difficult labor spared him from seeing much of it. At Sunday supper there was another roast fowl, and Mrs. Walker remarked that one wouldn't think he'd been there only a week; he seemed quite one of the family. Linda reported that Mrs. Beaumont, encountered on the way home from evensong, had no words to express how wonderfully Dr. Hutton had put his finger on what was wrong with Delia. With intimidating frankness, Mrs. Walker asked Linda if Dr. Hutton wasn't just the co-partner that Father needed. Turning to Adam, she went on, "I know I'd be glad to see it. I've been saying for these last five years, 'James, you must take a co. or you'll be dead of overwork before you retire.' Now, can't I tempt you with this nice thigh, Doctor?"



DURING Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Adam began to see his results, and to plume himself on his management of patients more intricate than Delia Beaumont. He spent his spare time studying their case histories in those files that Linda's neatness made such easy reading. He began to be as the God to whom all secrets are known. The Hippocratic lust for intervenient power and insighted meddling sprouted up in him, all the stronger because he had cut it to the ground. By Wednesday midday, he was saying to himself that as he had changed his course before, he might change it again, and go back to general practice, this time not in the genteel suburban Home Counties but in some town like Mexley, where sickness and death, with a greater variety of tricks up their sleeves, would be more interesting foes to combat—though not Mexley itself, where Mrs. Walker's intentions threatened a higher price than he cared to pay. For that matter, there was also Walker, who might not match his daughter in being so very willing.

On Thursday morning, Walker's daughter, instead of knowing when she was done with, hung about the surgery, fidgeted her way as far as the door, paused, and turned back.

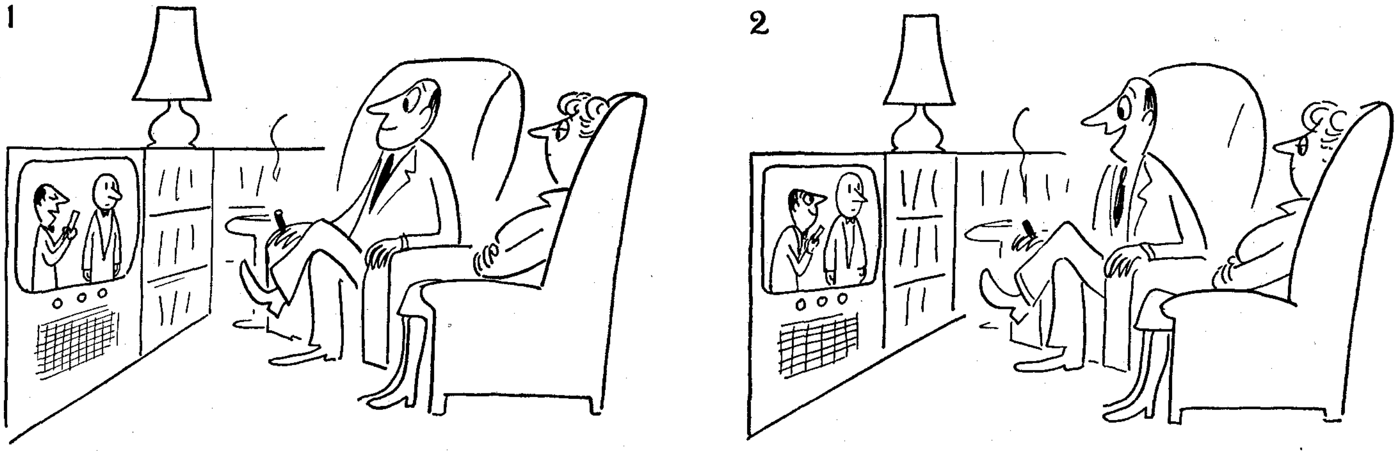
"I don't know how to put it, but I must. I'm afraid Mother may have annoyed you on Sunday."

"On Sunday?"

"When she said about this being your native air. She didn't mean it unkindly—quite the contrary. It showed how much she thinks of you. But, coming from the South, you might not take it that way. I've been feeling really worried about it."

"There's nothing to worry about. As a matter of fact, your mother was partly right. I wasn't born in the South; I just happen to live there."

And now if she asked the obvious question, what was he going to say? But though



"George Washington!"

her lips parted, it was not in inquiry. She stared at him with round eyes, her healthy, high-colored, rawboned face remade by its expression of compassion and enlightenment, as though she had diagnosed a secret woe in him.

"Do you think that's so dreadful?" he asked.

"Well . . . Yes! Yes, I do. I can't imagine anything more wretched than to live away from one's roots. Of course, it's nice to travel—I went to Switzerland once and enjoyed every moment of it. But I wouldn't have enjoyed it, it wouldn't have been like Switzerland, if I hadn't known I'd got the West Riding to come home to."

He looked towards the window. Above the half-curtains it showed him the top of the lorry that was screaming past, the slate roofs and staring upper windows of the houses opposite, the murky sky, the whitening flashes where the wind bent the driving rain. Since the feeling her words had aroused in him was too foolish to be said, he would sing it:

"O Bay of Dublin, my heart you're troubling,
Your beauty haunts me like a fever dream . . ."

"Whatever you are, you're not Irish!" she exclaimed, and went away before he could stop her. Which was as well, since he had been so nearly betrayed into kissing the girl.

He had been so nearly betrayed that when he got his car out from the garage he welcomed the grime on the windscreen and the spatters of mud on the body as though they were so many bracing admonitions to him not to make a fool of himself. All that morning, he was on the lookout for such admonitions. They did not lack. He was recognized by Mrs. Beaumont, who was wearing a transparent pink raincoat, and good-heartedly waved a small bunch of mimosa at him. He waited for ten minutes in a traffic jam while two van drivers who had collided got out of their vans and each circumstantially established that the other was at fault. His car began to leak, and he suspected he was getting a cold. But though the mimosa afforded him the pleasure of telling himself that Rome would not be like Rome if he hadn't the West Riding to get away from, he knew that he was only being toppled toward leaving, as earlier he had been toppled toward staying. Perhaps this was what happened when one had no roots.

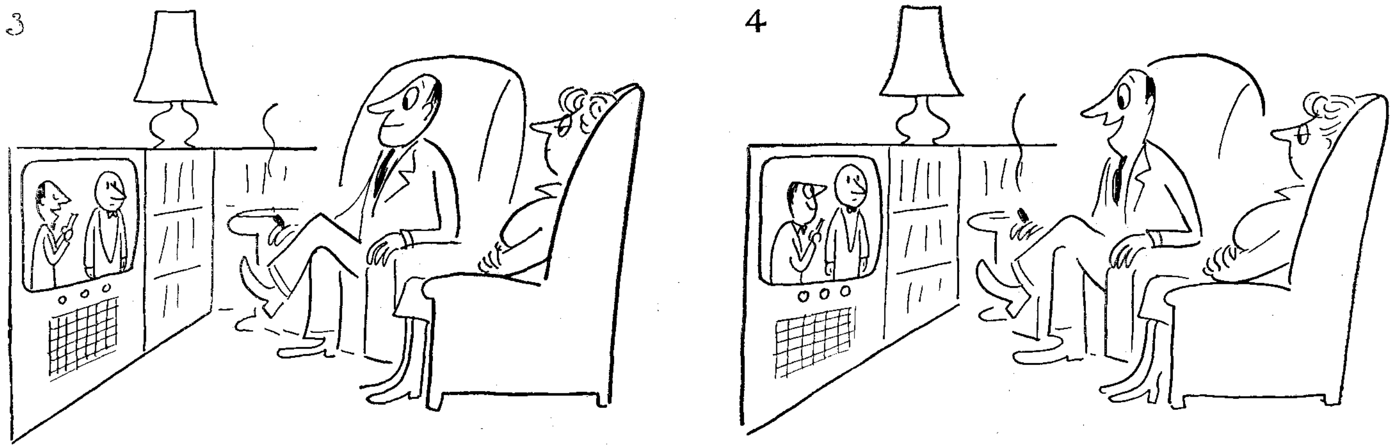
THAT night, Mr. Joseph Heaton, who had seemed to be recovering, died. He was an alcoholic, a surly old bully, and incontinent. But he was dead. At the end of the match, death had suddenly outplayed Adam, sneaked a pawn into the back row and made a castle of it. Adam's reaction was to feel that he now had no alternative. He would stay, he would root—not for any sentimental reasons but because he wasn't going to be beat. If need were, he would marry Linda. So he thought, eating sardine sandwiches and feeling delightfully coolheaded.

In the morning, he felt coolheaded only. But during breakfast it seemed to him that he must have shouted these intentions aloud and been overheard. Linda ate like one suspended in a trance, and when he handed her the marmalade, she took it as if he were worshipping her with his body and endowing her with all his worldly goods. Mrs. Walker said no more about Linda's excellences. Apparently, she felt there was no further need to. In a voice that might have been breathing o'er Eden she remarked that Dr. Walker would be home tomorrow evening, and that it would soon be spring. In fact, she was wondering what best to do about the bedrooms. If he stayed on over Saturday night—and he had given no indication to the contrary—the best bedroom would have to be turned out on Sunday, a thing she didn't like.

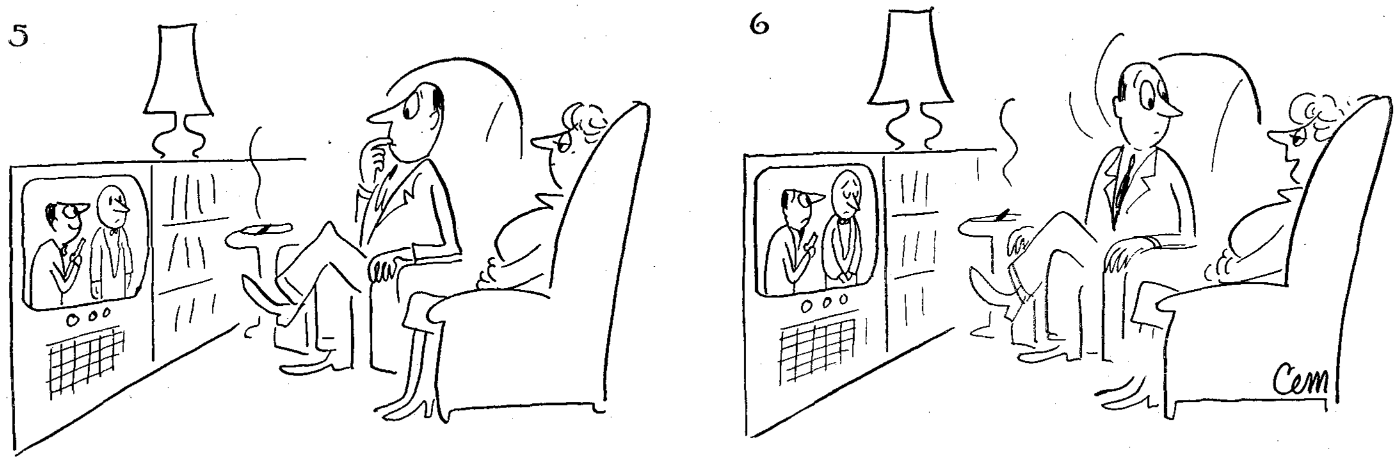
The gale had blown itself out, the rain was a drizzle. It was a discouraging morning for a man who had made up his mind overnight. Adam knew that his mind was made up, but he knew more immediately that he had got a cold in his head. He would let sleeping decisions lie till the morrow, when he would talk seriously to Walker about that partnership. Meanwhile, the patients he saw on his rounds all informed him that they wouldn't be seeing him again, or that tomorrow they would be saying goodbye to him. It was irrational to resent being signed off like this; nevertheless, he resented it, and stayed longer and inquired more elaborately than he otherwise might have done. He had a long list, and in order to finish it he had to go out again after the evening surgery hours. By the time he came to Tanhouse Yard, it was so late that many windows were already lit up. The front-bedroom window of No. 11 was one of them. Well, Mrs. Ackroyd would not waste her penurious syllables on telling him she would not be seeing him again. If said at all, it would be said by him, and she would respond with an "Aye," or a "That's right."

Today the niece was there. She opened the stairway door, and sat down again to her sewing machine.

The bedroom seemed smaller, the bed larger, the sick woman more sickly and less splendid, though she lay in the same grand attitude and held her head as erect as before. The burst of sunlight had romanticized her. The bleak gaslight stripped all that away. The cat wasn't there, either. Something else was. On the dressing table, dominating it, as she had dominated the bed, was a large photograph, a "professional" photograph, glossy and glaring, of the head and torso of a naked woman. Her



"Benjamin Franklin!"



"Millard Fillmore!"

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hair was heaped up on her head in a sort of casque. Her breasts were casqued in nets of sequins and imitation jewels. Slantingly across the bottom corner was printed in italic capitals *Betty d'Orsay, 1928.*

He looked from the photograph to the woman.

"You?"

"Aye. That's me."

"You?" he said again.

"Aye. She's me, and I'm her. It was done a couple of years before the show came to Goatbridge. But I'm still her. 'All Our French Artists' Models Are Alive.'"

"Must you always laugh at me?" he exclaimed, and fell on his knees beside the bed, and buried his face.

"Poor Adam! You took love hard, didn't you? I never saw a boy take it harder!"

He heard her cough as her breath gave out. After a pause, she went on, "And you telling me you were Dr. Adam Hutton! I knew you the moment you came in. I'm glad you've got on in the world."

He rose from his knees, sat down on the bed, and took hold of her two plaits as though they were ropes to save a drowning man.

"Goatbridge Fair, eh?" she said. "Half a dozen of us, lit up in hutches behind glass. And you came along with the rest for a sixpenny stare. Reckon you'd never seen a naked woman before."

"I have never seen a woman since."

"And picked on me. Poor Adam, it was the hard nut you picked. You might have got any of the others. And the letters you wrote, and the way you pestered me! You thought I was French!" she exclaimed, and began to laugh. "You tried to talk French to me: '*Je vous aime.*'"

"Why wouldn't you have me?"

"I was too young, love. If I'd been five-and-forty instead of five-and-thirty, I'd have gobbled you up, back, belly, and whiskers."

"What happened to you afterwards? How did you get here? No! Don't talk! It's bad for you."

"Well, whatever else, I didn't forget you."

"And you got out that photograph."

"Aye. I don't rightly know what for. But it wasn't for a tease."

"My love, my love, I don't think that! May I undo this plait? I want to feel your hair."

He had already begun unplaiting it. Released, her hair sprang into his hand as if to be fondled.

"Shall I purr?" she said after a while.

"Don't do anything, my darling. Lie back, and let me play with it."

She lay back against her pillows, her hand following his through the mesh of her hair, her eyes dwelling on the photograph.

"Poor Adam!" she murmured, speaking not to him but to the woman of 1928.

"'Poor Adam!' That's what you said then, when you wouldn't have me. But you say it better now. Or I believe it more."

"Poor Adam! Poor Bet, too! But it had to be, like. Still and all, I'm glad I got out that picture."

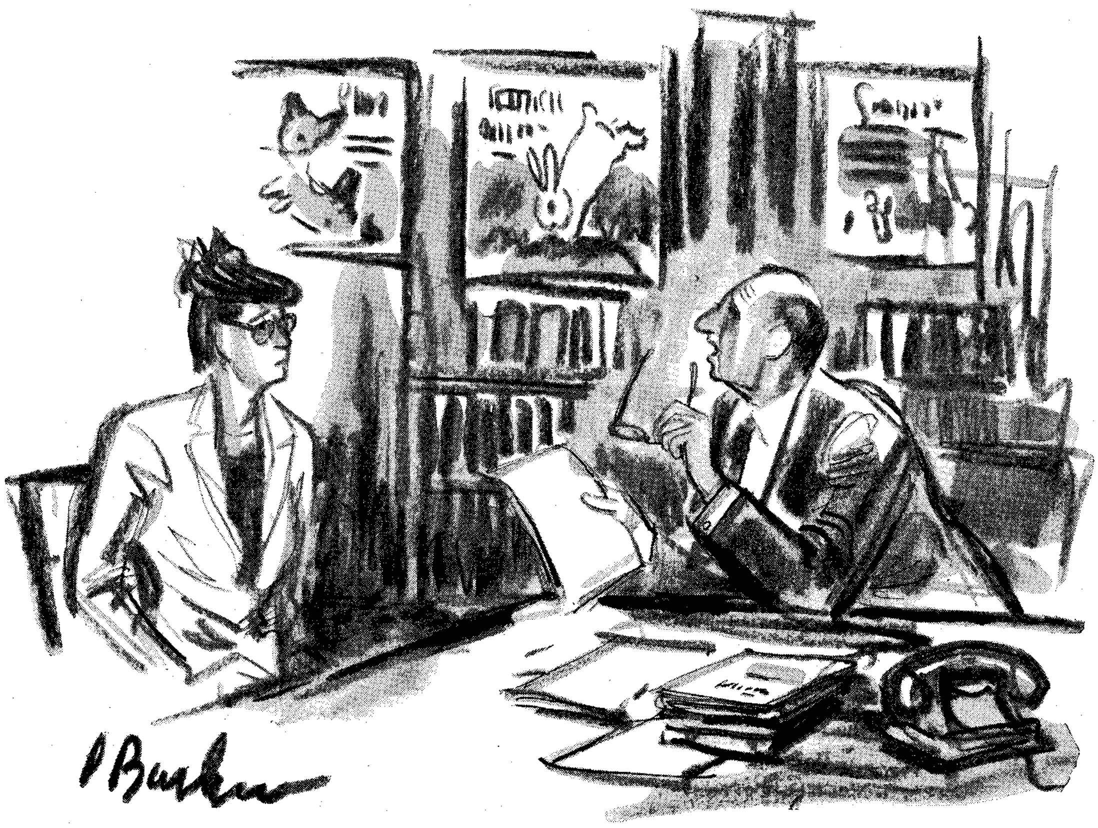
"Will you give it to me?"

"I was thinking I'd have it sent you after I was dead."

"I'd rather have it now."

"Why not? There's some brown paper in that top left-hand drawer."

He wrapped up the photograph, and opened his case. It was too large to go



"You have a pleasant style, Mrs. Cresto, and your plot is nicely paced, but I don't think you've made the carrot suffer enough."

• •

in. He stared into his case as though into another world.

"Did those pills do your cramp any good?"

"They eased it a bit."

"I'll leave you some more. I suppose I ought to go over you."

She saw the agonized look on his face, and cried out, "No, no! That you won't!"

"Always the same cry. What a woman!"

"Now you must go. Oh, for goodness' sake, dust your knees! Is it tomorrow you're leaving?"

"Yes. Unless you ask me to stay. Oh, my love, my love!"

Briefly and calmly she considered it.

"You must go, lad. Best for both, this time."

When he looked back from the stairhead, she was dreamily replaiting her hair.

HE sat for a long time in his car, shuddering and wringing his hands, shaken not by this classical grief of the present but by the untamed remembrance of his former woe. A prostitute was walking up and down, and presently she came and tapped on the glass. He shook his head, and started the car. He was at a loss where to go, or how to get through the next few hours, till a sneeze reminded him that he had a cold, and could make it a pretext for going straight to bed.

On Saturday, Dr. Walker, getting his full pound of flesh, arrived late in the afternoon, as Adam had done a fortnight earlier.

"Hullo, hullo! Well, here I am, safe back in time for tea, and how are you all? Hullo, Hutton, everything gone all right?" Without waiting for an answer, he turned to his wife. "Ada! I've got a piece of news for you. Splendid news. But I must have a cup of tea before anything else. I haven't tasted a decent cup of tea since I left home. Cat-lap!"

He poured the tea down his wiry gullet, handed back the cup to be refilled, rubbed his knees, and announced, "Ada, I've got a partner. I met him at the hotel, he was lunching there. He'd come to Llangibby for his aunt's funeral—from Scotland, the deuce of a way to come for an aunt!—and was travelling back that same night. Well, we got to talking, I took to him, he took to me. So far, he's a trainee-assistant with a view—at some place near Peebles, with a sulphur spa—but there wasn't enough future for him. I soon found out that what he wanted was to come south and see the world. Come to Mexley, I said. We've got a bit of everything, even anthrax. Of course, he's never had an anthrax, and his eyes positively sparkled. Nice-looking fellow, too, and quite young. His name's Maclaren, and he's coming to have a look round next week. So there you are, and I hope you're pleased, Ada."

Mrs. Walker said it was the very news she'd been hoping for, and that she rather believed Mrs. Beaumont had had a grandmother who went to a spa in Scotland—though she couldn't say what was wrong with her.

"Nothing at all, if she was like the rest of that family. And Linda, my girl, cut me a slice of cake, and get ready to find a nice little house for him. Not too far out. Or a maisonette. Lodgings won't do, because of the children. Didn't I say he was a married man? Well, he is. And an anesthetist. Just the very thing we want. Well, now, Hutton, let's get down to it. Any deaths?"

"Joseph Heaton."

Linda was toasting herself a crumpet at the fire. Her hand was steady, her face composed. Only when the crumpet fell off the toasting fork and she was so slow to retrieve it could one have guessed that her thoughts were sad and elsewhere. Poor Linda, Adam thought, one blow on top of another, rat-tat! It was as though he had glanced out of his own tragedy and seen the sawdust trickling from a doll.

An hour later, he was driving south over the same route he had come by.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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MAD DAY IN MARCH

Beaten like an old hound
Whimpering by the stove,
I complicate the pain
That smarts with promised love.
The oilstove fails; the rain,
Forecast, licks at my wound;
Ice forms, clips the green shoot,
And strikes the wren house mute.

Those promises we heard
We heard in ignorance;
The numbered days we named,
And, in our innocence,
Assumed the beast was tamed.
On a bare limb, a bird,
Alone, arrived, with wings
Frozen, holds on and sings.

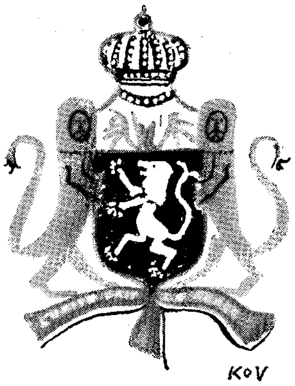
—PHILIP LEVINE

LETTER FROM BRUSSELS

March 18

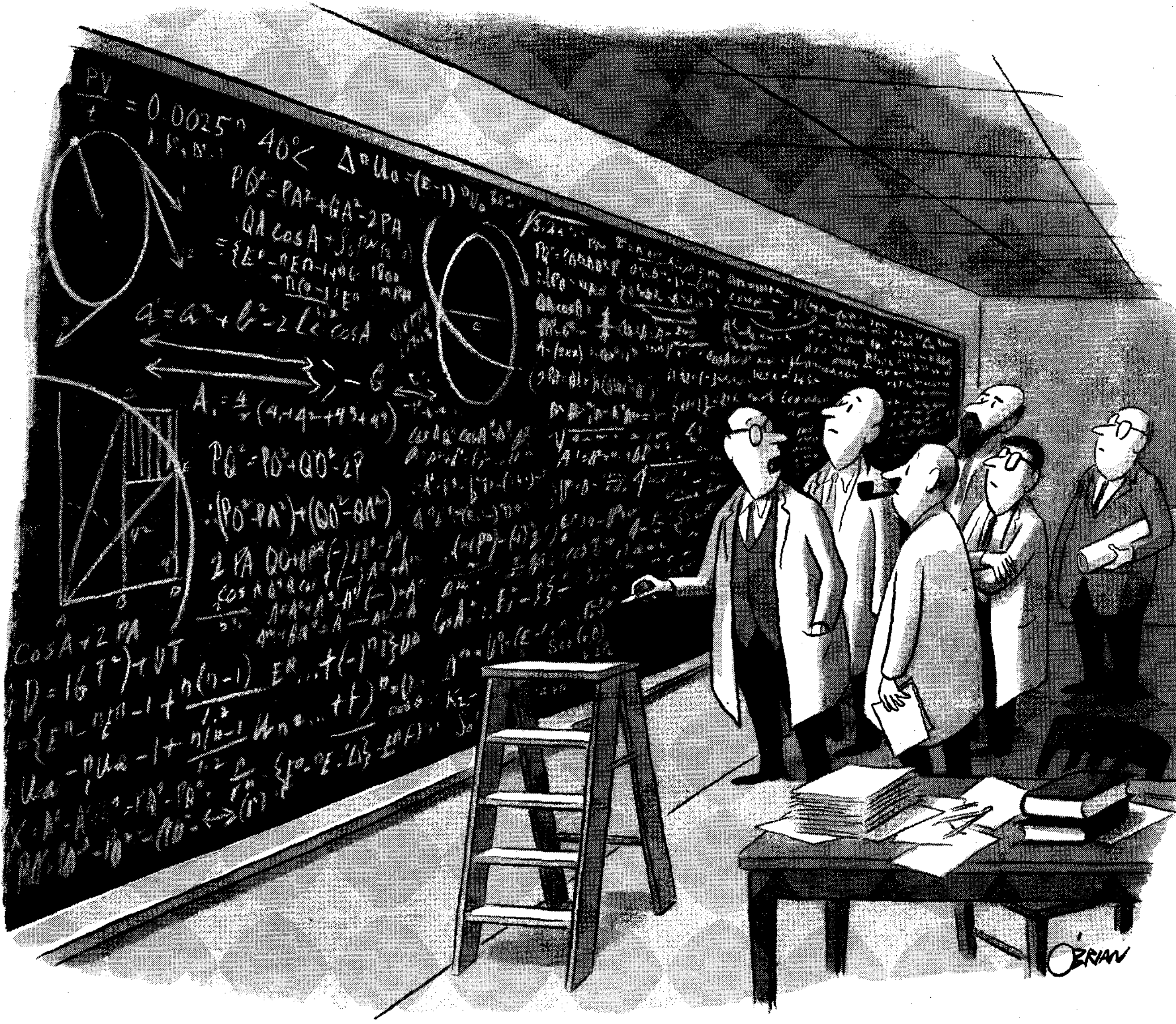
Brussels is getting ready for a World's Fair—the first anywhere since our own in 1939. It is a big job, and most of the city's people—indeed, most of the nine million Belgians—are involved in it. Streets are being torn up. Prices are rising. Cathedrals are being scraped. At the five-hundred-acre Fair site, just north of here, weird buildings are rising like monsters from the primordial ooze. All around, there is an air of expectancy, of a coming spree, which is increased, if anything, by the Cold War, for the two sides in that war are expected to vie mightily at the Fair, giving it the conflict that a good show needs. All in all, the Fair is, of course, being touted as the best in history, and an attendance of thirty-five million is predicted for its half year of life, from April 17th through October 19th.

Its official name is Brussels Universal and International Exposition 1958, the "universal" meaning that it "embraces all human activities," in the phrase of an international convention governing fairs that was signed in Paris in 1928. This convention decrees that "universal" fairs of the first magnitude—those in which foreign nations build their own pavilions, that is—must be at least six years apart, and fifteen years apart if held in the same country. By Belgian reckoning—which takes into consideration the fact that there was no convention before 1928 and that adherence to it has been fairly loose since then—no fewer than thirty "universal" fairs have been held since the custom began, in 1851. That was the year of the Crystal Palace Exposition in London, one of the few fairs that have left a famous monument behind. (Another was the Paris Exposition of 1889, which left the Eiffel Tower.) Of the thirty fairs that the Belgians count, more have been held in Belgium than anywhere else—ten, all told, divided among Brussels, Antwerp, Liége, and Ghent. Six have been held in France (all in Paris), and five in the United States—in New York in 1853, in Philadelphia in 1876, in Chicago in 1893, in St. Louis in 1904, and in New York in 1939. (Some big American fairs, like the San Francisco ones of 1915 and 1939, are not on the Belgian list.)



Fairs are supposed to be good for business—especially in small countries, like Belgium, that depend on foreign trade—and this one is no exception. The hotels here are booked to the roof, the construction trades have been booming, and help-wanted ads are calling for specialists—hostesses, taxi-drivers, movie projectionists—in volume. Some Belgian pessimists even feel that business is being stimulated too much, after the past few years of prosperity, and that wages and prices here will be driven ruinously above those in the Netherlands, their country's great trading rival. However that may be, the chief work of the Fair may be more political than economic; it may result in Brussels' being put on the map as a West European center. Last New Year's Day, France, Italy, West Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg established under treaty both a common market and a nuclear-energy pool among the six countries. Together with the European Coal and Steel Community—made up of the same six—these bodies are expected to go far toward unifying Western Europe. The Coal and Steel Community already has its headquarters in Luxembourg, a hundred and fifteen miles from here, but there isn't room for the two others there, and it is felt that all three should eventually settle in the same locality. Brussels seems to be leading Strasbourg and Paris as a contender for this locality; the two new organizations are meeting here now in a tentative way, and it is felt that this habit can be confirmed if the Fair goes well. Some people have even suggested that the Fair buildings themselves might later be used for a European center. This idea seems visionary, because, for one thing, the buildings won't be winterproof; it would be rather like housing the United Nations in Coney Island. Yet if the world has a good time, enhanced by efficient service, in Brussels this summer, the city may grow in favor as a super-capital, with the details of buildings and grounds to be worked out later. World's Fairs are supposed to do a variety of things—to give a good time, help business, symbolize a lofty dream or two, and leave a mark on history. This Brussels Fair has hopes along all these lines.

Forty-odd nations are expected at the Fair, as well as seven supranational exhibitors. Most of the nations are European, or at least Western. The most noteworthy Asian ones are Japan, whose pavilion is already being praised for its design, and a cluster of Arab countries, which have combined on a patch of ground that is squeezed in, appropriately, between the larger layouts of Russia and the United States. From Africa will come Egypt, Sudan, and the old French colonies of Morocco and Tunisia, along with, naturally, the Belgian Congo. From the New World will come half a dozen Latin countries, plus Canada and the United States. (Canada and Great Britain itself will be the only British Commonwealth members on view.) Of the Red bloc, Russia, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia will have pavilions, and so will Yugoslavia. Western Europe will be out in force, with all the major countries except Sweden, Denmark, and Ireland planning to exhibit. Most of the minor ones will be here, too, including Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Monaco, and San Marino. Andorra would be with them, if it were not that France, which has some control over that state, put its foot down. It seems that neither Andorra nor San Marino was invited to Brussels at first, and that a young Belgian lawyer named Emmanuel Noël went to work to correct this oversight. Not only did he get them invited—and get them to accept—but each of them put him in charge of staging its show. Next, he set about financing their pavilions, since neither country had anything like enough money for the job. He passed his hat around Brussels to good effect and got local architects to donate their services; one of them said later that he wouldn't have worked for a cut-rate fee but was so flabbergasted by the idea of *no* fee that he went along. Things moved smoothly—or so the tale goes in Brussels—until France got wind of what was up. Andorra's affairs are watched over by the French Foreign Ministry and a Spanish bishop, and while the bishop didn't object to the scheme, as far as is known here, Paris (possibly feeling that it was confronted by a show of lèse-majesté, or cheek) did, and told Andorra to drop it; the country might perhaps be given space in the French pavilion, but that would be all. Andorra did not yield, so France embargoed the transport of its exhibit across French soil, which would be its normal route to Belgium. M. Noël then de-



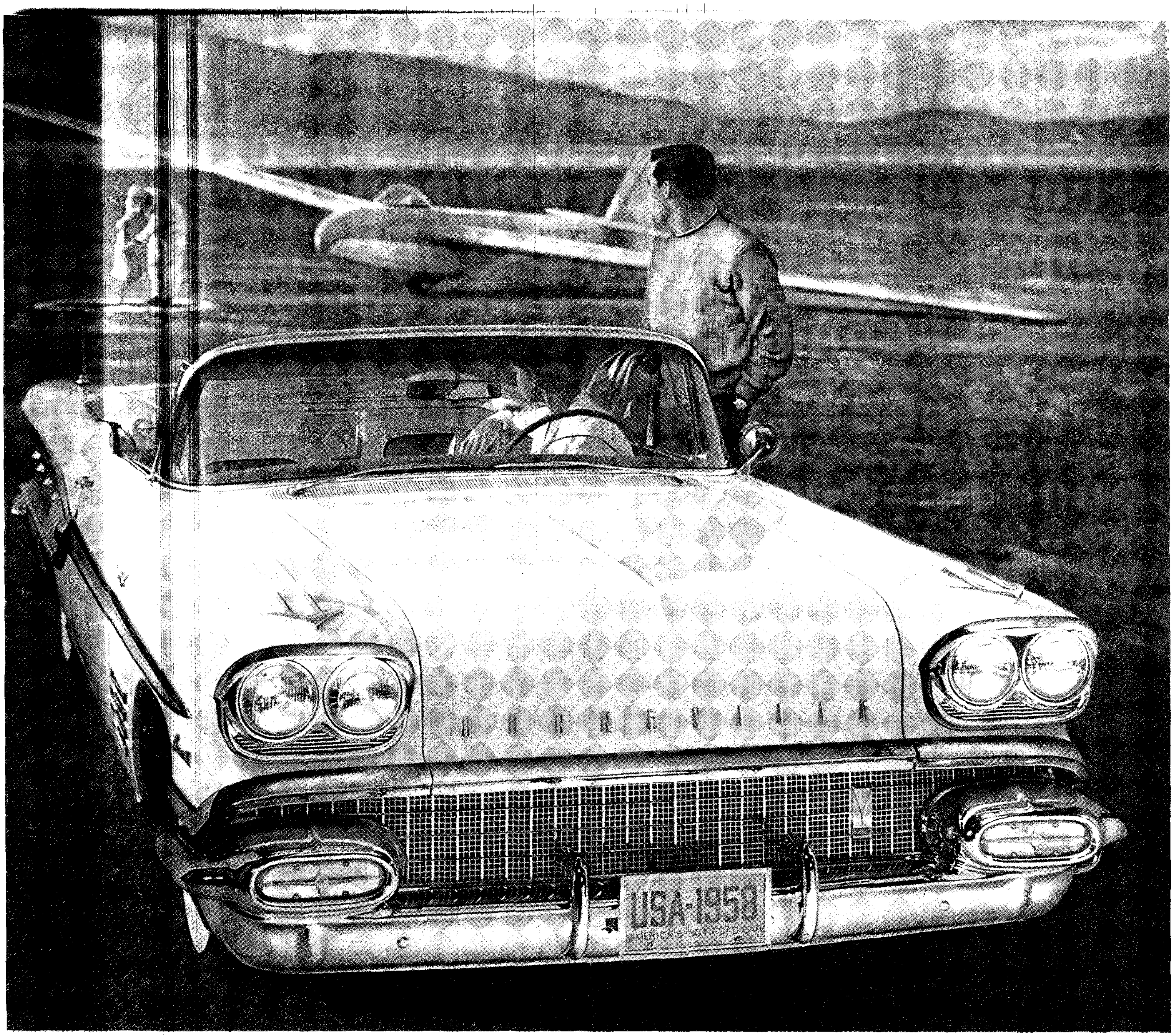
"Of course, this is all predicated on the Pentagon's allocating the money."

veloped an emergency route via Spain, but France finally won by threatening to cut off Andorra's electric power, which it controls. Andorra gave in, but, according to M. Noël, is turning its building over to San Marino, whose tiny plot is next door, and intends to post a sign somewhere about the alleged injustice. As San Marino's representative, incidentally, M. Noël has asked the mayor of San Marino, California, for items from that town to put on show.

The supranational exhibitors, plainly, will be handicapped in filling their pavilions, for they have no folklore, indigenous arts, or the like on which to draw. Such organizations as the International Red Cross and the Council of Customs Coöperation risk being forced into mere fine words and showy architecture. One organization that seems immune to this, though, is the Coal and Steel Community, which is putting up a large steel building of experimental design, and constructing beneath it a full-scale model of a coal mine, through which visitors may pass and see the industry's latest tricks. The United Nations will be represented, but NATO will not. At one time, NATO hoped to put on a show with a special flavor by staging a military review of its varied units. But the Fair authorities vetoed this as too warlike, and apt to provoke a matching offer from the Warsaw Pact countries.

A special supranational body is the Vatican, which, of course, does not lack for traditions, arts, or doctrines of its own. It is building a large pavilion here—its first entry, the Fair authorities say, into such a gathering—which is to be called the Civitas Dei, or City of God. Among other things, it will have a church (seating twenty-five hundred people) whose design has been inspired—so says the advance publicity—by "the construction of a Bedouin tent." The front of the church is a hundred and eighty feet high, and the cross atop it can be seen from many parts of the grounds; while the Fair is on, the cross will be illuminated nightly.

One hears about these plans in Brussels, but one cannot foresee the results very well. This is especially true in the case of Russia and her satellites, for these countries do not talk much and marshal their exhibits behind their Iron Curtain, bringing them out at the last minute. At one time, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Poland were planning to show here, but they have dropped out. Poland, at least, seems to have dropped out for economic reasons. A Kraków newspaper said last fall that "a country where an electric washing machine is the unattainable dream of many housewives should not spend millions on displays that will produce nothing." Two other Red countries—China and East Germany—asked to be in the Fair but



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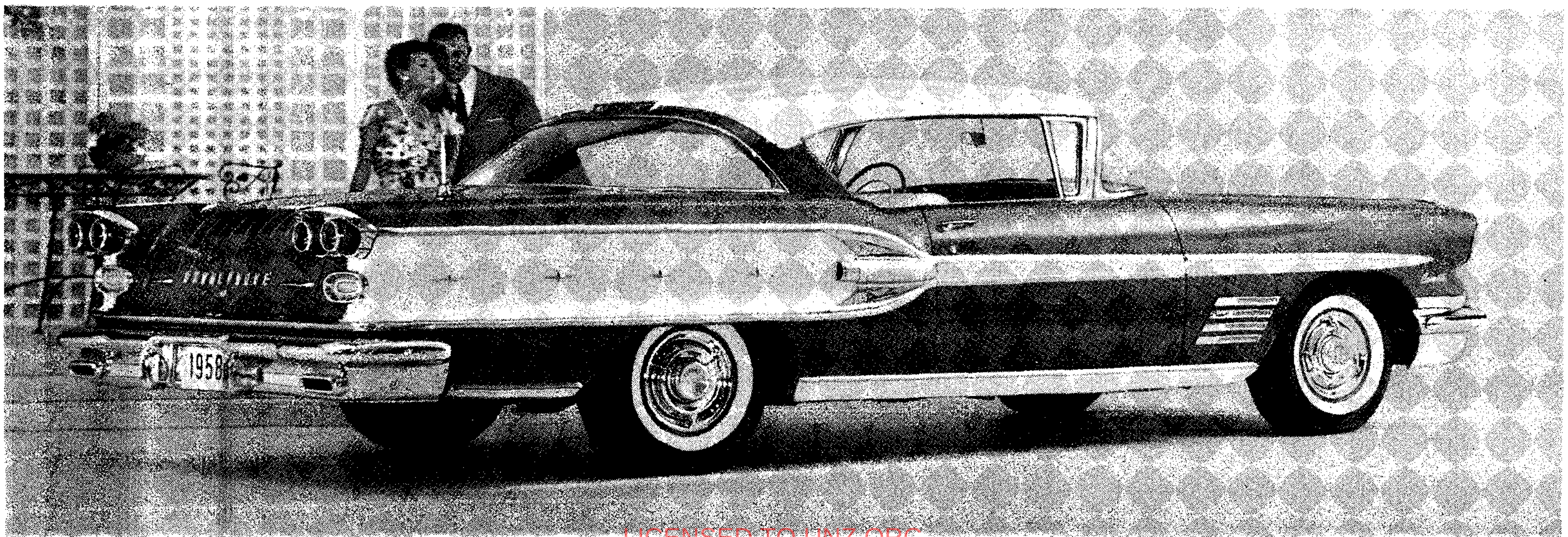

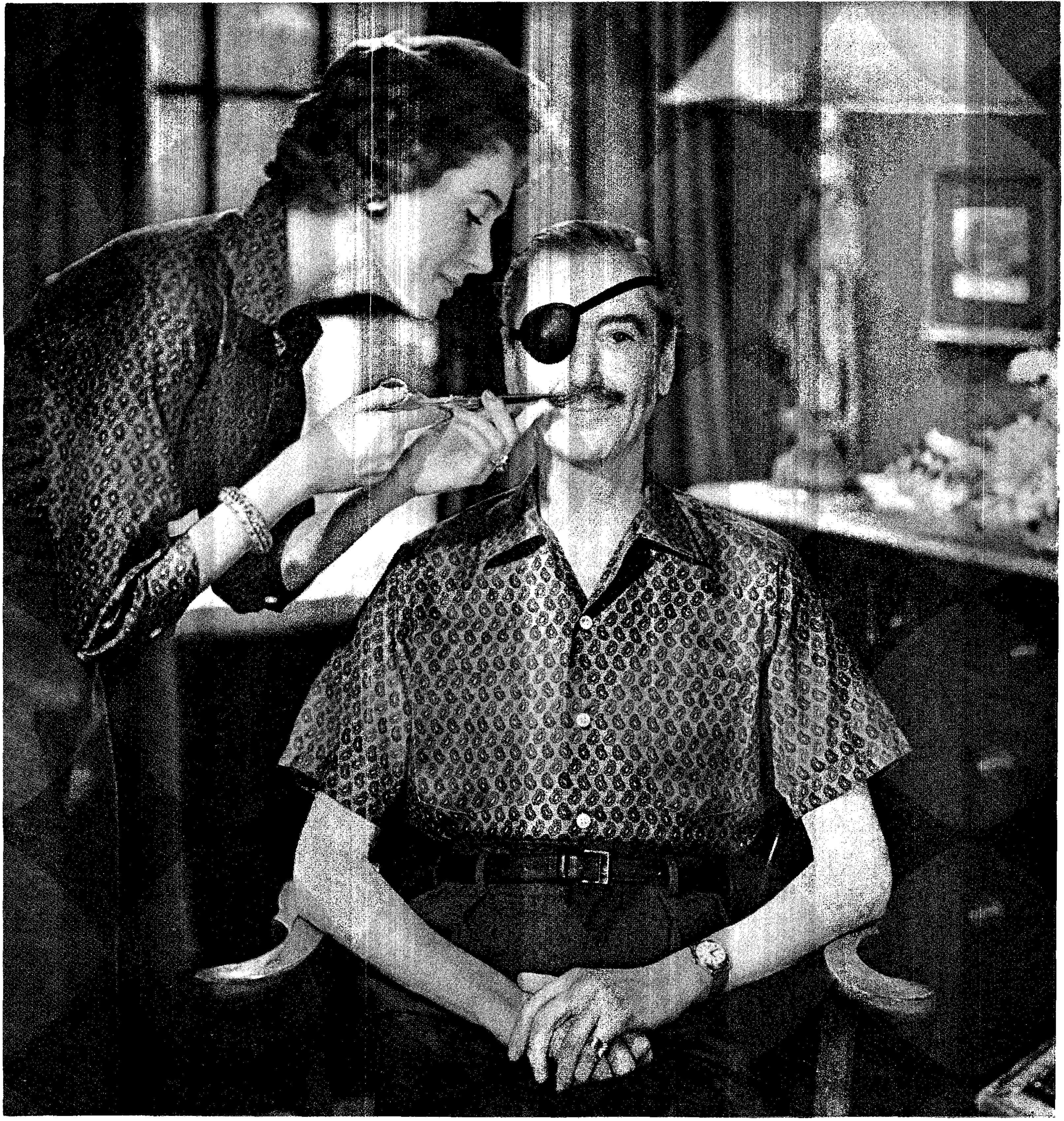

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were turned down because Belgium doesn't recognize them. So the field has been left to Russia, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary, unless one counts in Yugoslavia. The Czech and Hungarian pavilions flank the Russian one, to its rear. Adjoining the Hungarian pavilion is the Arab pavilion, and adjoining that is the United States pavilion—the setup in that area being a perfect image, in three dimensions, of the world situation in late 1956, when Russia and the United States were frowning at each other over the Hungarian and Suez crises. The Russian pavilion itself is large, bleak, and imposing. Like a greenhouse, it is sheathed entirely in plastic and glass, some of this being translucent and some transparent, and all of it—at the moment, anyway—gray in aspect, with no touches of color. From the outside, the pavilion looks like a factory or a hangar, though this impression is somewhat misleading, for if one is to judge by models of the building, there will be a large internal skylit court, adorned by a statue of Lenin. The pavilion sits on a platform, ascended by steps, and looms a good deal higher than our own, across the way. Ours is circular, and looks both smarter and smaller than the Russian. Walled with Plexiglas, it is almost wholly transparent, and the two rivals should be spectacular when lit up at night.

The Soviet pavilion is expected to dwell a lot on the culture and well-being of the Russian people, but its technological exhibits, of course, are what are causing the most speculation in Brussels. According to newspapers here, the pavilion will have at least two sputniks on display, along with some live "astronautical" dogs that have allegedly been up to the stratosphere and back. It will have electronic computers, electronically run machine tools, mine-control devices, and lots of other advanced gear. A full-size operating oil well is planned for a spot outside the pavilion. A TU-104 jet transport plane was also to have been in the Russian show, but at last report the plan has been dropped, perhaps because moving the plane from the Brussels airport was too much of a problem, involving cutting down trees along the road to let it pass, and temporarily dismantling tram cables. A regular TU-104 passenger schedule between Moscow and Brussels during the summer is still being contemplated, however. The Russians are talking a good deal about sending their people to the Fair. They say they will run a passenger-boat service between either Leningrad or Riga and Antwerp, less than thirty miles from the grounds; the

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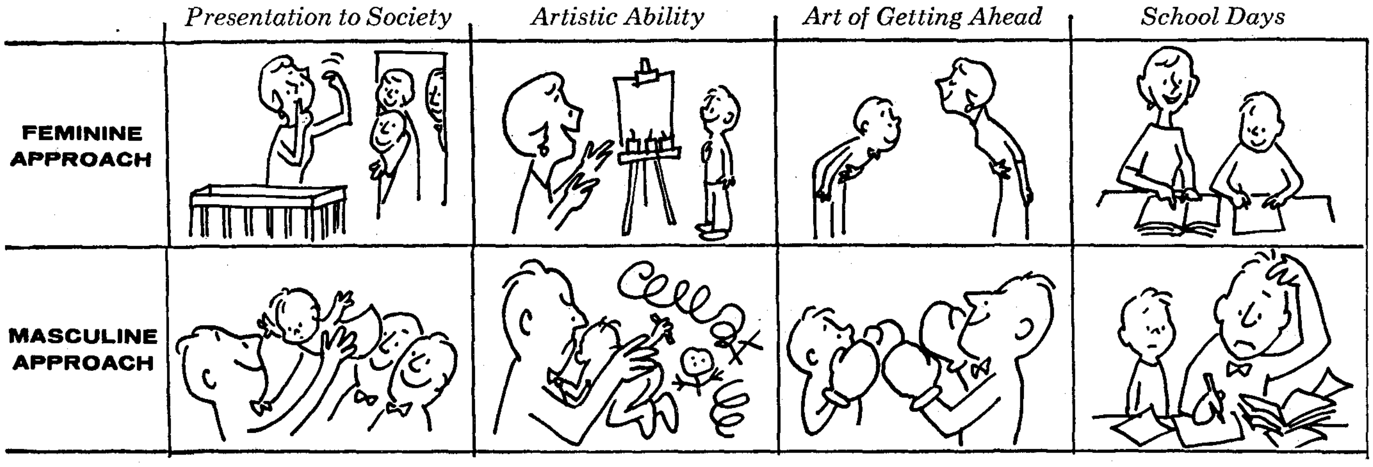
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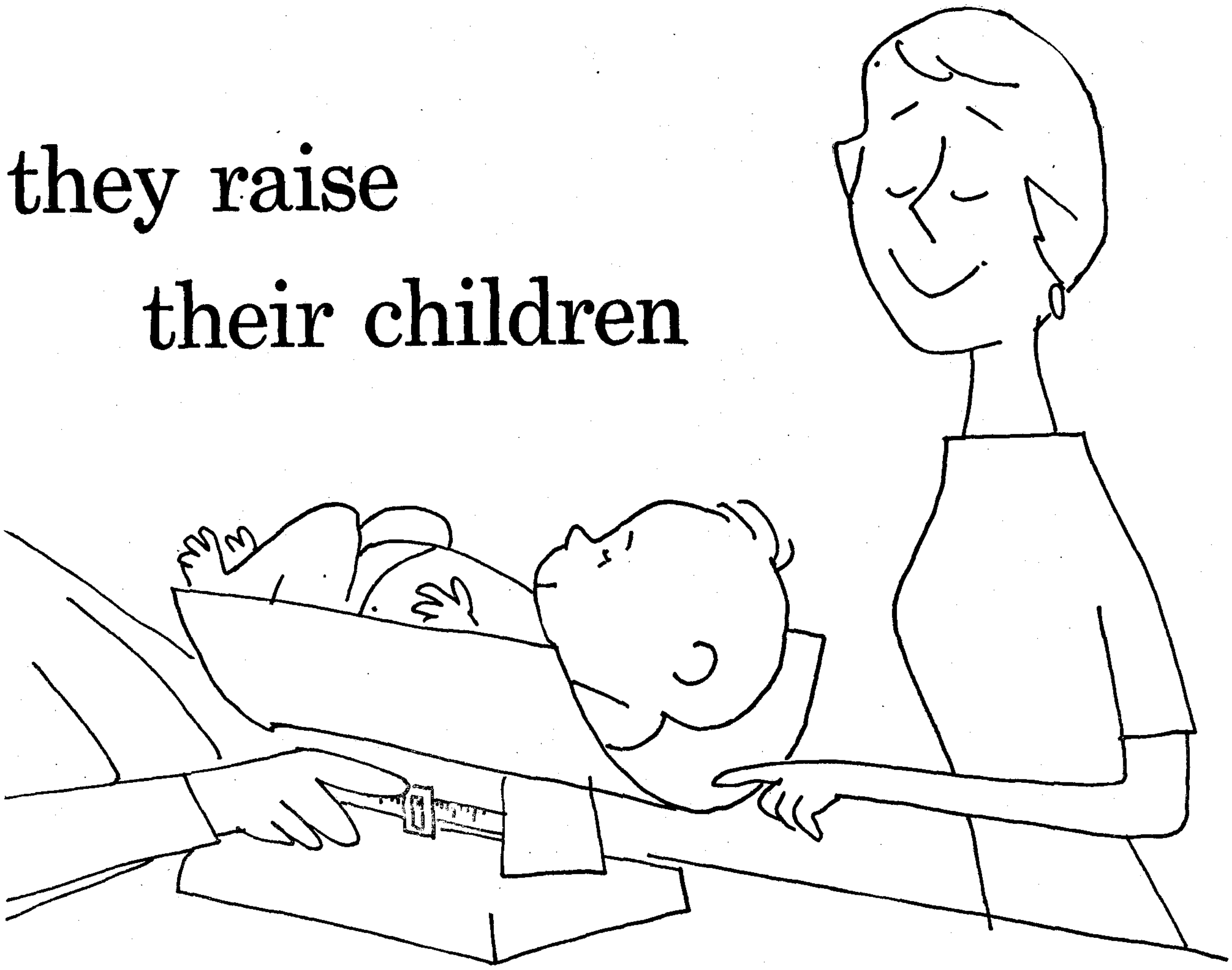

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passengers will live on the boats and visit the Fair each day by bus. According to Russian sources here, "thousands" are expected to come that way; it remains to be seen how much freedom they will be given.

The Russians are planning many entertainments for Brussels while the Fair is on, and some of these are sure to be hits. The Bolshoi Theatre Ballet is being sent for three weeks, and the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet School—a younger group—for two. The Russian National Symphony is coming, plus David Oistrakh and other well-known soloists. There will be a great many dancers, a dramatic troupe doing Chekhov, and also the Moscow Circus, which had a big success here on a previous trip. For our part, we are sending the Philadelphia Orchestra, the American Ballet Theatre, and the N.B.C. Opera Company, which is scheduled to give the world première of a new work by Menotti. A number of American soloists are coming, ranging from Yehudi Menuhin to Harry Belafonte, and there will be at least one musical comedy ("Carousel") and a big musical film ("South Pacific"). Every nation at the Fair has been assigned three days at the Fair's main auditorium, which seats two thousand people; our turn comes on July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. The United States and Russia differ from other countries in also having complete theatres attached to their pavilions, and both plan to stage entertainments in them right straight through. All the countries except the United States plan to supplement their three-day share of the Fair auditorium with presentations in downtown Brussels, and most of their shows have been corralled by a group of local impresarios, who are billing them all under the name "World Festival." The Russian efforts will be listed in this unofficial "World Festival," and so will the French, which will include the Comédie-Française and other good attractions, and the British, which will include the Royal Ballet, the Old Vic Company, and the B.B.C. Symphony. Besides all this, the city and the fairgrounds between them will experience at least three film festivals, lots and lots of folk-dancing, some native dancing from the Congo, an American rodeo and Wild West show, a Red Chinese troupe giving Peiping opera (part of the diplomatically unrecognized "World Festival"), and a balloon endurance contest. There will be two ambitious international art shows—one of contemporary works and one of works dating back to earliest times. There will be a big international science

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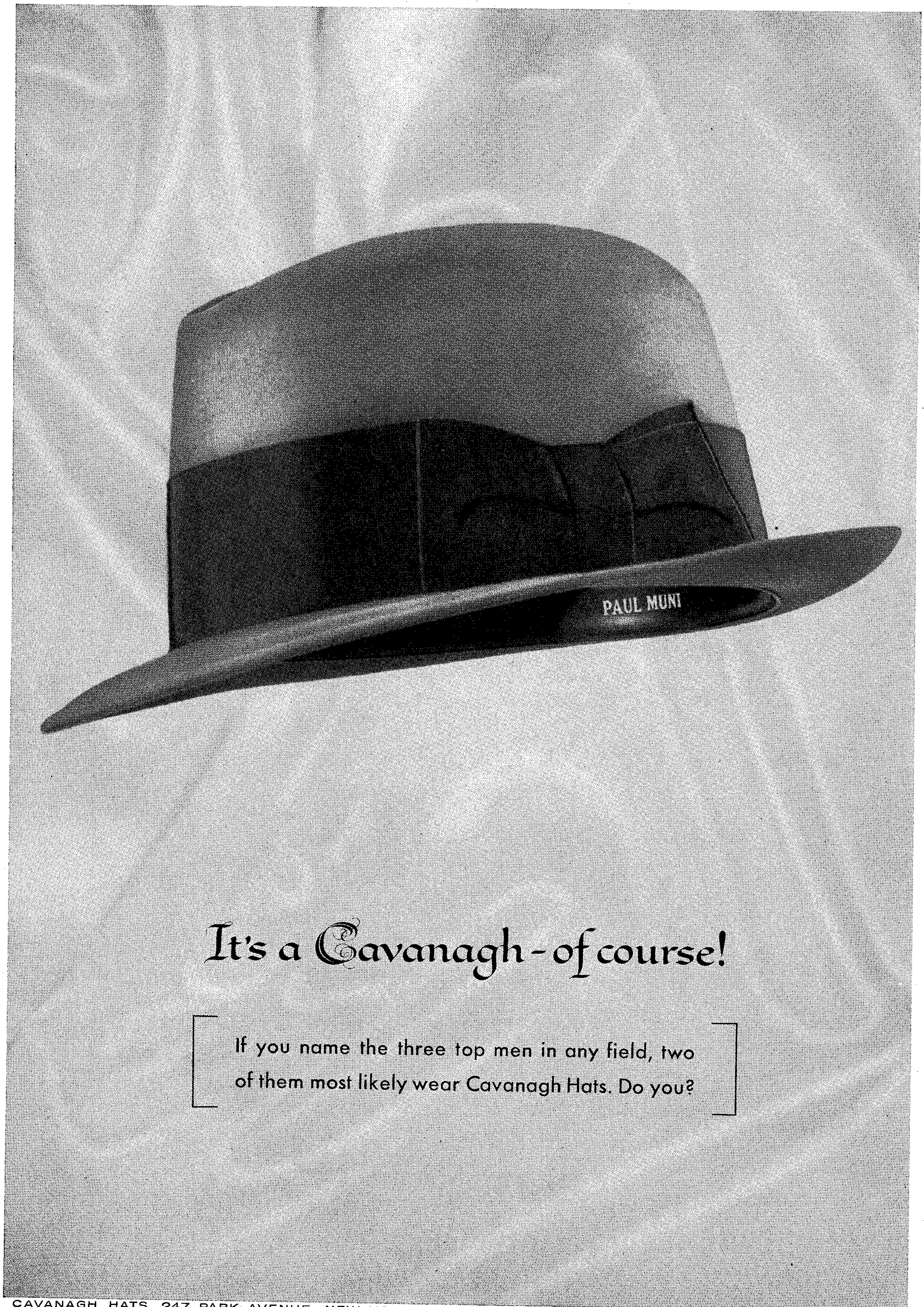

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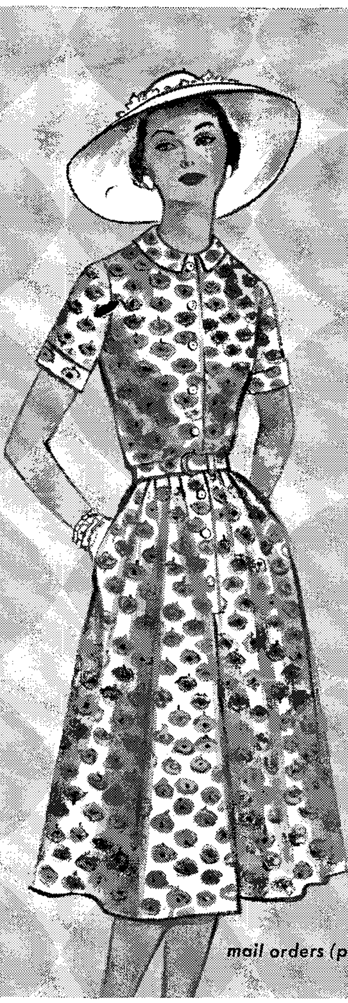

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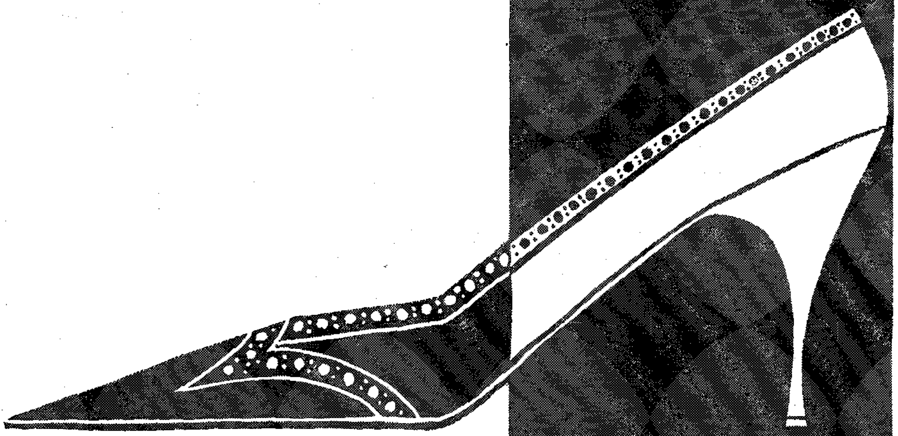

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show, aimed at setting forth all man's knowledge in that field. And there will be more than a hundred and fifty congresses of learned, professional, and other societies, held either here or in Liége, fifty miles away, where a special conference hall is now being built. All told, there should be plenty to do and see this summer, and Brussels is expecting hordes of visitors, including seven hundred thousand (perhaps an optimistic estimate) from the United States.

HOW to move all these people around is one question the Belgians have been facing manfully, to judge by the results. The guiding spirit of the Fair is Baron Georges Moens de Fernig, a self-made industrialist who was appointed its Commissioner General in 1951, when the venture was first planned. He is said to be a martinet of great vigor, who has big ideas and carries them out in tycoon style. By all accounts, his influence extends far beyond the fairgrounds themselves; if he thinks a road is needed somewhere, he says the word and it goes through. The scars of such decisions can be seen on every hand hereabouts. Brussels used to be a medieval city with a wall around it. In modern times, great suburbs grew up, the wall was torn down, and the ground it stood on was turned into a series of boulevards, thus making a belt parkway in the best twentieth-century manner. The trouble came at the former gates in the wall, where radial traffic, moving to and from the suburbs, crossed the belt. Now, on the eve of the Fair, this problem has been solved by underpasses, and cars can fairly fly on either route—a mixed blessing, it may be said, for Brussels driving is reckless even when inhibited. Most of the underpasses are finished, but much other work is still in progress, and while walking the streets one keeps seeing stacks of cobblestones and piles of sand—the latter being the stuff that underlies the city, and the former its almost universal paving. This unfinished look extends all the way to the fairgrounds, which are perhaps four miles from the city's heart. A viaduct is pushing out in that direction, and a canal that lies athwart the route is being bridged. Some of the upheavals look as if they might last at least until April 17th, and big jams are being predicted; space for no fewer than thirty-five thousand cars is being provided in the parking lots. Trams will, however, take up part of the load, and their route is protected for much of the way from other traffic. (Brussels is still a tramway city, incidentally. It cannot have a subway because of the

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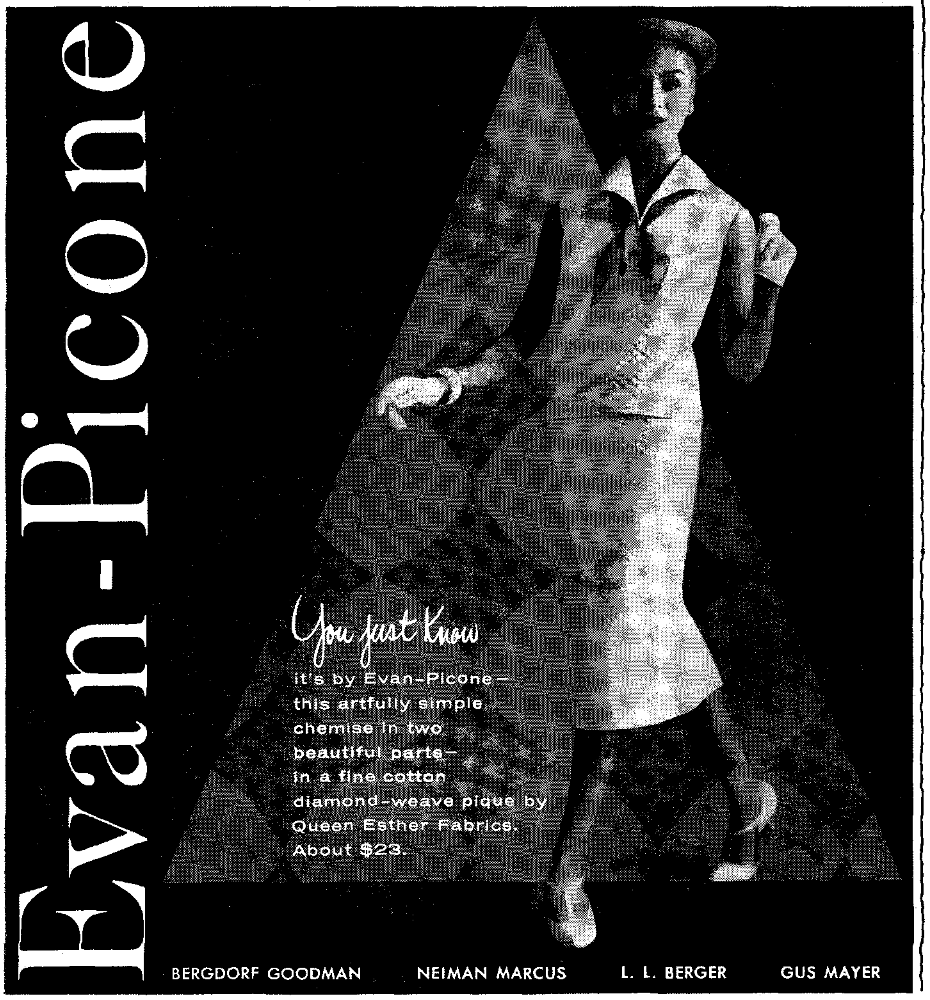

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sandy soil, which caves in when tunnelled through.)

Roads are being built in the open country, too—new concrete thruways that slash off toward Antwerp, Ostend, and other places. The number of motor vehicles in Belgium has grown tremendously—from a hundred thousand in 1945 to seven hundred thousand in 1956. The Belgians take to their highways with zest, if not with prudence, and the Jaguars and other sports cars are legion. The question of controlling and servicing the highway traffic this summer is being thought about. One answer has been to augment the patrols of Touring-Secours, the outfit that keeps repairmen whizzing about European roads on motorcycles. Touring-Secours squadrons are being lent for the season by eight countries—Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, the Netherlands, and Great Britain—to come here and prowl with their Belgian colleagues.

The airlines are responding, inevitably, to the Fair's challenge by stepping up their services. The line that the Fair means most to is Sabena, the Belgian one. Sabena says it has almost doubled its flights, and is buying or renting six new American four-engine planes. This is an awkward moment for expanding, since the jet age has almost, but not quite, reached the big airlines, and propellered planes may soon be obsolete. In view of the crowds expected, there is much talk about the wisdom of visiting the Fair by staying in another city and commuting now and then by plane. London and Paris—about an hour's flying time away—have been mentioned in this connection, and nearer cities, like The Hague, Cologne, and Rotterdam, are still more obvious choices. Some time ago, Sabena started a helicopter service between Brussels and all these places except London (which lies across too much water), and this year good business is expected, with twelve helicopters on rapid shuttle service. A heliport will be opened right beside the fairgrounds, to make the trick still easier. In fact, a customs office will be installed there, and a passenger from New York—should he by some chance wish to—can step from his airliner at Melsbroek, the big Brussels airdrome, enter a helicopter there, fly to the new heliport, go through customs, and plunge into the Fair without even visiting his hotel for a brushup.

The other day, I flew to Brussels from Antwerp in a Sabena helicopter to see what it was like. The helicopter had two compartments, holding six passengers each—three facing three—and the whole thing seemed both intimate and adventurous. The engines started, we rose—no more than two or three hundred yards—and soon we could look down on the country unblinded by the screens of buildings that so often line the roads and railways here. The day was hazy, a common trait of the weather in Belgium, with a gently shining sun and good visibility for a few miles. At that low altitude, we could now and then see white geese on the bright-green winter fields below us, and sometimes white pigeons flew over us. Once we saw white sheets flapping on a line. We saw many greenhouses; they flashed in the sun like diamonds, and the reflection of trees ran along on them as we moved. The Brussels-sprouts plants were like green studs on the dark earth, and in the brooks we saw what looked like watercress.

You can see Brussels sprouts on the ground below a helicopter, but you will not see them on the tables of the Brussels restaurants, for they are thought of here as peasants' food. Their main avenue to the worldly palate is through England, where their name has been compromised by English cooking. The reigning vegetable here—at least in winter—is endive. It is grown in hothouses near the city, and can be tender and delicious. All kinds of things are grown in Belgian hothouses, for that matter, especially those at Ghent, thirty miles from here. Throughout the winter, you can get dainty half-grown lettuce and other midget salad greens, apparently untouched by refrigeration. You can get fine flowers, too—particularly tulips. The better Brussels restaurants—rated among the best of Europe—are apt to have lots of white napery and tulips on every table. The city's flower stalls are lovely, filled with tulips of every color—every shade of red, especially—and other blooms, like daffodils and carnations. In the early mornings, a big flower market is held in the Brussels Grand' Place, whose cobbles are bounded by four walls of elegant façades, both Gothic and baroque. Most of these façades have gilt decorations on them, which sparkle against the dull and smudgy masonry when the sun comes out. Bright touches on dull backgrounds seem a Brussels specialty. Belgium is not as great a country for flowers as the Netherlands, perhaps, but still it has a way with them, and this will be felt throughout the Fair. A big drive is on to decorate all the houses here with window boxes and the like throughout the summer. And there will be no end of flowers at the Fair

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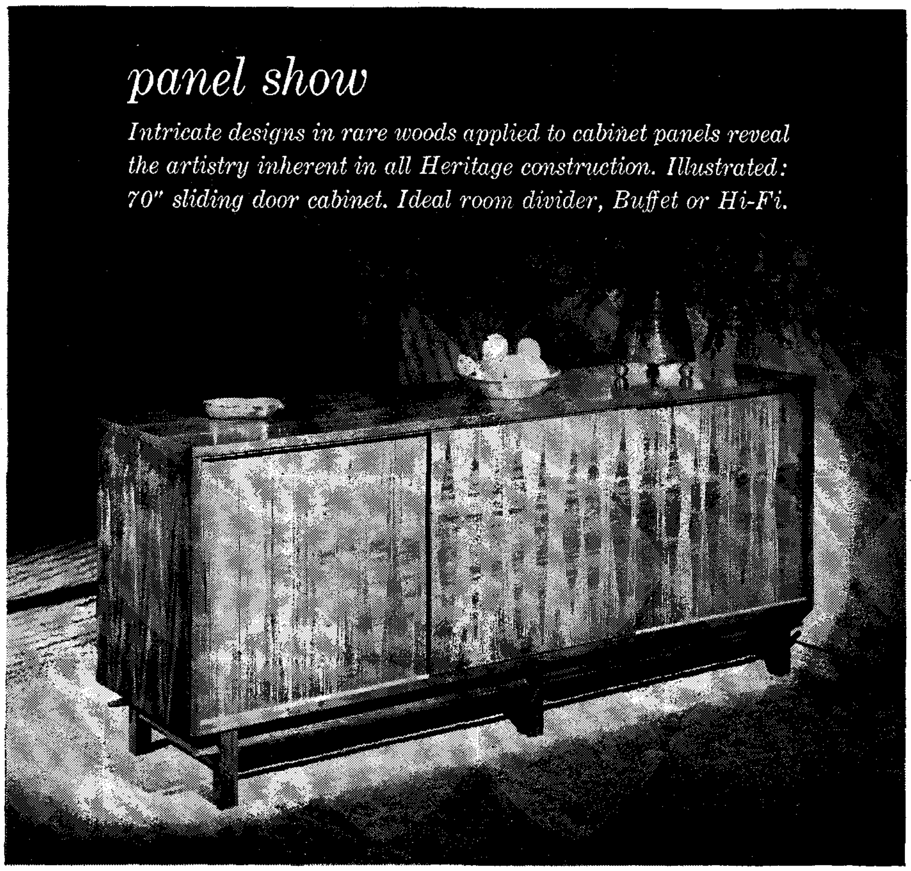
itself, if present plans come off. Two hundred and sixty gardeners are reportedly on the job, and they have acres of transplantable things at their disposal, including lots of shrubs for odd topiary stunts. There will also be some permanent gardens—a rose garden, a Flemish Renaissance garden, and others—on the grounds.

AN organization here called Accueil (Welcome) is out to turn all Belgium into a greeting committee this year. This is the first time, according to Accueil's boss, a young live wire named Jean Destrée, that such a thing has ever been tried anywhere on a really nationwide scale. As far back as two years ago, Accueil began urging the Belgians to learn foreign languages, and recently a set of oral tests was held throughout the country, with ten thousand people, of all ages, receiving qualification as "benevolent interpreters." They will not be paid but will be given round enamelled lapel pins—designed after the national automobile tags of Europe and bearing the initial letters of the languages they speak. If they speak English, Accueil has tactfully decreed that they may choose between "G.B." and "U.S.A." for their pins. These benevolent interpreters will continue with their normal lives but will hold themselves ready to step in whenever they see a visitor in trouble. For more concentrated welcoming, Accueil has got together a staff of full-time guides and hostesses. The guides will simply be efficient young interpreters, but the hostesses will be something more than that—exemplars of Belgian young womanhood (above reproach), who have been trained almost as thoroughly as soldiers. I was introduced to a hostess in M. Destrée's office the other day and found her most impressive. She wore a trim maroon jacket, a navy-blue skirt (shoes, gloves, and purse to match), a crisp white shirt and a black tie, and a gold pin bearing the Fair emblem—an asymmetrical star—and the word "Hostess." Her hat, also navy blue, reminded me of the caps that our Waves wear—a "hunting hat," she called it. M. Destrée told me that the hostess corps was very hard to get into. "We give them Rorschach tests and things like that," he said, "and sixty questions on their general culture. They're not all lovely, but they're all well educated—the kind of person you'd like your wife or daughter to be. Once in the corps, they get four months' training in etiquette. How to plan a table, how to walk, how to make up—that sort of thing. How to cut their hair. They must hit just the right



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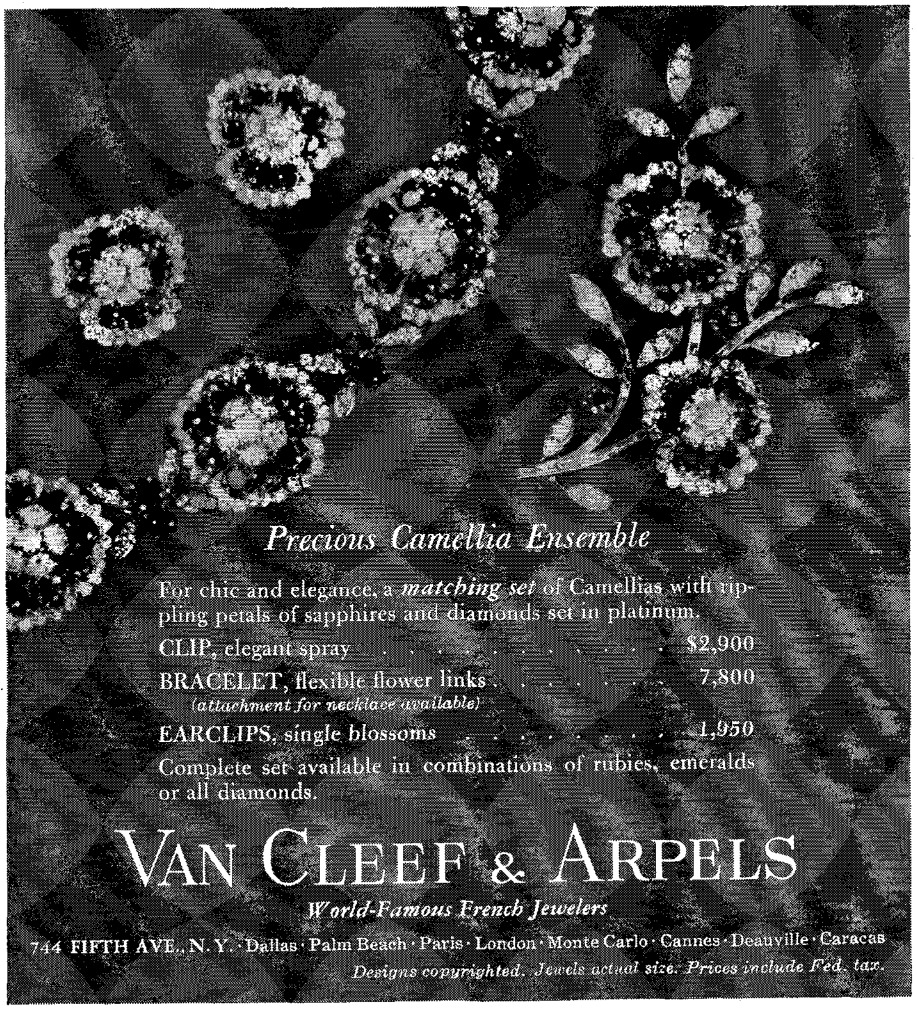

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note—not under, not over.” He said that the hostesses were strictly disciplined, and that a girl would be dismissed within twenty-four hours if she were found smoking, drinking, dancing, or chewing gum in uniform, or having a date in private life with a man she had met on the job. The hostesses will serve as receptionists at Belgium's entry points, and will help run Accueil inside the fairgrounds, where the outfit will be highly organized, with dispatching teams and boards of flashing lights. Many special categories of fairgoers are expected—businessmen, scholars, and so on—and Accueil is ready for sixty of these groups a day.

Accueil is separate from a setup called Logexpo, which will handle lodging for the visitors. Logexpo has mobilized innumerable hotels, boarding houses, and rooms in private homes, and has encouraged the laying out of camp sites and the building of motels; one of the latter, called Motelexpo, has two thousand rooms. In one way or another, Logexpo undertakes to shelter people by the tens of thousands, and it seems unlikely that anyone here will actually have to sleep under the sky (which drips a good deal), no matter how solidly the hotels are booked.

SEVERAL themes have been announced for the Fair. One is “New Techniques in the Service of Man.” Another is “A World View: A New Humanism.” A third, proposed by a Belgian Cabinet Minister, is simply “Man.” A fourth is “Unity.” Sponsoring speeches on these themes, and on the Fair in general, have sometimes been grandiose; the building of the Fair itself, for instance, has been compared by at least one orator to the cathedral-building of the Middle Ages. The printed matter put out by the Fair office is no less ambitious. “A bright star will shine in the heavens above Belgium, and men will gather together under the hope of new unity,” one pamphlet says. “Their pleading hands will stretch to the far reaches of the world.” The flood of words has gone in all directions, and even the Fair's emblem, which is really nothing but a lopsided star that looks rather like a thin-pronged maple leaf, has been bathed in it. “The asymmetrical star,” according to the publicity, “suggests the dynamism that will be ever present at the manifestation of 1958.”

In reading slogans and statements about the Fair, one often cannot tell in what spirit they were made. Almost any of them might have been uttered by a sincere visionary, but almost any of them

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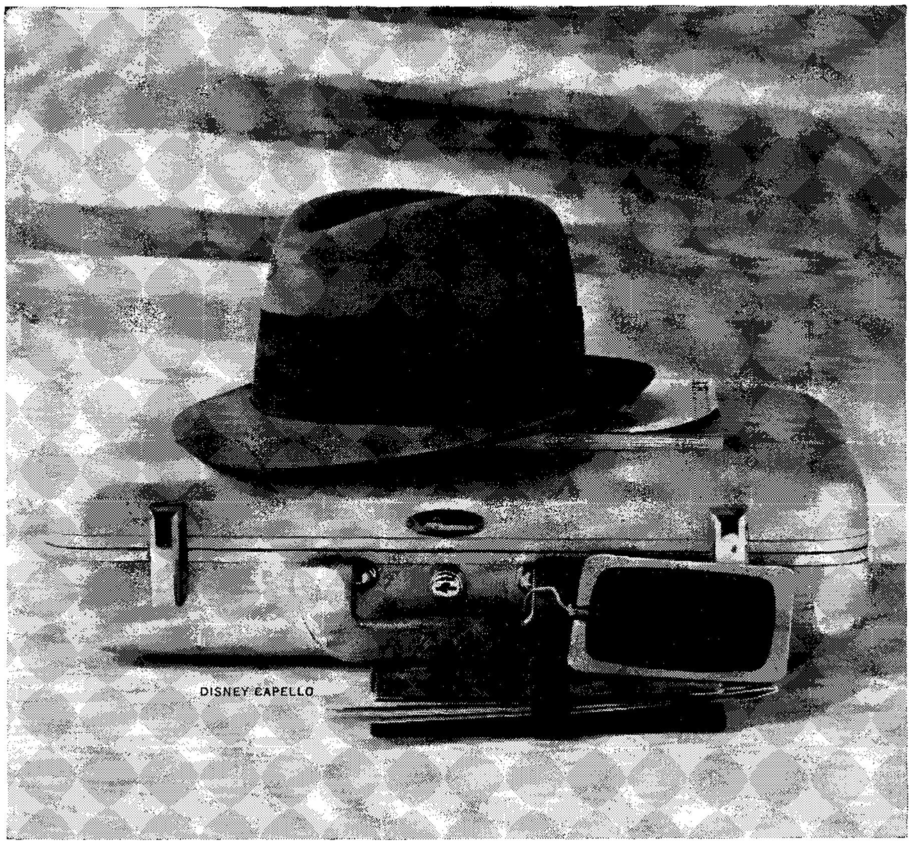
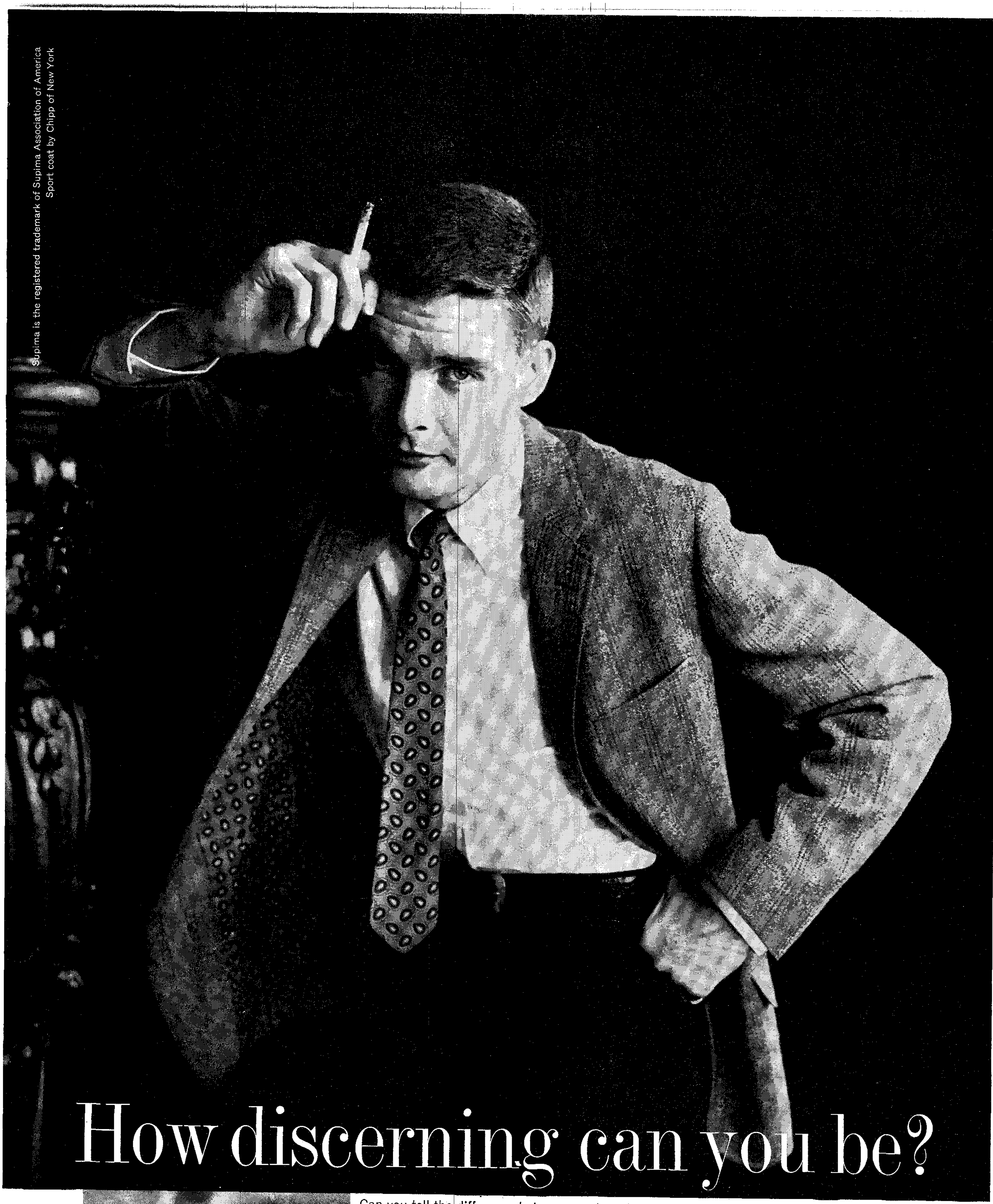


light...luxurious...and the last word Disney

might equally well have been uttered by a cynical showman, trying to fancy things up for the crowd. Verbal inflation seems to be a characteristic of all fairs, like music and soft drinks. One great showman, and great thinker, who is playing a part here is Le Corbusier, the Swiss architect; he is designing a small pavilion for Philips, the Dutch electrical manufacturer, which he describes as an "electronic poem." (Philips seems to be an ideal sponsor, for it is giving him carte blanche and not asking him to display its products.) By means of movies, lights, colors, and sound, the pavilion will put its audience in the presence of the genesis of the world, Corbusier recently told a reporter here. "After forty years of daily struggle, there is a combination made by the hands of the gods," he said. "Color, light, sound, and picture will be orchestrated. My friend Varèse has composed the music. . . . And then when the Exposition, that great ephemeral thing, has disappeared, the pavilion will be razed, because death is part of the things of life. . . . On April 17th, by pressing a button, we shall know what the pavilion is worth. Will the baby be beautiful? How can we tell before its birth? We are in the unknown, for all our tools surpass the existing ones. Varèse's music accompanies a poem whose performance lasts eight minutes, or four hundred and eighty seconds. What will these minutes be worth? Ask a condemned man what he thinks of the last eight minutes of his life."

We cannot guess how serious the Master was when talking thus. We can only be patient and await the proof of the pudding.

PUDDINGS of every sort are being baked at the fairgrounds now. In the first weeks of March, the pavilions, with a few exceptions, were taking shape, and the work of installing their exhibits was just beginning. The making of these exhibits has been a fascinating thing in itself. Advertising and display houses all over the world, and especially in Western Europe—in centers like London and Milan, where there are craftsmen who understand the mysteries of "black light," "shadow boxes," and such things—have had a hand in it. Yet much has been done in Brussels, too, and as the Fair draws nearer, the cost of relevant supplies—drawing boards, for instance—has zoomed. Not long ago, I visited one of the Brussels display firms, which had had to take up temporary quarters in a converted warehouse in order to handle its volume of business. The place was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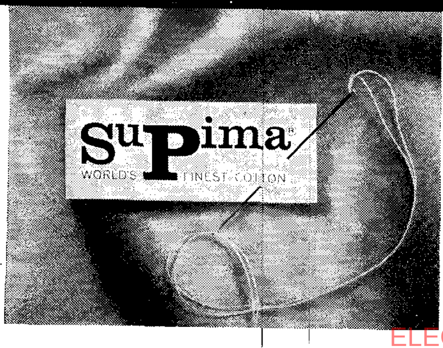

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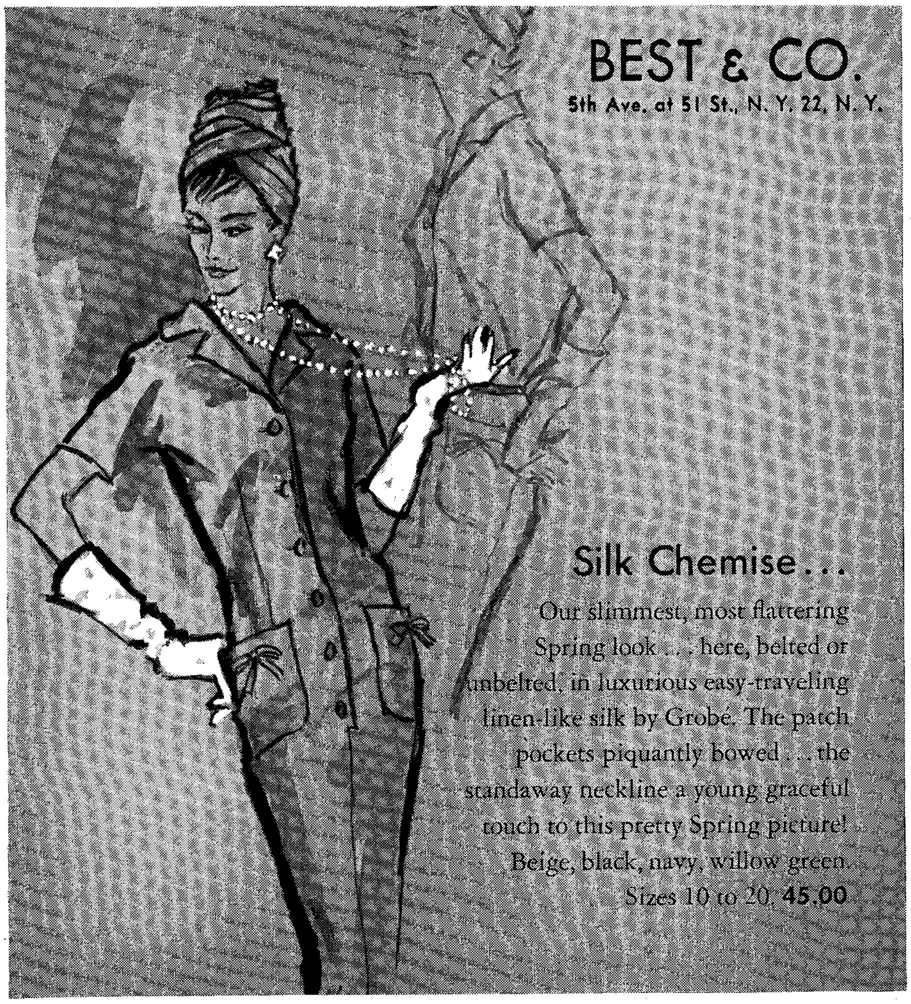
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as busy as an ant hill and smelled of sawdust. A couple of dozen people were in it, bending over long tables. Most of them were making a model of a city, working from aerial photographs. They were shaping and painting blocklike houses, conjuring up trees from bits of moss, and carving little statues from soft wood. They had even made a fountain, using a mirror for the pool and tiny filaments of wire for the spouting jets. Elsewhere in the room, other workmen were making big wooden cases to hold moving illuminated maps and such marvels. The workmen looked like straightforward, classic artisans, but they were aiming at weird effects and using unclassic materials like Plexiglas.

Whenever I have gone to the fairgrounds themselves recently, my nose has been assailed right off by the smell—so gray and moldy—of wet cement. The footing has always been muddy; downtown Brussels may be underlaid by sand, but the fairgrounds, it seems, are of pure, fine clay, which does not drain well. At night, the mud freezes; in the morning it usually thaws again, and the struggling trucks and cars whip it up like eggbeaters. It is mud of all consistencies—wet and runny in some places, thick and sticky in others—and your shoes get caked with it in no time. One day, I went to the grounds after a snowstorm, and a white blanket lay over the mudholes, making pitfalls of them. Yet it was a lovely day, for the sun was out and the air was clear. Sound carried beautifully. There was lots of good old-fashioned hammering, but also lots of less conventional clamor. The sun was warm, the sky was blue, and the snow glistened, with the mud showing through it here and there. The whole world seemed made of light, sound, echo, and reflection. Belgian workmen could be seen everywhere, dressed in faded blue trousers, blue jumpers, rubber boots, and Belgian berets, which look higher and fuller than the French. Almost to a man, the workmen have brown hair, blue eyes, and ruddy faces. They bring Army canteens of wine for their lunch, and they are good at rolling cigarettes. Many of them do old-fashioned things like pick-and-shovel work, but many others are deep in the machine age; a thousand and one gasoline engines are on the grounds, it seems, putputting away, and near them you see welders sending up showers of great crimson sparks, or see and hear construction men guiding pneumatic drills. The men have wonderful things to climb on—high networks, towers, domes. Even at this stage of the build-

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ing, undecipherable towers can still be seen in some places on the fairgrounds; perhaps they will be pylons, perhaps parts of gates, perhaps even parts of pavilions, whose connection with them is not yet apparent. Meanwhile, they stand around noncommittally, in the color of red lead. Bundles of iron rods, for reinforcing concrete, lie about everywhere, and so do timbers—old pieces of scaffolding, crating, shoring, and the like, torn down and piled in the mud. The whole scene is messy, chaotic, and on a monstrous scale.

Of the pavilions, most are readily decipherable now, despite the cryptic fragments. Some, indeed, are almost completely finished, but their effect cannot be judged yet, since they haven't got all their color on, or their flags raised, or their surrounding verdure in place. In concept, they vary widely. Some seem to be all glass, some all solid wall. Some are cellular in plan, with little rooms leading on and on, but others are vast and sweeping. Some are traditional in style—one of the smaller ones is neoclassical, for instance, covered with plaster relief like cake icing. But more of them are experimental, with soaring, wingspread roofs, or shells of odd-looking plastic. Le Corbusier's electronic poem, incidentally, can hardly be described at this stage, except perhaps as an assemblage of frozen whirls.

The French pavilion, one of the most ambitious on the grounds, has had bad luck and will probably be late in opening. It is a far-flung saurian creation, rather like a pterodactyl, and its weight rests mainly on a single point, from which great sweeping members, counterbalancing each other, rise up and out to hold a hanging roof. This pivot sits on a big concrete block, but for a long time the engineers could find no bedrock to rest it on. They kept driving piles and losing them, and then they came to an underground stream, which slowed them further while they pumped. The delay has been hard on the French, but it is good luck for a premature fairgoer right now, because the unfinished building is a joy to see. It is on a huge scale, with bold, brave arcs, and its walls have a metal framework as delicate as a spider web. When last I saw it, this web was being sheathed in a translucent corrugated plastic, so lightweight that a workman could carry two or three panels of it, much bigger than doors, at a time. At that time, the pavilion's roof—way above the ground—was a mesh of crisscrossed rods, about the gauge of a circus net, on which men were laying some sort of light covering; the covering came in

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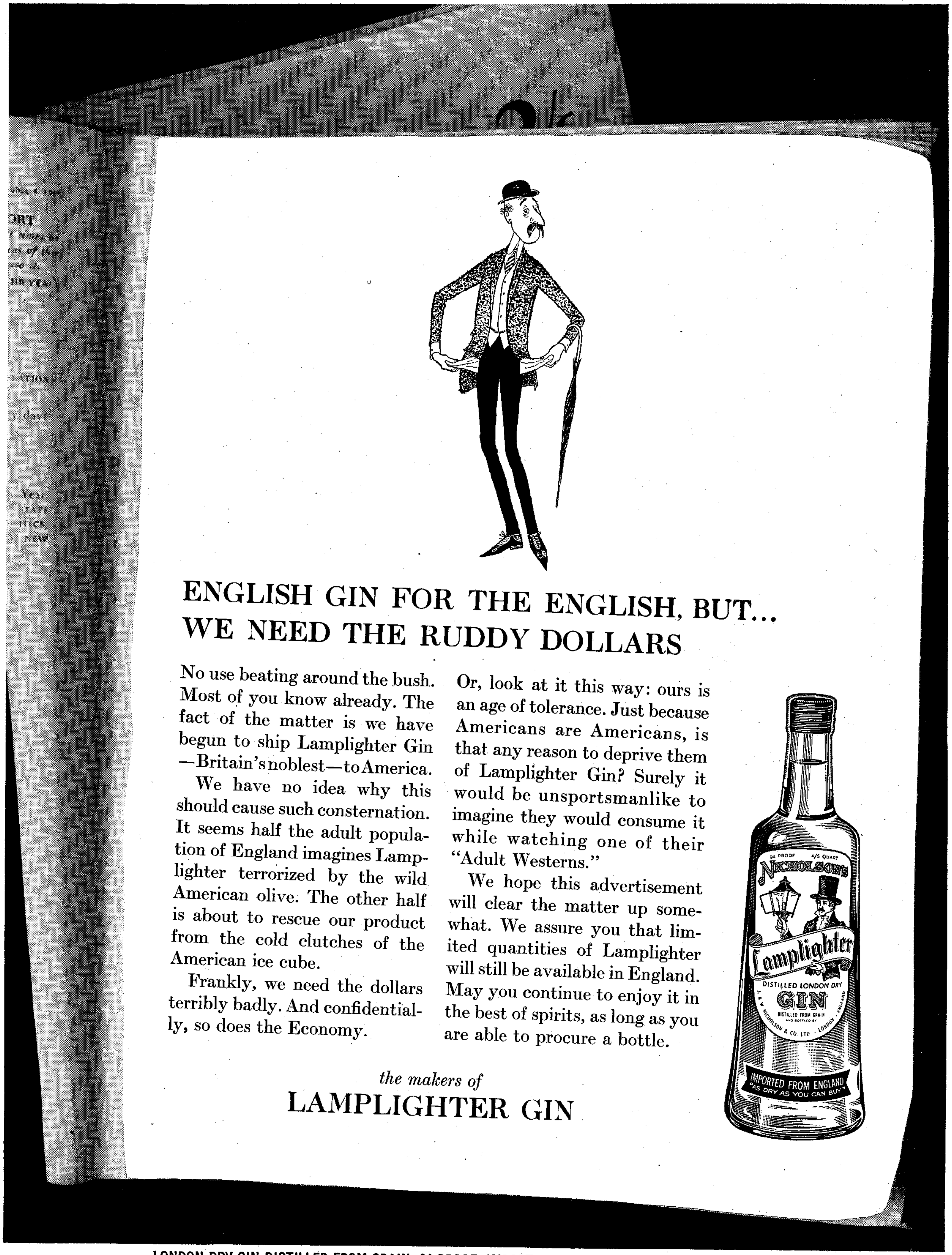
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"AS DRY AS YOU CAN BUY"

ENGLISH GIN FOR THE ENGLISH, BUT... WE NEED THE RUDDY DOLLARS

No use beating around the bush. Most of you know already. The fact of the matter is we have begun to ship Lamplighter Gin—Britain's noblest—to America.

We have no idea why this should cause such consternation. It seems half the adult population of England imagines Lamplighter terrorized by the wild American olive. The other half is about to rescue our product from the cold clutches of the American ice cube.

Frankly, we need the dollars terribly badly. And confidentially, so does the Economy.

Or, look at it this way: ours is an age of tolerance. Just because Americans are Americans, is that any reason to deprive them of Lamplighter Gin? Surely it would be unsportsmanlike to imagine they would consume it while watching one of their "Adult Westerns."

We hope this advertisement will clear the matter up somewhat. We assure you that limited quantities of Lamplighter will still be available in England. May you continue to enjoy it in the best of spirits, as long as you are able to procure a bottle.

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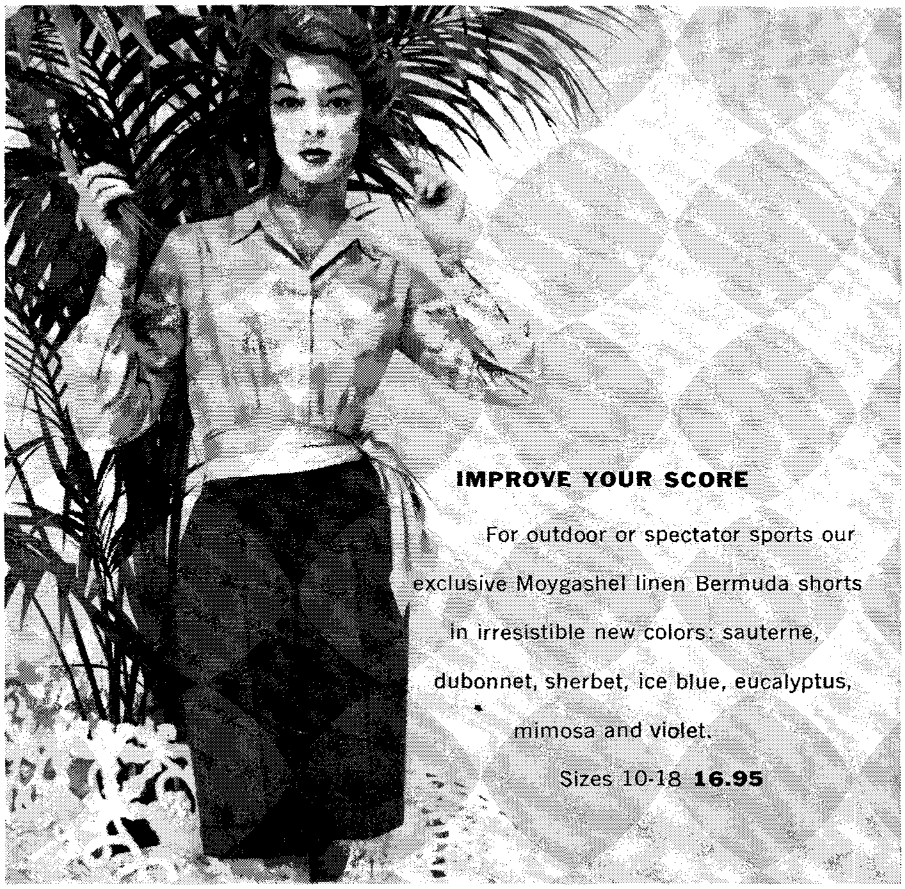

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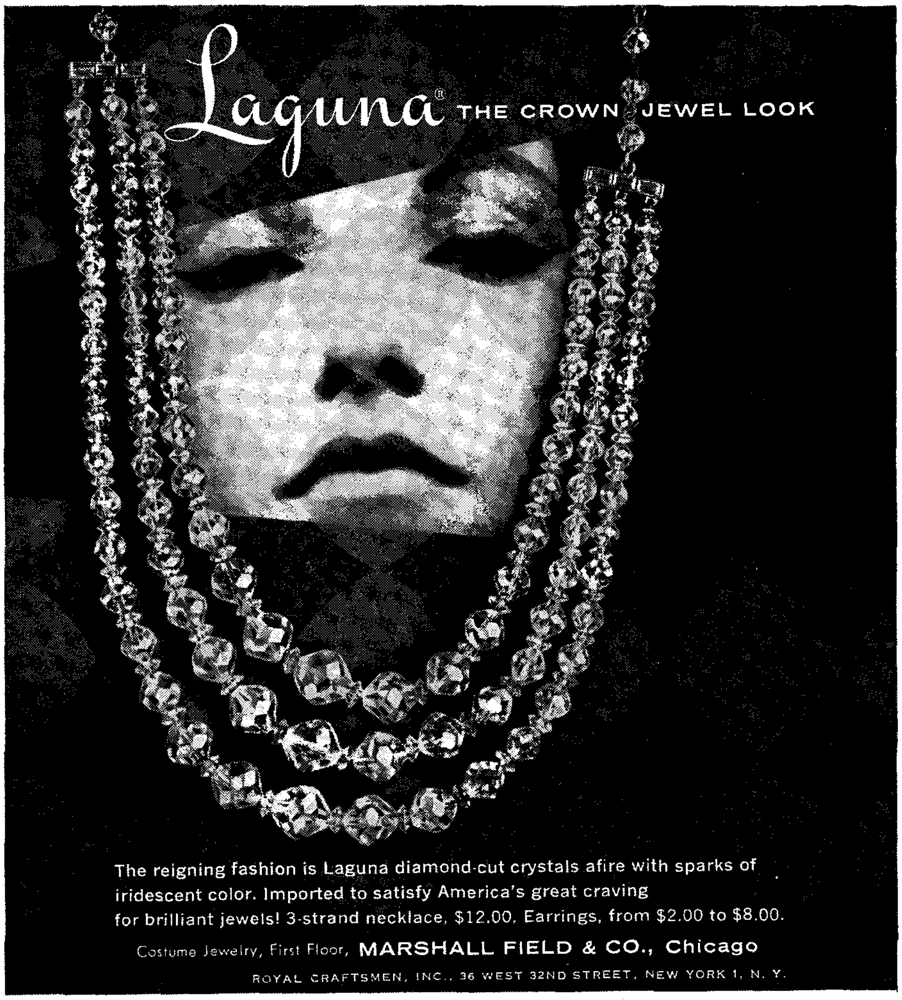

Laguna® THE CROWN JEWEL LOOK

The reigning fashion is Laguna diamond-cut crystals afire with sparks of iridescent color. Imported to satisfy America's great craving for brilliant jewels! 3-strand necklace, $12.00. Earrings, from $2.00 to $8.00.

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ROYAL CRAFTSMEN, INC., 36 WEST 32ND STREET, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

rolls, and they were spreading it out like tarpaper. They walked around on the mesh as if floating in the air—tiny figures far, far up there against the blue.

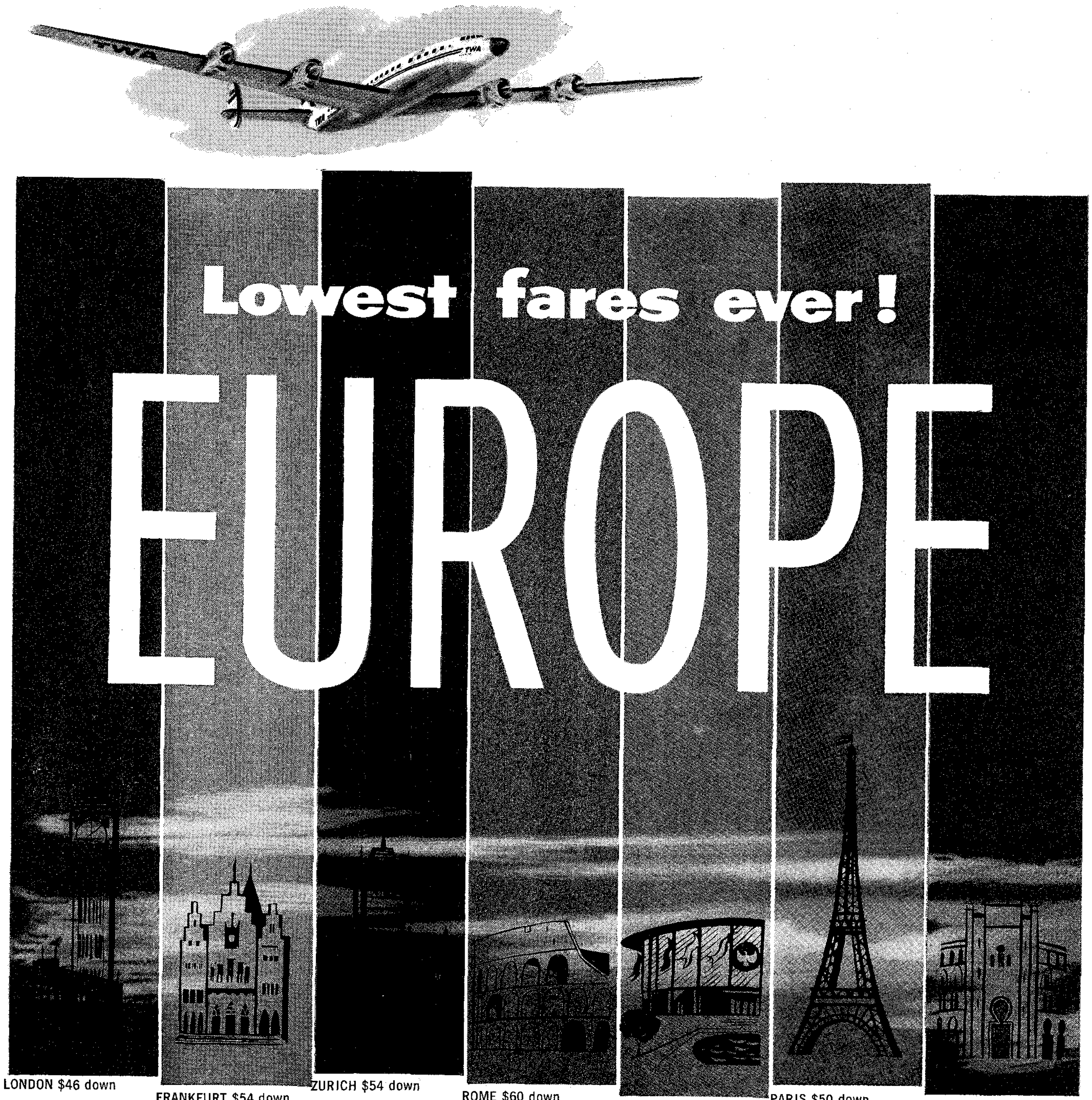
Another structure that has had its troubles is the Atomium, which might be called the Fair's thematic center. It is meant to represent the nine atoms of a crystal of steel, enlarged about a hundred and sixty billion times. In reality, it is a creation three hundred and forty feet high, made up of nine bright metal balls fifty-five feet in diameter, which are joined by mammoth tubing. The design does not literally represent the steel crystal, of course; rather, it is a visual metaphor, like a statue of an angel—an image of something the sculptor believes in but cannot see. The Fair authorities have seized on it as a symbol of modern science, or technology, and at one time they hoped that the atom-using nations would put exhibits in the balls, which are to be linked by elevators and escalators running through the tubes. Then it was decided that certain of the balls could not stand the weight of exhibits plus their viewers, and that certain others should be propped up by outside supports. The way things look now, three of the balls will be empty, and most of the others will have frankly commercial tenants. Yet these are minor reverses. The Atomium's top ball will be taken over by a good Brussels restaurant, thus offering a fine view together with fine food. And from the outside the whole structure should be a memorable sight, for it dominates the grounds and can be seen for miles in all directions. As this is written, the balls are still being raised into place—one by one, slowly, over the weeks. As each goes up, it is merely a red-lead skeleton standing out against the sky. Then it gets its plating, and after that it has a lovely silver sheen, as if covered with the brightest of tinfoil. The balls shine at the ground below, and at the distant landscape, too. The day I took my helicopter ride, the Atomium was spectacular. Each ball caught the sun in a point and sent it out again in a blazing beam. The whole thing was like a strange plant in a strange garden—a garden coming up now in the spring and destined to flourish awhile and then to wither.

—Christopher Rand

•

MISS FRANCES SPEIGHT WEDS
WILLIAM DOWNES IN OCEANA
May Weaken Employe's Sense of
Accomplishment, Jerry R.
Hooper Writes
—*Norfolk (Va.) Virginia-Pilot.*

That's enough out of you, Hooper.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**Jetstream is a service mark owned exclusively by TWA. Economy Fares effective April 1, subject to government approval.*

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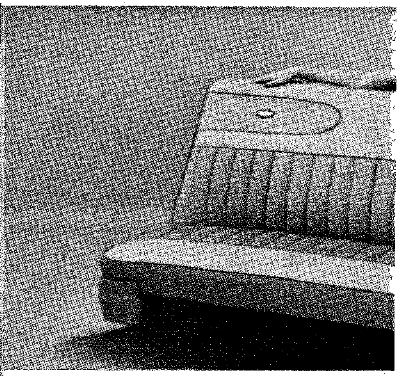
Even the roof says "Mercury"—distinctively clean, slim, strong

Every sparkling detail is bold and dramatic



Most beautiful inside, too.

Mercury offers you true luxury without a luxury price

the times with

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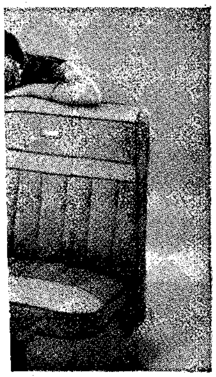

Rich, colorful, elegant

MERCURY LEADS THE WAY WITH STRAIGHT, CLEAN, UNCLUTTERED STYLE—THE LOOK OF TODAY IN EVERY LINE

The trend is clear. The straight line—the clean line—is the beauty line today.

The evidence is everywhere: in fashion design, in architecture, in furniture, in our homes.

And in automobiles, only Mercury brings you Clean Line Modern Styling—the trim, straightforward, beautiful lines that match the shape and tempo of our times.

The dramatic difference becomes clear when you compare Mercury with other cars. Mercury needs no bulges or glitter to tell you its model year. The flair and spirit of its styling say *1958.*

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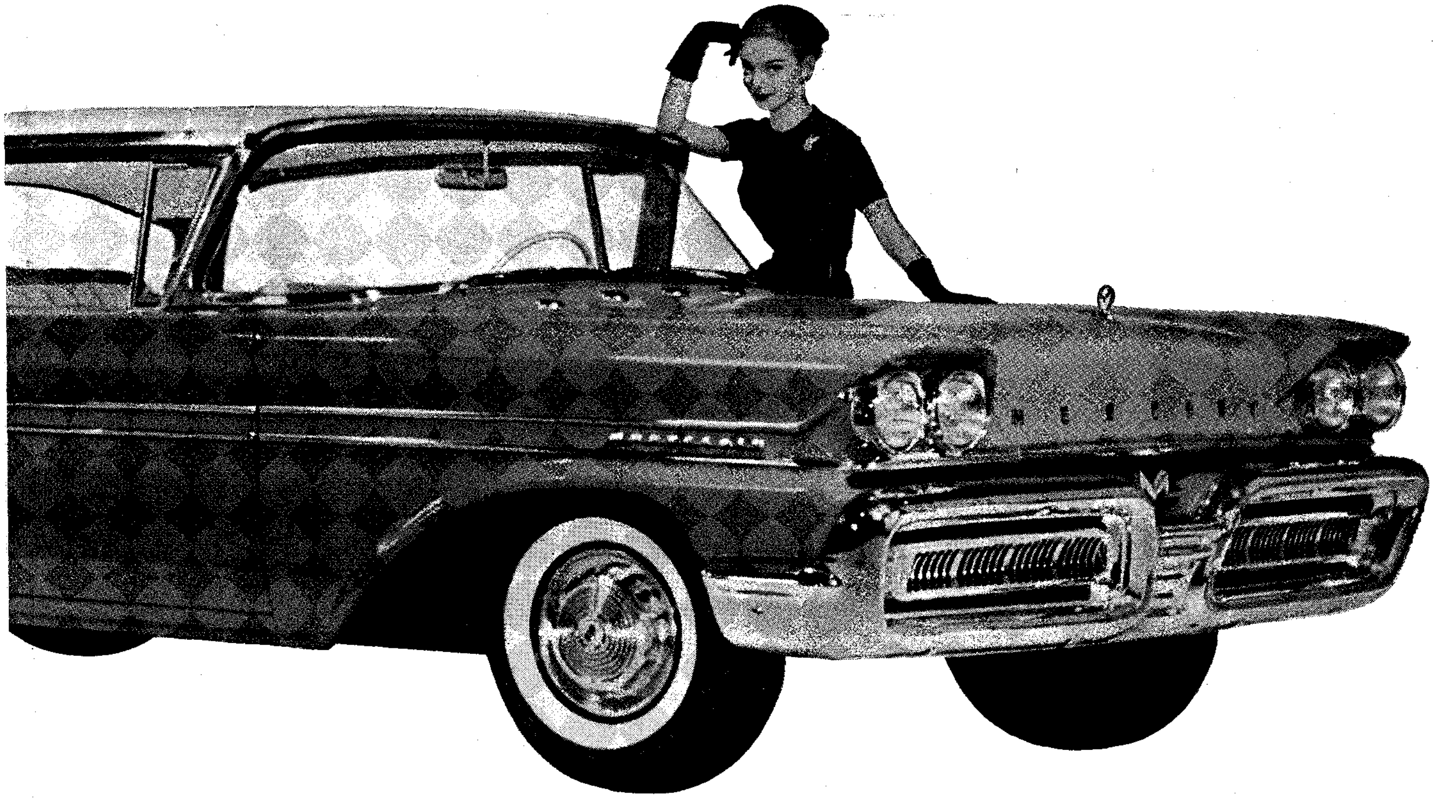
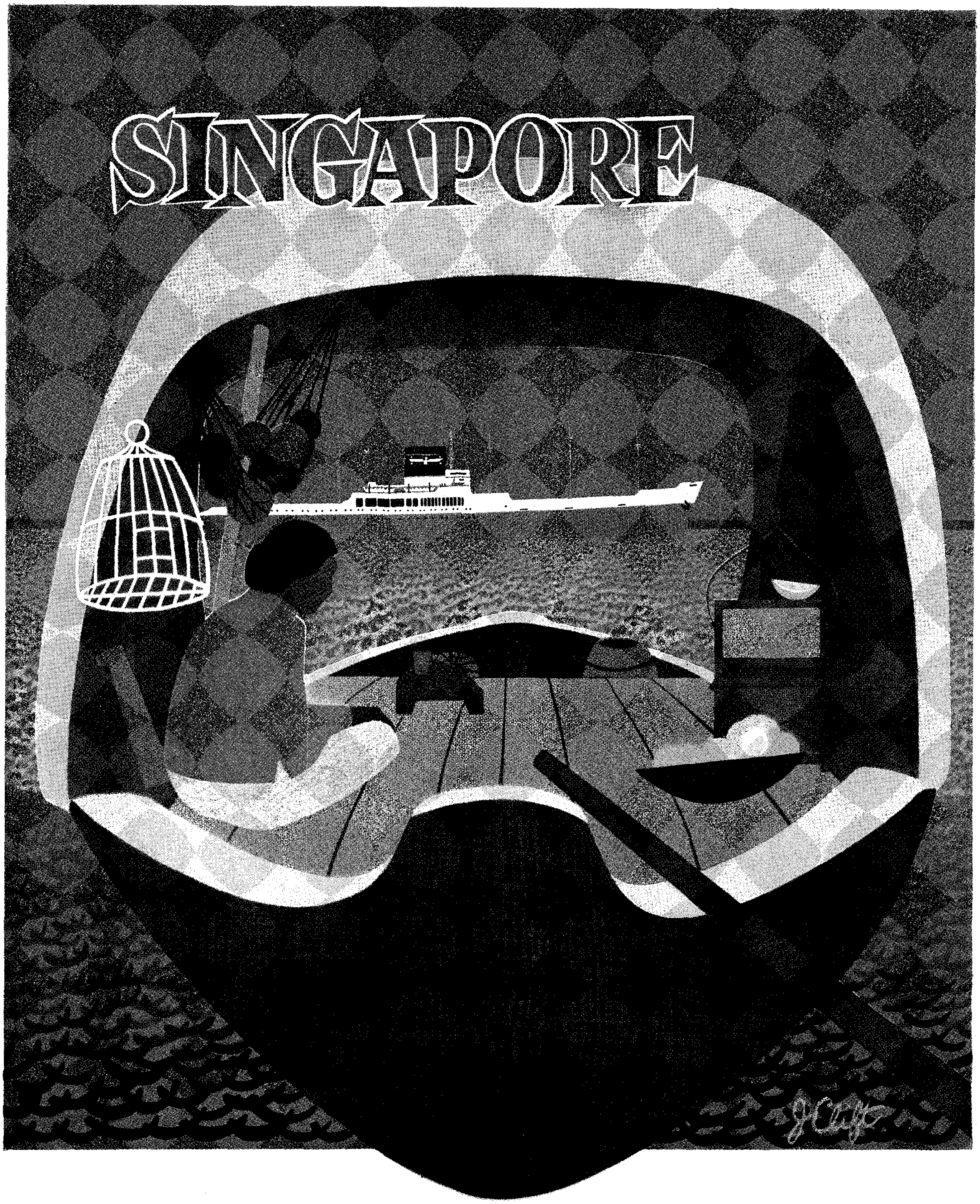


MERCURY

THE PERFORMANCE CHAMPION FOR 1958



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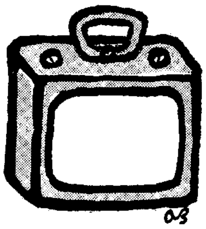
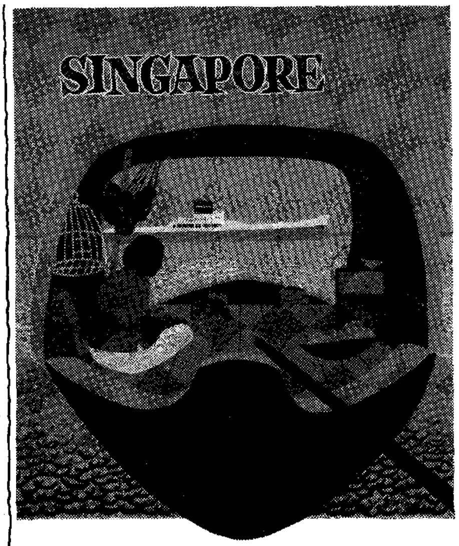
THE AIR

Notes on the Top Clown



THE headlines had said, "WORLD WAR I DECLARED!" and Sid Caesar, a Broadway song-and-dance man, had enlisted and gone overseas to fight, leaving his partner, Imogene Coca, and his manager, Carl Reiner, behind in New York with their work and their grief. Sitting sadly in a night club, they opened gifts he had just sent them from the front—socks he had knitted for Mr. Reiner, cookies he had baked for Miss Coca. It was the gesture, they agreed, of a fine and loyal human being. "What a sweetheart!" they murmured, or words to that effect, moved, as always, by the thought of their friend's almost pathological decency. At the moment I speak of, which occurred a few weeks ago in "Sid Caesar Invites You" (Channel 7, 9-9:30 P.M., Sundays), in the course of a travesty of one species of Hollywood musical film, Mr. Caesar, naturally, was not visible to the audience. He contributed nothing directly, that is, to the comic strength of the incident, such as it was. Technically, the scene belonged to Miss Coca and Mr. Reiner and to the program's writers. But it was full of the influence of Mr. Caesar (I'm referring now to Caesar the comedian, not Caesar the decent doughboy), and I don't believe it would have been written or thought of if he had not created, during the last ten years or so, an atmosphere that is peculiarly his own among television comedians—an atmosphere of what might be called rational immoderation. I'm by no means inclined to belittle the importance of writers in any field. But Mr. Caesar's writers are involved with a kind of prodigy of the entertainment business, a man who sees life in an oddly vivid, although basically reasonable, light and whose view colors each detail of the playing and writing of a sketch, whether he's directly concerned in it or not. When he *is* in action, the Caesar influence on Mr. Caesar himself is so powerful that it sometimes brings him to the heart of the matter a step or two ahead of planned lines or cues, so that he has to mark time till the formal arrangements catch up with him. This fact may explain why he occasionally chooses to do his stuff in pantomime, a form that doesn't slow down the rush of his logic with prose, team play, and other encumbrances.

I read or hear it said from time to time that this or that episode of the Caesar program suffered from weak material, or that the star was not as funny on a given Sunday as he had been the Sunday before or as he was in a different program two years ago. It's in the nature of television, which asks for new reactions daily or weekly from the same audience to the same performers, to provoke unrest, and such things have been said regularly about every comedy program that has ever been regularly on the air. But I can't help feeling both alarmed and argumentative when I hear them said about a program of Mr. Caesar's. For one thing, I have an idea that his position, being artistically unique, is also chronically a little insecure; past form indicates that employers are pretty easily disposed to cut him adrift, on one pretext or another, and it seems to me unwise, to put it mildly, to contribute in any way to their folly and thus to make television unsafe for one of the few original spirits, and the finest comedian, in its history. In the second place, I think it's unsound, and even irrelevant, to regard his work as being subject to the ups and downs of conventional comedy, or to measure him too closely by his "material." It strikes me that this approach overlooks an essential point. If it can be said of any professional comic that he transcends his scripts, it can be said of Mr. Caesar. He is, I believe, consistently funny, for the same reason that a few great comedians who made their mark in other mediums—W. C. Fields, Bobby Clark, Ed Wynn, Jimmy Durante, and one or two of the Marx Brothers—were surefire at all times, regardless of material; that is, he has created a world and a set of attitudes that are funny in themselves. Like the men I've just mentioned, Mr. Caesar is funny primarily in the habits and characteristics that he has invented, in the way he does things and in the kinds of things he does, and not in the lines that are written to fill his special world from week to week. Obviously, the sketches in "Sid Caesar Invites You" vary in quality. Some of the chapters in his current morbid courtship of Miss Coca (in which he plays a distraught young man named Walter and she a skittish young woman named Arlene) have been first-rate in every respect, it seemed to me—for instance, the one in which he bought her an engagement ring, and



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In their holds these President liners carry the fabulous products of American industry; from machines to medicine, from film to frozen food. And from these same ports they bring home the varied bounty of the world.

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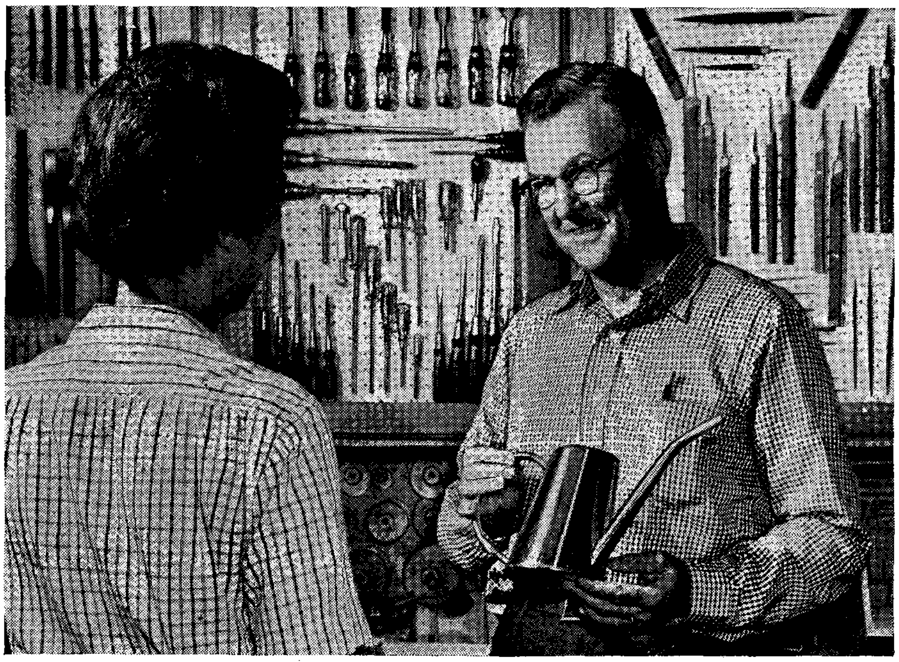
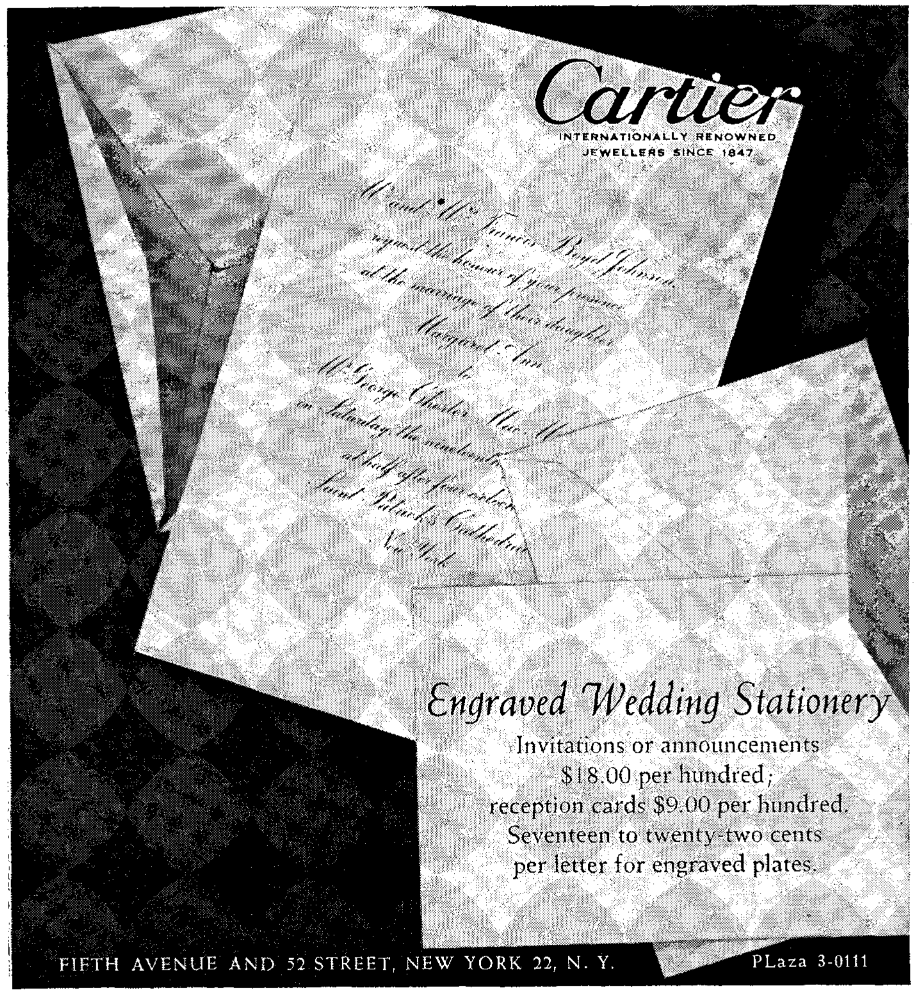
The man from Cunningham & Walsh



Part-time hardware store salesman, full-time advertising agency account executive . . . that's Cuyler Stevens. Getting retail sales experience one full week every year is standard practice for our account men, writers, artists and television staff. It enables us to create advertising that creates sales. Cunningham & Walsh Inc., New York • Chicago • Hollywood • Los Angeles • San Francisco.


Mr. and Mrs. Francis Boyd Johnson
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Margaret Ann
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on Saturday the nineteenth
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Invitations or announcements
$18.00 per hundred;
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the one in which they quarrelled and returned each other's gifts, a process that nearly stripped Mr. Caesar to the buff. Now and then, in other, independent episodes, the material has been thin or pointless. The Broadway-World War movie burlesque I've spoken of was no great shakes, in general. Neither was a bullfight sketch the Caesar company did one week early in February. But, in the case of the latter, plot and organized purpose were somehow made unnecessary by the mere sight of Mr. Caesar's aging, successful matador—frail, world-weary, cynical, but tautly erect, a man holding the pieces of his broken soul together behind a rigid and scornful mask. Two days later, Red Skelton, playing a harum-scarum, pratfalling bullfighter on his own program ("The Red Skelton Show," Channel 2, 9:30-10 P.M., Tuesdays), made painfully clear the difference between a mechanical comedian and a true clown. Mr. Caesar, as a true clown, is able to form a picture in his imagination and transmit it to the audience almost by reflex, richly but economically—wordlessly, if need be. I remember a courtroom story, in a Caesar program of a year or two ago, in which he was a famous and eccentric lawyer. The story itself was neither coherent nor particularly interesting. Yet Mr. Caesar, at various moments in it—for example, simply while making his way wildly but sternly across the room to the witness stand, his eyes burning with paranoiac zest, his gestures inviting the audience to realize that he was about to destroy a witness by the sheer force of his legendary personality—was, to my mind, convulsively funny. There was nothing in the plot of this sketch, as I recall it, that defined the character of the man whom Mr. Caesar was representing. This, it would appear, is a normal condition of Caesar shows. Logically enough, perhaps, stories are written in a broad, loose pattern that gives the star room in which to follow his instincts. Character and mood become largely his own responsibility. To some extent, I should judge, he influences even his skillful and imaginative partners, Miss Coca and Mr. Reiner, in their interpretations of the parts they play.

Character and mood, of course, are provided in a fairly wide range on the Caesar program. No comedy program on television can survive the problems of regular "exposure" without that kind of range—which, I take it, is why there are so few comedy programs on the air, and why a number of able comedians have been forced to rely on the artificial support of quiz-show routines, or of so-called situation comedy, which is far from being the same thing as pure, or "straight," comedy. The great creative comedians I mentioned earlier were satisfied to develop just one central character or attitude apiece. That was all they needed in the mediums in which they made their reputations. Audiences saw them only at long intervals, and, in a way, their faithfulness to type, the thoroughness with which they exploited one role in life, increased their popularity. It's significant that Mr. Caesar, the first notable comedian to be identified primarily and essentially with television, is a man who makes use of a variety of comic techniques and can be funny in a variety of roles. He can do dialect, pantomime, and song-and-dance burlesques. He can play average-man parts (such as Walter, of Walter and Arlene) or character parts—bullfighters, business tycoons, submarine captains, punch-drunk boxers. In other words, he cannot—and, the perils of exposure being what they are, it's just as well for him—be summed up and anticipated, as could the comic geniuses of the stage, the movies, the night clubs, and vaudeville. The men I mean built roles for themselves that were deep and true—so much so that they said what they had to say clearly and completely each time they appeared. It's pleasant sometimes to look back on what they did—or, rather, on what they were—in the days when performances were serene and widely spaced:

Bobby Clark: The worldly, gaily lascivious, ruthlessly selfish man-about-town. He represented the perpetual triumph of cynicism. Groucho Marx produced a variation of this character. Working along parallel lines, he and Mr. Clark came to feel so much at home in the part that they reached some of the same conclusions about it, in terms of props (the aggressive cigar), makeup (greasepainted mustache or spectacles), gestures (the right-angled prowl), and philosophy (the idea that cleverness is virtue). Each of them, however, remained unmistakably his own man.

W. C. Fields: The misanthrope. A person acutely sensitive to the faults and follies of mankind, and determined to punish them and to subsist on them. A more complex figure than the Clark-Marx type, because he often failed in his designs or was baffled and tricked by ironies of circumstance. He satirized himself as well as the rest of the world.

Ed Wynn: A pedant in clown's

No commercial today

We've been doing a lot of thinking about boys—in our role as citizens as well as makers of apparel. Lots of boys we know seem to be born scientists, with the curiosity and creative instinct to develop into the trained intellects sorely needed today. The question is, will we give them the opportunity? Not just for technical studies, but for a balanced education. Humanities as well as science, life as well as the laboratory. The idea is to produce truly educated individuals, with the inward resources to think, to observe, even to dream. Men who may not only score break-throughs in scientific knowledge, but have the breadth of spirit to explore new ways in relations between man and man.

Even to us non-experts, it would follow that the *whole* of education calls for a larger measure of public interest. More *scientists*, yes. But above all, more *educated* men. Don't you think so, too?

Donmoor
Knitwear
1115 Broadway, New York 10

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† SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST
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SEND SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR FREE COLOR BROCHURE.

FAMOUS Iroquois
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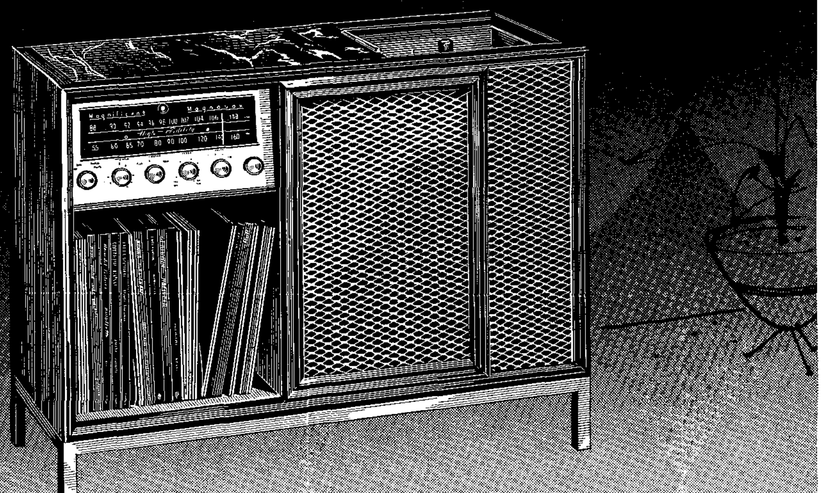


THE CONTINENTAL. FM-AM radio-phonograph with 25-watt dual-channel sound system. From $389.50.

Prove to yourself that Magnavox High Fidelity is the finest—and the best buy on any basis of comparison. Magnavox is sold direct through dealers specially selected for their ability to serve you. Choose from 44 beautiful styles, in every price range from $129.90 all with Diamond pick-up.

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY · FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

clothing who in pursuing truth went to such desperately sensible lengths that he inevitably discredited sense. Genial and hopeful on the surface, he was at bottom melancholy, doubtful, and aggrieved.

Jimmy Durante: The exuberant voice of the people. He assumed pretentious, upper-crust postures in order to ridicule himself in them and thus prove that everything except health, good spirits, and a sense of our common humanity is nonsense. Unlike the others, he was fundamentally a booster, or constructive critic, who demolished his own doubts and suspicions as fast as they occurred to him.

It seems natural to speak of these epic characterizations in the past tense. They were all invented years ago, under conditions that for the most part no longer exist. The theatre has outlived or outgrown the age of the autonomous comedian, who dominated his background and dwarfed his own material, and apparently one role, no matter how strong it is, will not sustain even a great comedian on television on anything like a regular basis. Mr. Wynn, Mr. Marx, and Mr. Durante are television performers, as it happens, but not in the grand style in which they made history. Mr. Wynn has become a "legitimate" actor; only very rarely does he revert for a few minutes, apologetically and somewhat academically, to the old routines. Mr. Marx appears weekly, with considerable success, but it's his wit, not his gifts of make-believe, that keeps his quiz show moving—and it can be laid down as a rule that although a comedian may occasionally be witty, a wit is not a comedian in the true sense of the term. Mr. Durante works closer to the classic vein than the others do, but his appearances are relatively infrequent nowadays; his shows lean heavily on songs, girls, and beat (the opiate of the people), and his tone, it strikes me, is more sentimental and tactful than it was in the time of his highest glory. He seems to recognize the danger of playing a part fully and emphatically in a television program if it must always be, substantially, the same part. In drama, in soap opera, in sports programs, in Westerns, the public will tolerate monotony. In a comedian, the evidence appears to say, it won't.

Mr. Caesar's approach, as I've noted, is various. It may be that he was forced into this policy by the special requirements of television, or it may simply be that he was not fitted by nature to explore a single role or a single viewpoint. If there's one quality that marks all his work, it's a kind of scientific eagerness to learn the how and why of everything he sees; he's by way of being a universal investigator. His particular gift in this field is the ability to hit immediately on one or two key elements of a subject, either physical or psychological, and to magnify these to several times normal size. In the character of Walter, the terrified lover, the element he emphasizes is suspicion of change—a feeling that every new experience may lead to his undoing. The status quo to which Walter clings includes his bachelor apartment—a seventeen-story walkup, into which guests stagger three-quarters dead, and in which he serves meals of macaroni of the diameter and consistency of fire hose. When the young man collapses in a jewelry store after learning the price of a diamond ring, it is not merely the familiar comedy gambit of startled parsimony. Mr. Caesar makes it plain that he has suddenly looked into the depths of the strange, violent, shocking future that confronts him, and has sunk beneath the weight of his disgust and despair. Neurasthenic conservatism is, for that matter, a trait shared by most of the average-man characters whom Mr. Caesar plays. But he has also played revolutionaries, bullies, voluptuaries, meddlers, seers, and rock-'n'-roll dancers, and, in his abrupt and lavish way, has diagnosed all of them, enlarged them, and marked them for identification.

"Sid Caesar Invites You" is a more compact show than some of the earlier Caesar programs, both in length and in the size of the company. This, I think, is a satisfactory state of affairs. The company is the best that could possibly be assembled for the purpose, and the length should enable Mr. Caesar—provided no one elects to withdraw him from circulation again—to make his energy and his supply of ideas go twice as far. —JOHN LARDNER

•

Highways that will be of "real benefit to the community" are the result of farsighted planning and co-operation, Franklin County planners were told Tuesday night by Ohio Highway Director Charles M. Noble.

He emptied two cash drawers into a paper sack and walked out the door and down the hall to the hospital entrance about 30 feet away.—*Columbus (Ohio) Ohio State Journal.*

You see? Planning is everything.

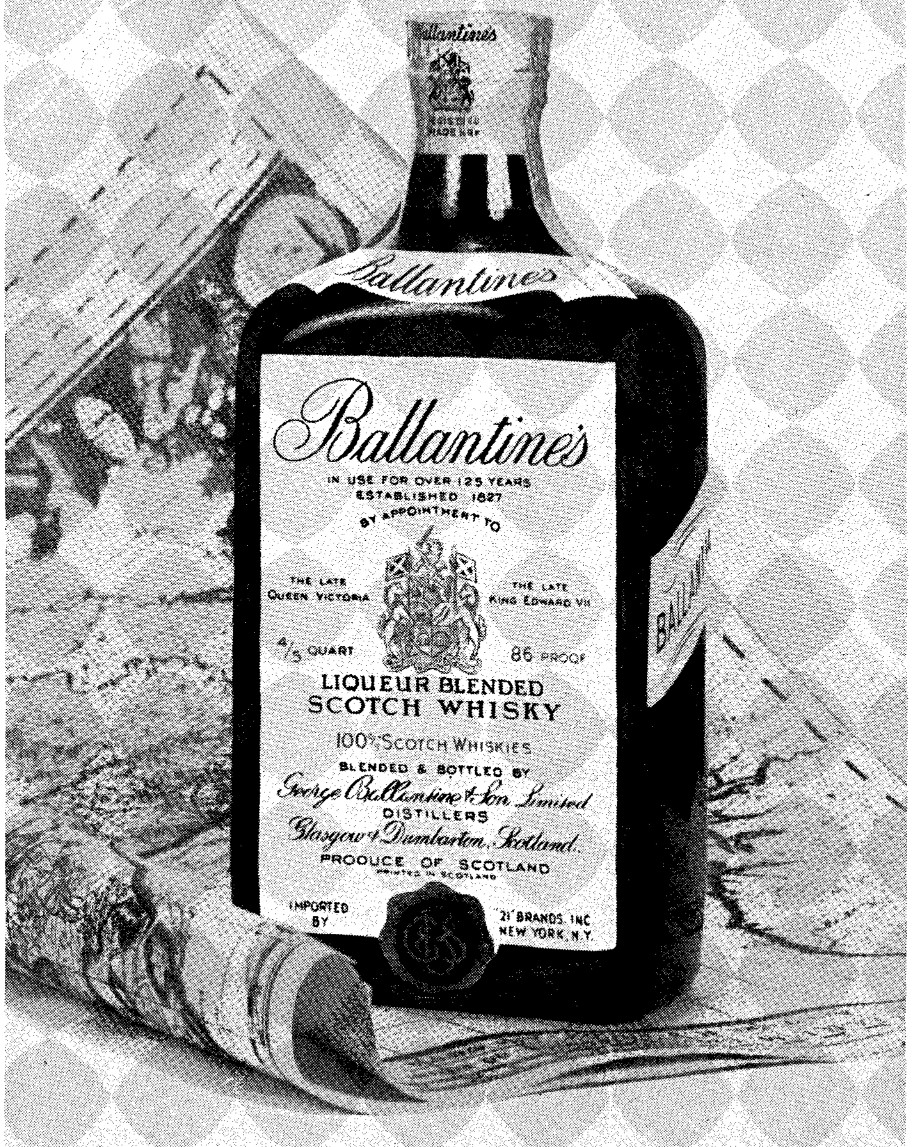
•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Betty Beale in the Detroit Free Press*]

Things are so gay here you might think we were caught in the excitement of another war.

The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's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THE RACE TRACK

Another Day, Another Dollar

MAURICE FREED

OL' Round Table, he just keeps rolling along. The Gulfstream Park Handicap in Florida on Saturday was his seventh victory in a row since he finished third to Bold Ruler and Gallant Man in the Trenton Handicap at Garden State Park last November. Before that, he'd had an even longer streak—eleven straight, which was nice going but no record. Man o' War had fourteen straight; Colin, the talk of the turf fifty years ago, won all of his fifteen starts (incidentally, he was the only really top American horse to retire unbeaten); and Citation had sixteen straight, counting his walkover in the Pimlico Special. According to the charts, Round Table had the upper hand throughout the race, catching Meeting on the turn into the stretch and going on to win by four lengths. Besides giving nineteen pounds to Meeting and to Oligarchy, who finished third, he ran the mile and a quarter in 1:59⅘, equalling the track record for the distance, set by Coaltown in the same race nine years ago. Round Table's share of the purse brought his earnings to $937,964, so he has now supplanted Stymie in third place on the list of big money winners. It took Stymie seven seasons of racing to earn $918,485. Round Table has made his pile in a third the time.

A little more than a year ago, Travis Kerr, the Oklahoma oil man who owns the Kerr Stable, was looking around for a good three-year-old, and, the story goes, Dr. John Peters, a California veterinarian who is a friend of Kerr's, happened to be at Hialeah and asked Moody Jolley, the trainer of the A. B. Hancock horses, if he had anything for sale. (It's a race-track custom to ask the trainer about such things first, then dicker with the owner.) "Yes," said Jolley, pointing to a colt who was being led to the stables. "There's one you can buy." The colt he pointed to was Round Table. The price was never announced, but it is understood that the Kerr Stable paid $175,000 for him. He would have been cheap at twice the figure. Now, only one fat purse short of a million, and not so awfully far behind Nashua,

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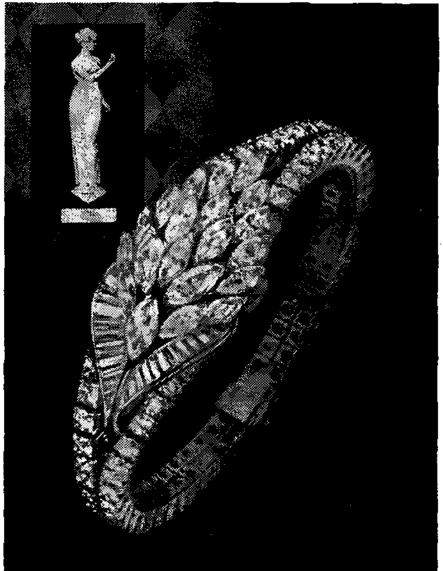
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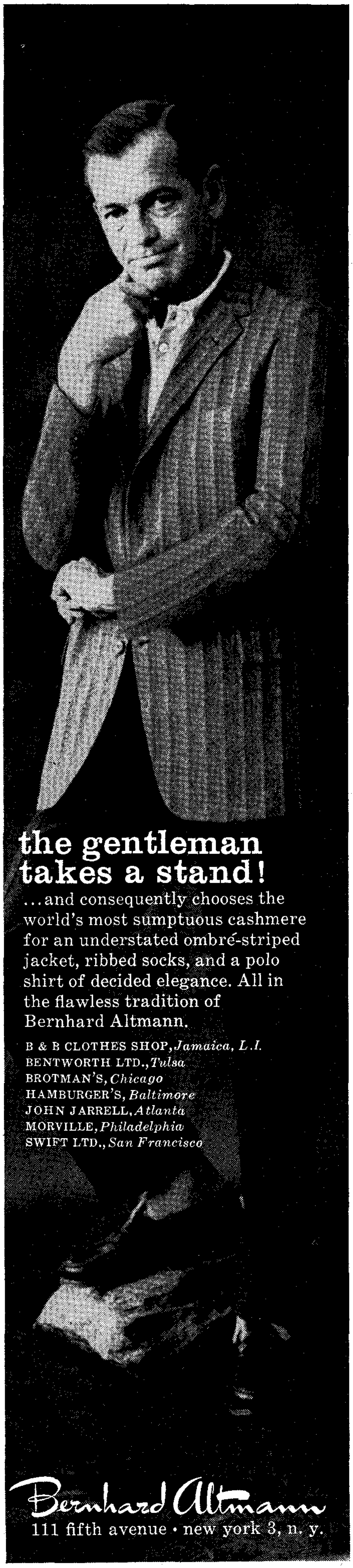
the gentleman takes a stand!

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who heads the list with $1,288,565, Round Table has returned to California to rest up before the Hollywood Park meeting, which opens on May 8th. I'll take 3–1 that he tops Nashua by autumn.

WHILE I know that nothing can let you down as badly as a three-year-old race horse, I nevertheless have a notion that Tim Tam, on his form in the Fountain of Youth Stakes at Gulfstream the other afternoon, will be hard to beat in the Florida Derby this weekend. He had none the best of things early in the running, and was obliged to make up a great deal of ground to win, but observers say he did it more easily than the result shows. By the way, Tim Tam changed places with Silky Sullivan the next day in the Caliente future book on the Kentucky Derby. He's now the 2–1 favorite.

TO horseplayers looking for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the hero at Bowie over the weekend was Whisk Tru, who paid $464 in the mutuels. A four-year-old gelding, he had started twenty-six times last season and three the year before without ever threatening to get home in front; but I suppose all horses of that sort win eventually. Another surprise on Saturday was a three-year-old named Deack Duncan, who revelled in the sloppy going and made a runaway race of the Governor's Gold Cup, beating Washington, a well-fancied Kentucky Derby candidate, and paying $44.80. The chances are that we'll never hear of him or Whisk Tru again. Well, Bowie was left at the post twice last week, because snowstorms made the roads to the track impassable. Altogether, it has lost nine days so far this year on that account. Let's hope that it has fair weather on Saturday for the John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap.

HERE we are at Jamaica once more, and how the old place hasn't changed! Next year, I'm told, the opening date will be earlier—March 25th, if you want to make a note of it. Maybe the horses will go to the post wearing snowshoes. —AUDAX MINOR

•

"We can catch the Russians if we don't get tangled in a lot of Mrs. Herbert Roberts, a secretary in the business office of the Crawford W. Long hospital in Atlanta, Ga.—*Madison (Wis.) Wisconsin State Journal.*

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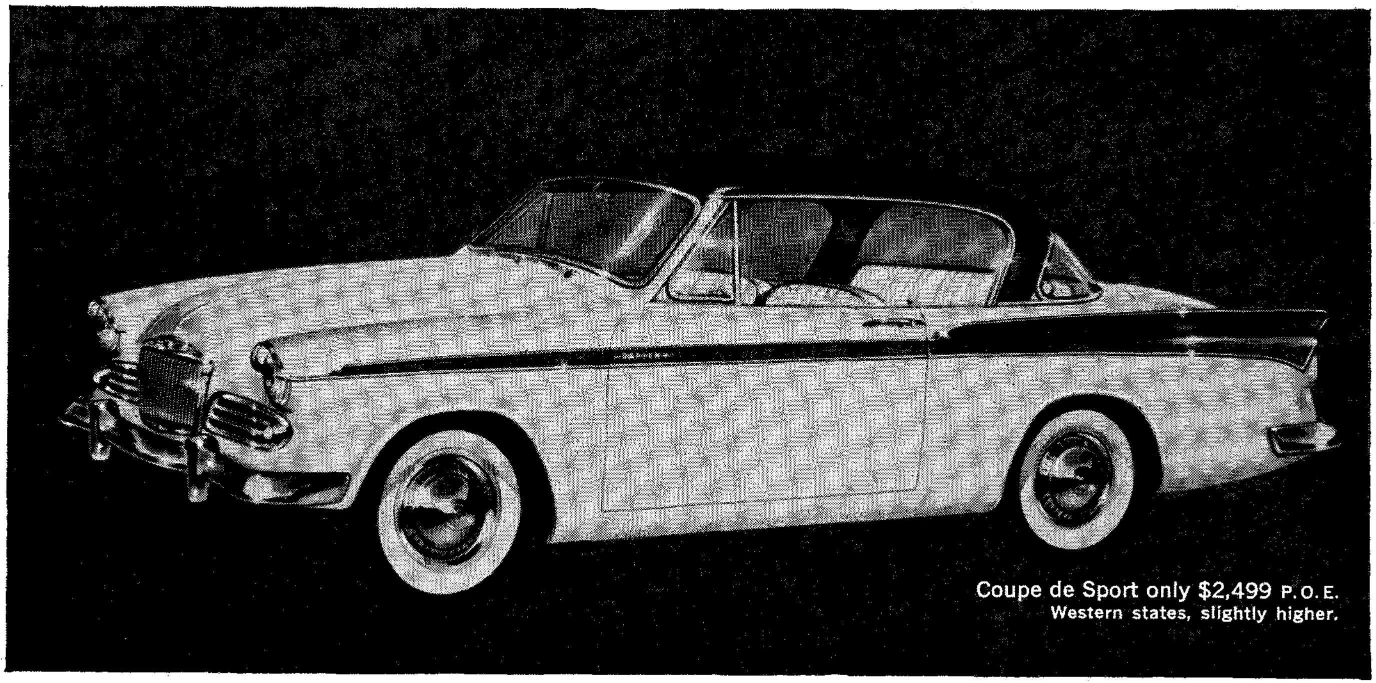

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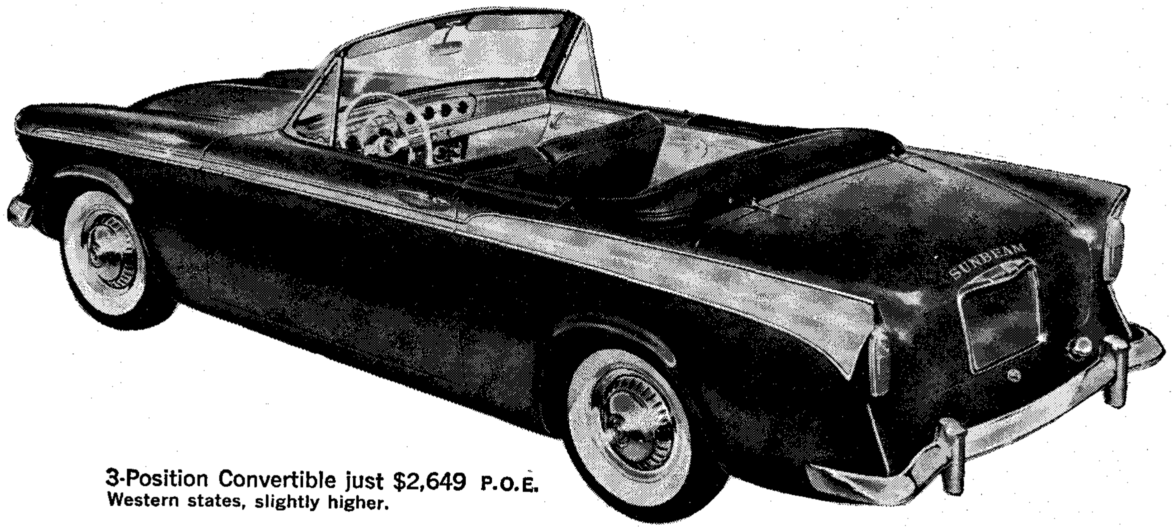

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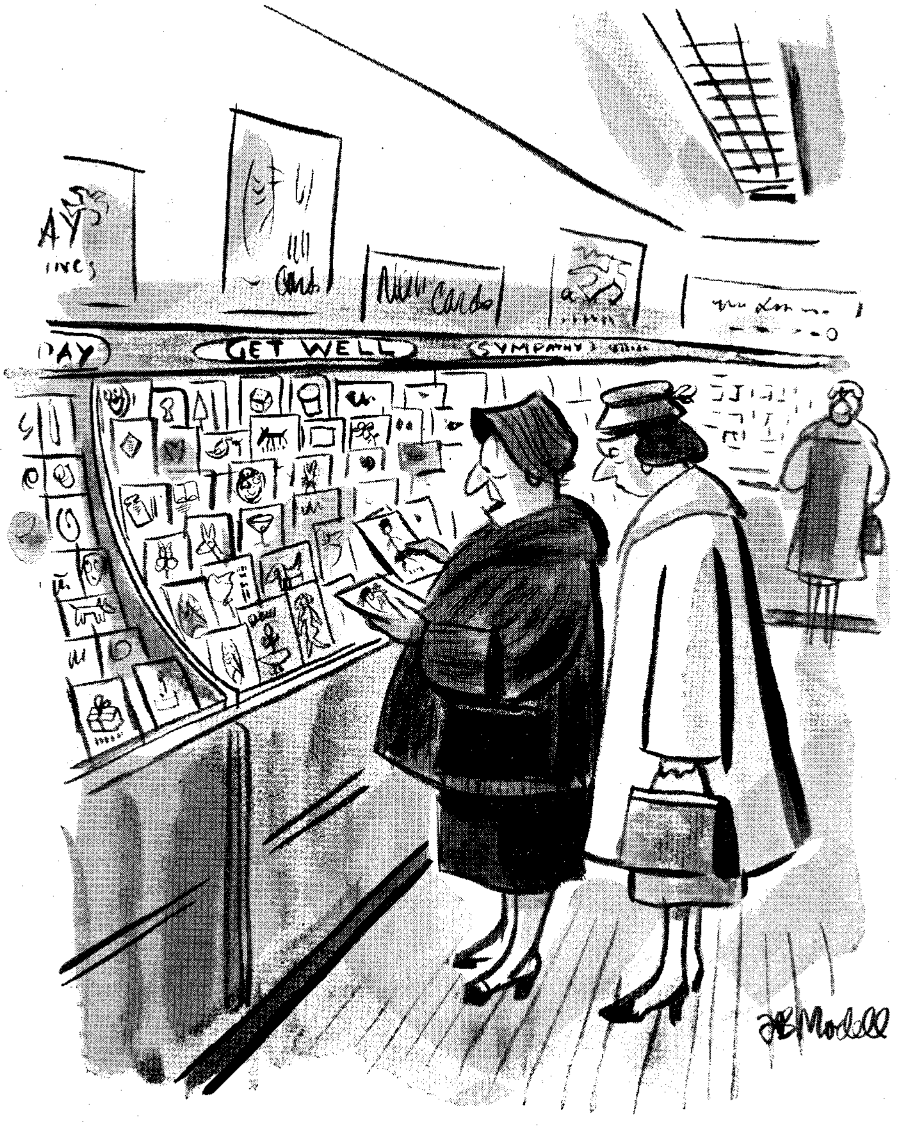
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT is, happily, not true that conformity is the absolute rule of our times, or that our way of thinking, looking, and living has reached ranch-house or split-level regimentation. In one part of woman's field (and I don't mean the kitchen), a sense of adventure and a merry disregard of set patterns are asserting themselves once again, for women's fashions are on the loose. (I'm referring to American ready-to-wear styles; Paris is, as usual, even looser.) A change of emphasis, anyway, was long overdue, for the front upper part of the female torso has had the spotlight for quite a while now. But slender thighs and hips and legs are part of the anatomy, too, and it seems only fair that women well endowed in these respects should have their chance, for a change. One hazard for all hands, though, is that we shall have to learn to sit down all over again in very short, narrow skirts, swinging the knees to one side and, with that nervous gesture of the twenties, tugging incessantly at the hem to keep our kneecaps covered.

The way some people carry on, you would think that the chemise or sack dress is the entire story of today's fashions, and it is no such thing. That sense of adventure has produced a lot of other ideas. Besides, the chemise can't be judged by its photographs, which are static; it looks right only when the wearer is in motion. Since it is snug on the hips, every time the hips move (as they must, if you're going anywhere) the upper part of the dress must move, too, shifting moment by moment from one previously concealed curve to another in a revealing (and fascinating) sort of way. Furthermore, it turns out that a surprising number of near-problem figures can wear chemises with a belt emerging at each side and buckling across the front. Traina-Norell, experienced in a subtle chemise cut for seven years, has done a lot of chemises in lightweight wool for now, and will do more in silk crêpe for the summer. They're at Lord & Taylor, Bergdorf Goodman, places like that. A typical example has short sleeves, a bateau neck, big crocheted buttons down the top, and (across the front) a crushed-suède belt. This chemise, like many more from plenty of other designers, is partial to the blown-backward look above the hips that is symptomatic of the season—sometimes merely suggested, sometimes in full sail. A number of day dresses have back panels, descending from low yokes, that can swing free or be caught in under the hem in a harem drape. This makes a nice diversion from too severe a line for women who still yearn for the hip-concealing and now old New Look.

In fact, the stark sack line has been softened in many ways by our American ready-to-wear manufacturers, and there are all sorts of compromises between the sheath line and the sack. One of the best compromises is Trigère's semifitted shantung dress that is to be worn belted or not. The top is the palest gray; the wide band through the torso is dark brown; the skirt, which begins at the hips, is black. This is all around town (Bendel, for one). Another variation on the straight line is accomplished by a gathered flounce that starts at mid-thigh and ends at a very short hem. Traina-Norell and Ben Zuckerman are leading sponsors of this idea, and samples of their work are in evidence everywhere. A pair of similar beauties, by Edith Small, are in temporary lodgings at Bonwit Teller. First, a coat (or dress) of brown silk linen with a black rose print, on which there are revers, buttons down the front, and that flounce, which starts well below the hips; second, an evening costume of faille on which huge roses are spattered. The long, straight jacket of this one has a collarless neck and buttons to the hem, at mid-thigh; the flounce on the semifitted, shoulder-strap dance dress



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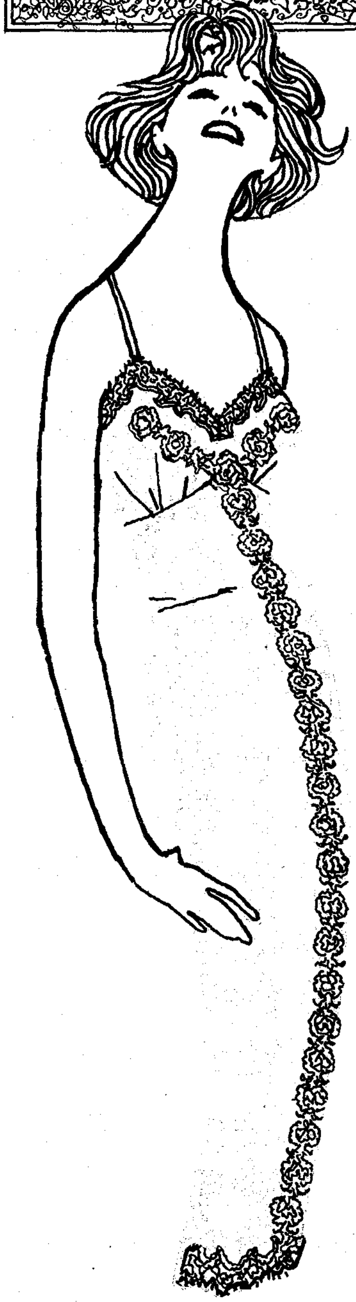
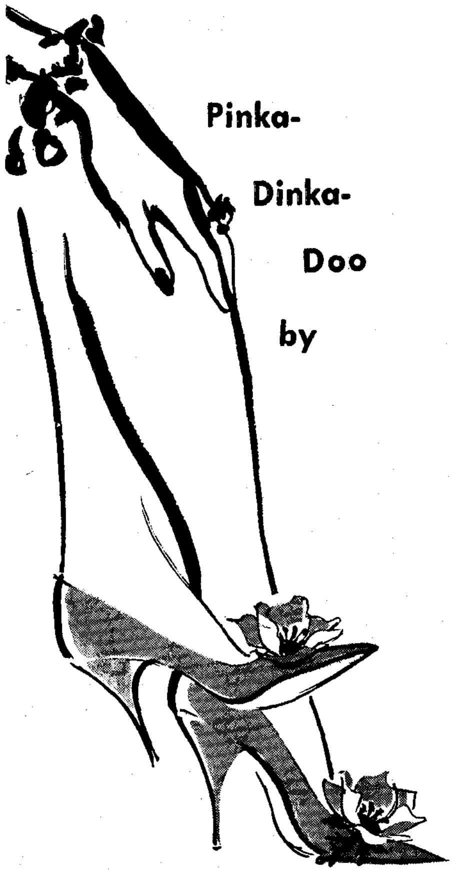


beneath it begins just beneath the hemline of the jacket.

But if you want to get completely away from the straight line, you can forget about all this; there is plenty of choice, even though the tops of dresses are almost universally broad, sometimes to the extent of being—well, top-heavy. Women of all ages are going for two-piece dresses with straight, over-blouse tops coming down no farther than the hipbone. These *can* make a short woman look stocky. One, by Zuckerman (it's at Bergdorf), is of a heavy jersey, with a fold like a décolleté turtleneck at the top, in black, violet, or red, or of crinkled chiffon in jade, coral, lemon yellow, and the like. The top that is bloused part way or all around is all over the place. Occasionally it ends a bit under the normal waistline (wherever *that* is), and occasionally (in that blown-back fashion) it goes farther, actually cupping in under the buttocks. The alleged "trapeze" silhouette is prominent, because of St. Laurent's success with it in the collection he designed for Dior. (Bendel is proud of having designed its counterpart even earlier.) This has sloping shoulders and is semi-fitted to a point slightly below the bust; then it starts an outward flare as far as the extremely short hem. The Bendel example is of black or navy wool, and there's a single carved button on the chest. The Empire waistline that this presages is already a big thing in town, but so far it is mostly confined to formal chiffons.

In New York now, the minute the sun goes down, the preference is for utter charmers with trim tops (often bateau-necked and sleeveless), normal waistlines, and soft, gathered, swirling, plain or patterned chiffon skirts. Then, there are skirts that are perky and crisp and that often balloon like anything. Either type makes a feminine, if abrupt, change from the short shift we get in the daytime. Galanos is perfect for this kind of job, for which he uses lovely up-and-down-striped chiffons. He uses green, blue, and white stripes for a sleeveless, bateau-necked top with buttons down the ribs at one side; one green and one blue chiffon petticoat break into short, fat ruffles at the hem that foam around the knees when the owner sits down. Another is in magenta, red, and white stripes; magenta and red are the colors of the grosgrain ribbon that makes the belt and of the chiffon that makes the petticoats. De Pinna and Lord & Taylor are particularly fond of these productions (me, too). As for full-blown skirts, it would be hard to top the work of Scaasi. Pale-green and



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pink roses sprawl on a warp-printed white taffeta dress with a colossal fold around the shoulders that is caught in at the side front and in back with bows of olive satin; the skirt is huge beneath the neat midriff (Saks Fifth Avenue). Another warp-printed taffeta (at Bendel) has a puffy, draped skirt; the folds of the draping end in a bow on one hip and another bow near the hem on the opposite side. And a shantung in dozens of shades of green and yellow-green begins with a tight bodice that comes down into a V on the stomach. Enormous folds slant down on both sides from the V. The final touch is a longish, puffy, gathered tunic over the pencil underskirt. It's at Saks Fifth Avenue, Rosette Pennington, et al.

The cocktail-through-the-evening situation has been improved by several voluminous, swashbuckling, wide-swinging silk coats to go over afternoon prints or cocktail and dance dresses. Dior-New York's Mardi Gras domino is of black, red, or white poult de soie. A soft band collar that stands well away from the neck is fastened with a big tailored bow at the throat; two other bows fasten the coat down the front, which is flat; deep gathers from the collar at the sides and around the back make it swing out very full elsewhere (Gunther Jaeckel and Saks Fifth Avenue). Some Zuckerman coats are in this mood. A notable offering, of black petitpoint silk, has an inverted pleat down the rear that persuades it to billow out before it joins a band far down on the hips. (De Pinna has this as well as several other mad matters.)

So things aren't so bad, after all. No cause for alarm. You don't have to look like an old bag to be in style, or even to look staid, when there are so many very special clothes that have the additional advantages of being comfortable and young.

THE point-to-point race that follows will touch upon some other folderols; the shops where I happened to see them will also be touched upon. Some prices, by the way, are pretty high, and some are rational.

At Bendel: Galanos's crisp red-and-white candy-striped satin shirtwaist dress, with a pleated skirt, short sleeves, and a white vestee front fastened by red buttons, is the right kind of little-girl look for afternoon and evening. Trigère's dress of gauzy gray-and-black vertically striped silk has a prim top that is finished off with a collar and cuffs of white linen; a patent-leather belt is the other ornament. Dior-New York's

noticeably
good looking

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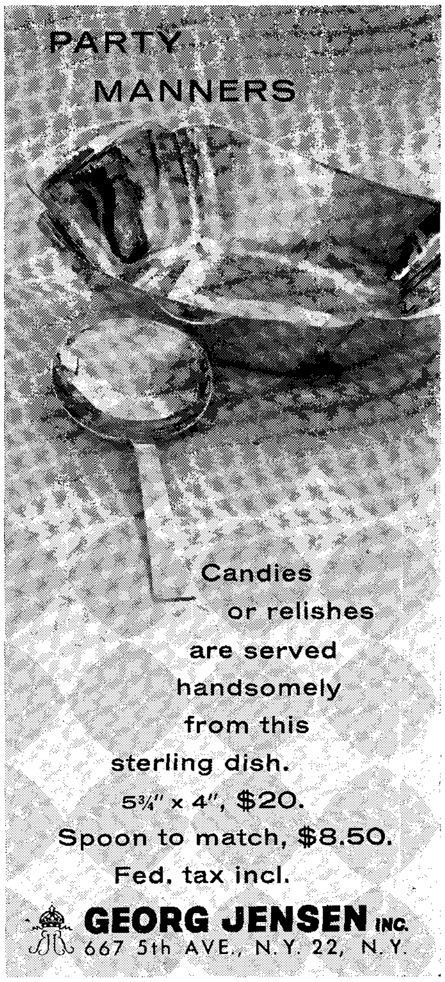

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Paul Masson was the last of the bon vivants until you came along; You show promise. As a starter you might promise yourself a finger or two of the best, which as we all recall...

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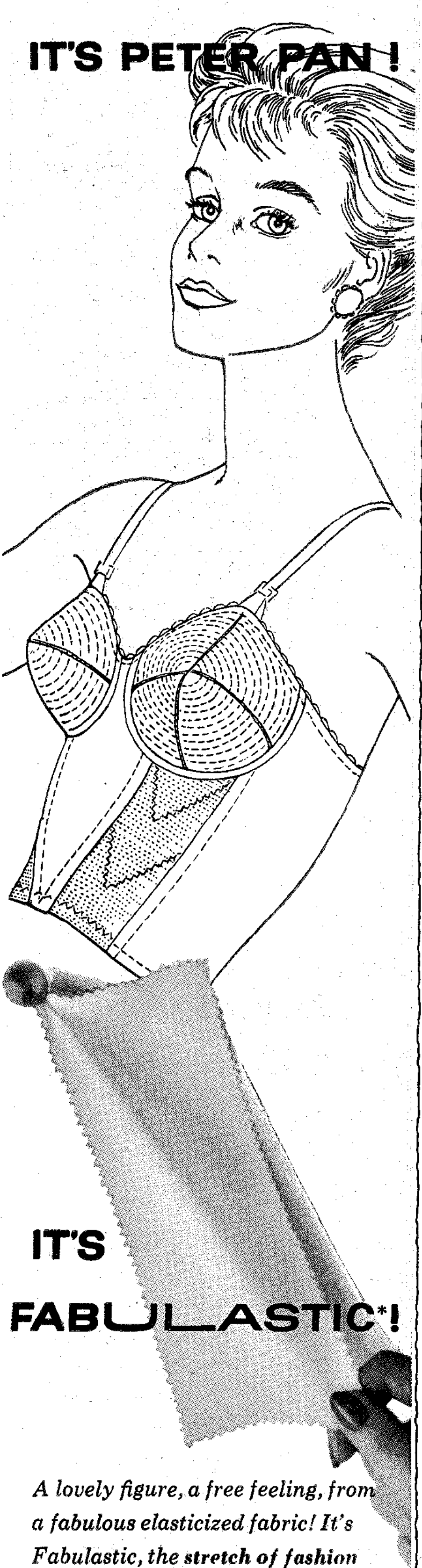

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street tailleur, of black-and-white sheer wool, is filled in at the deep V neck with a middy crosspiece. This is $125; Dior-New York's prices are well down, though the ideas and execution are still above par. Winston's contributions for in-between occasions are of heavy faille with tiny raised dots, like a banker's necktie. One, in black with white polka dots, is a shirtwaist dress with a polite little collar of white linen and a skirt whose pleats are unpressed. Another is a sheath with a black wool skirt and a patterned top; its hipbone-length jacket, which is also patterned, has a leather belt emerging front and back.

WINSTON's way with tie silk finds favor at Bergdorf Goodman, too. His snug, waist-length jacket (reassurance for women who thought the waistline had vanished) goes over a willowy sheath dress. Bergdorf isn't bullish about chemises, although, like other big shops, it has taken a fancy to Zuckerman's experiments in this art form. They're done in the richest black silk crêpe I've seen. There are likely to be self buttons down the back, a bateau neck, and a horizontal seam at under-the-arm level that hints at a deep yoke. A self bow sits at the center front. The Bergdorf people *are* bullish on the new middy style, meaning a straight over-blouse of hipbone length. Among their favorites is Suzanne Augustine's two-piece camisole-top dress of black sheer wool with a demure collar of white linen and a bow of orange organza beneath it. This is buttoned down the back. For either town or country club, there is Talmack's long, harem-hemmed tunic on a sleeveless top and over a slim skirt; this is of black or black-and-white checked surah. Sondheim's entry in the bloused-dress competition is of a black, gray, and white printed surah; the blouse ends a bit below the waistline. (Things like this are intended to make women look wider at the top.) Finally, there are a couple of worthy printed chiffons. Kunel's, in a brown herringbone, has a gathered peplum ending at the hips, and the skirt is slender. The one by Mollie Parnis is of a Paisley print in dull reds and bright blues. It is sleeveless, and the wide self sash that encircles it below the cowl neck goes under a loose back panel whose hem is draped in harem style.

LIKE almost everyone else, Gunther Jaeckel approves of Larry Aldrich's chemises. One of my favorites

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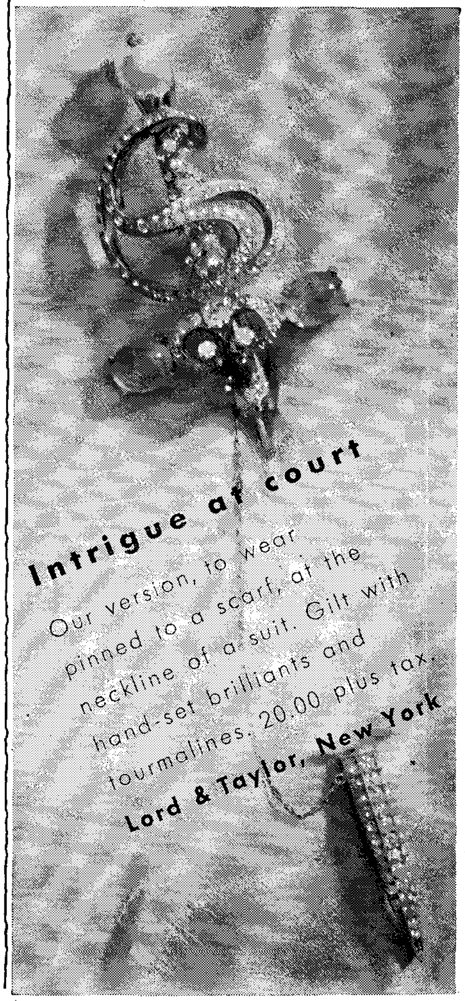

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is of red wool. A deep fold, like a cowl, goes around the neck. There are set-in sleeves, and the dress, which is shirred onto a low yoke, tapers below. Dior-New York is also on Gunther's approved list. A semi-chemise invention is of navy wool, with a deep V neck and an easy collar around it. Bone buttons slant down to a self bow on one hip, at which level there's a loose belt across the back. One suit of beige petitpoint wool exemplifies the new top-heavy look at its most extreme. (Only the tall and lanky should apply.) This involves the tightest possible and shortest possible skirt. With it goes a striped beige blouse that has a peasant neckline. Over all this is a collarless, waist-length jacket that fastens with one huge button. Its sleeves are set in far below the shoulders, and the armholes go almost to the waistline. It's really a kimono, I guess—quite bulky and most effective. A less startling suit is of cotton tweed, which looks like wool but can be worn in a much greater variety of climates. Its extra-deep battle jacket is caught in on a low, buckled band. Dior-New York's evening sheath of white lace, reëmbroidered to emphasize a formalized daisy pattern, is truly something to see. The sleeves of the straight-hanging coat to match, which are placed low, are reminiscent of kimono sleeves. From Monte-Sano comes a suit of heavy red wool jersey. Its small jacket is semifitted in back and bloused battle-jacket style in front. One of the most original coats is Monte-Sano's, too—sort of a high-style polo coat, a tapered pencil of beige wool. Its sleeves are set in below dropped shoulders, to emphasize the width at the top, and six buttons in double-breasted formation start low and extend three inches below the normal waistline to further elongate the look of it.

THE semi-chemise that De Pinna has trouble keeping in stock is a Talmack confection of beige or navy sheer wool with a deep fold of white organdie around the neck. It is molded slightly in front, but it's loose in back. Structurally, it's special; an underbodice begins at the side seams and zips snugly up the back beneath the dress. The price is $89.95 for something that would be hard to equal at a much higher figure. This firm underpinning in back is part of a cocktail dress of somewhat the same design. This is of black taffeta. Among the best suits around here is a Monte-Sano in an inch-square navy-and-white woven check. The skirt is cut on the bias, for once, yet

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it's still slender; the one-button hiphone jacket is semifitted in front, but a deep pleat at each side of the back helps it flare there.

BONWIT TELLER is another customer for Monte-Sano suits. Several have bunchy hip-length jackets that widen as they ascend; these are not for busty women. One, of a spongy beige wool that looks like fleece but is very lightweight, starts with the deep, deep V neck, surrounded by a collar, that is typical of him; the jacket is straight in back, and stitching arches over the diaphragm in front. The sleeves of another, done in lacy blue tweed, end, to the surprise of all, in cuffs just south of the elbows. (They like bead bibs here better than blouses to fill in that V.) Everyone in town, including Bonwit, is admiring of the vivid topcoats turned out by Zuckerman, Originala, Raelson, and the like; Bonwit also exhibits one by Marquise. It's a huge brown, tan, black, and white plaid, which is worked both straight and diagonally, and there are diamond-shaped pockets on the chest. Among the loudest toppers is Gershel's, of wool in a big navy-and-white check, which tapers down to a point a trifle past the hips. And Pattullo has sent along eminently wearable clothes. A suit of navy wool has three grosgrain bands, with a bow in the center, across the back of its straight jacket, and another band goes above the rear kick pleat of the skirt. A particularly nice two-piece overblouse dress is of vertically ribbed navy wool, and its matching skirt is straight. Another overblouse of this simple type comes from Larry Aldrich. It's of black-and-white striped wool. Among the identification marks are a collar of white linen, tab detail at the top, and buttons down the back. (Elevator men are accustomed to zipping up career girls on their way to work; now they'll have to learn about buttons.) One of the most successful chemises here is Hulitar's sleeveless arrangement of black crêpe, with a rolled collar across the front and a panel floating in back from neck to hem. Nettie Rosenstein's dressy ensemble starts with a sack of taupe-and-brown printed silk crêpe. Over this goes a straight coat of beige tweed, with a pleat at each side of the back in panel effect.

LORD & TAYLOR teems with Traina-Norells. In the chemise collection is a sleeveless jumper dress with a deep V neck and made of a black or navy novelty wool heavy enough for a coat. A blouse of white silk with long, cuffed

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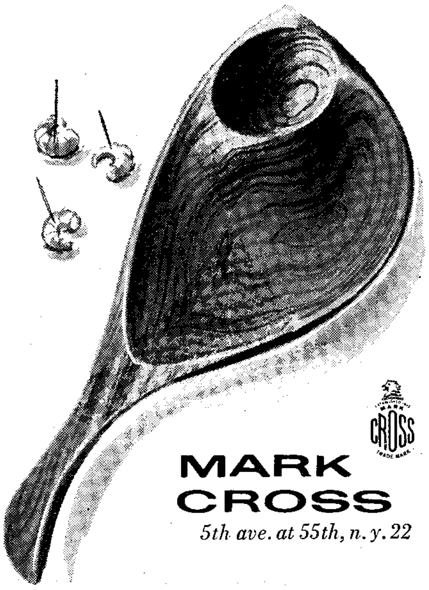

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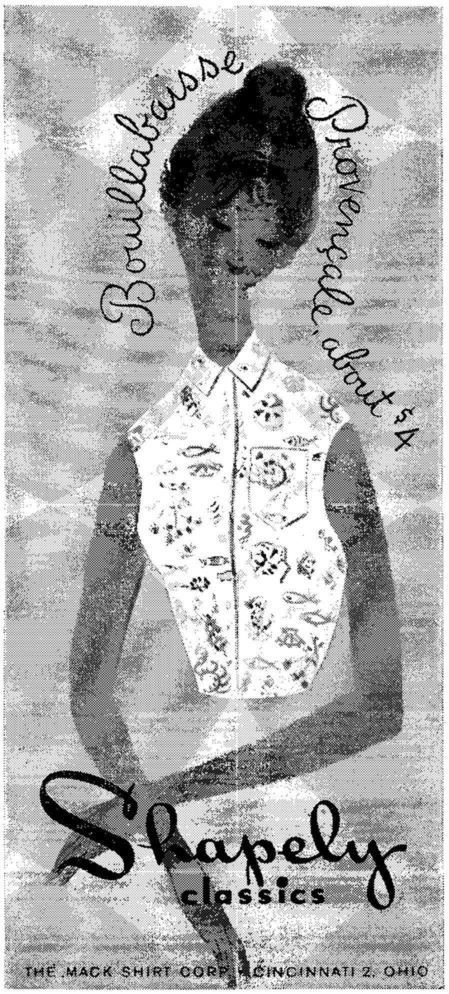
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sleeves goes inside it. This outfit has the sort of sophistication that really young girls might consider too childish. There's a promise that it will appear in linen for summer. Traina-Norell's dress of black jersey is shirred on a deep yoke and curls under, harem style, at the hem. This also comes in prints, for later in the year. Galanos is plentiful around this place. His terse, Staron silk-and-wool dresses are usually semifitted, and buttons go down the back. A short-sleeved one has a grosgrain side belt at the top of the hips, above the gathered skirt; a sleeveless one, with a surplice camisole front, has buttons down the skirt, and there is slight fullness on the hips. A low grosgrain belt finishes it off. There is nothing ingenuous about any of these clothes, or about their fabrics, either.

THOSE bright, insistent coats are at Saks, too, all right, but the establishment is proudest of its coats of vicuña (at $299.95—and you know what a vicuña coat usually runs to). They come in six colors, including burnt orange and mango (a pale caramel) as well as more conventional hues. For dressing up, there's a Dior dance dress (green roses printed on black chiffon; you've no idea what roses are up to these days) that hovers between chemise and sheath in cut. To get that deep, bloused look in back, a cowl collar descends from the neck to well down on the buttocks. Among the ready-to-wears that Sophie has contrived for Saks is a charming costume of slubbed beige silk. It's typical Sophie—a short-sleeved dress with a collar of white piqué and cuffs that are adorned with saw-toothed edging, plus a coat that is straight and collarless, which makes the collar of the dress do double duty. Another dress, of heavy Pesante, has a front zipper and a high bolero fold across the back above a floating panel. The formal white chiffons suggest ancient Greece. The bodice is all crossed folds, like the Winged Victory; a scarf at the back of one shoulder sweeps at the slightest breeze if you choose not to wrap it. The wide, high-riding belt of black velvet is decorated with roses in back.

CHEMISE-AND-SHEATH coexistence is the theme at Jay Thorpe, and the result is a great number of wearable "little" dresses of black crêpe. Kunel's is just about right—nothing much to it except the hemstitching that comes down from the shoulders in front and then goes off to the ribs at right angles. Buttons descend from the round collar

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to the hem, and a contour belt is available if you don't want the dress to be a chemise. Rentner's is of the same type. It has an overcollar of white linen, a low yoke, and an apology for a rippled flounce (less than four inches deep) at the hem. As for bloused effects, Blotta is highly successful in a semifitted dress of black Italian silk. A detachable collar of crushed and folded white organdie goes wide around the neck, slipping through a vertical strip of the silk, front and back, that not only anchors it when it's in action but quickly releases it for laundering. This dress is a raving, tearing beauty. Jane Derby helps the black crêpe dress along with a sample that has an oval neck, cap sleeves, and a side self bow at hip level to break any severity in line. (It's $125, a merciful price for Derby's brand of devious simplicity.) Edith Small offers a collarless dress of charcoal silk linen with a curved surplice line on the chest and buttons down the semifitted front; the back is bloused. Over this goes a short cutaway jacket of black-and-white checked wool.

THEY look pained when anyone mentions sacks at Rosette Pennington, but again the customers are enthusiastic about the hip-length middy that Dior-New York and Zuckerman do so well. An overblouse of this type, in lime linen, is involved in a fine Vera Maxwell ensemble. A tie across the rear of the blouse enables you to nip it in, and a skirt and a straight coat, which is slit up to the hips in back, complete the outfit, which is of primrose tweed. Adele Simpson has delivered one of the knockout blows of the season, which you'll see here and elsewhere. Its boxy red wool jacket comes to the waist, and there's antic pocket detail above its hem; the overblouse and lining are of a navy-and-white polka-dot silk. The blouse is casually fitted, the navy wool skirt is straight. The three pieces are $185. For cocktail time, Pennington shows dresses with fat, rounded skirts, many of them by Scaasi. And Mollie Parnis has brought forth a gracious thing of black silk in a small carnation print. It has cap sleeves, a soft surplice closing, and a skirt of soft, unpressed pleats that is rounded even if you follow Pennington's advice and ignore its crinoline.

MIMI TUTHILL's little shop has more merchandise than is believable. Lots of wearable dress-and-jacket silk costumes, infinitely useful the year around, are here. A good one is Adele Simpson's navy costume with a taffeta

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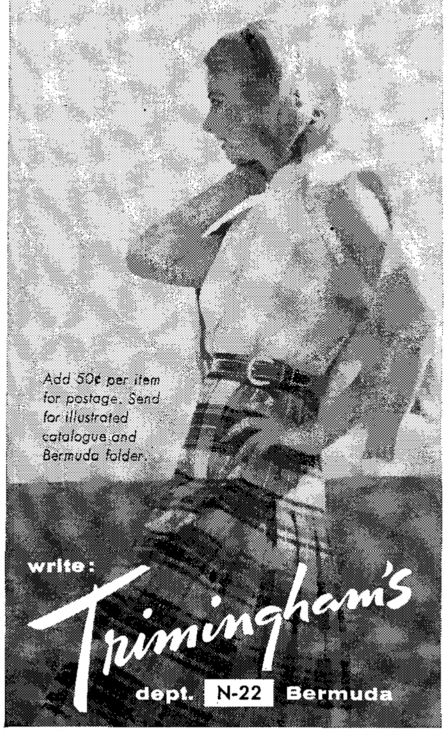

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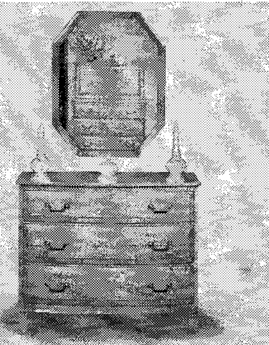

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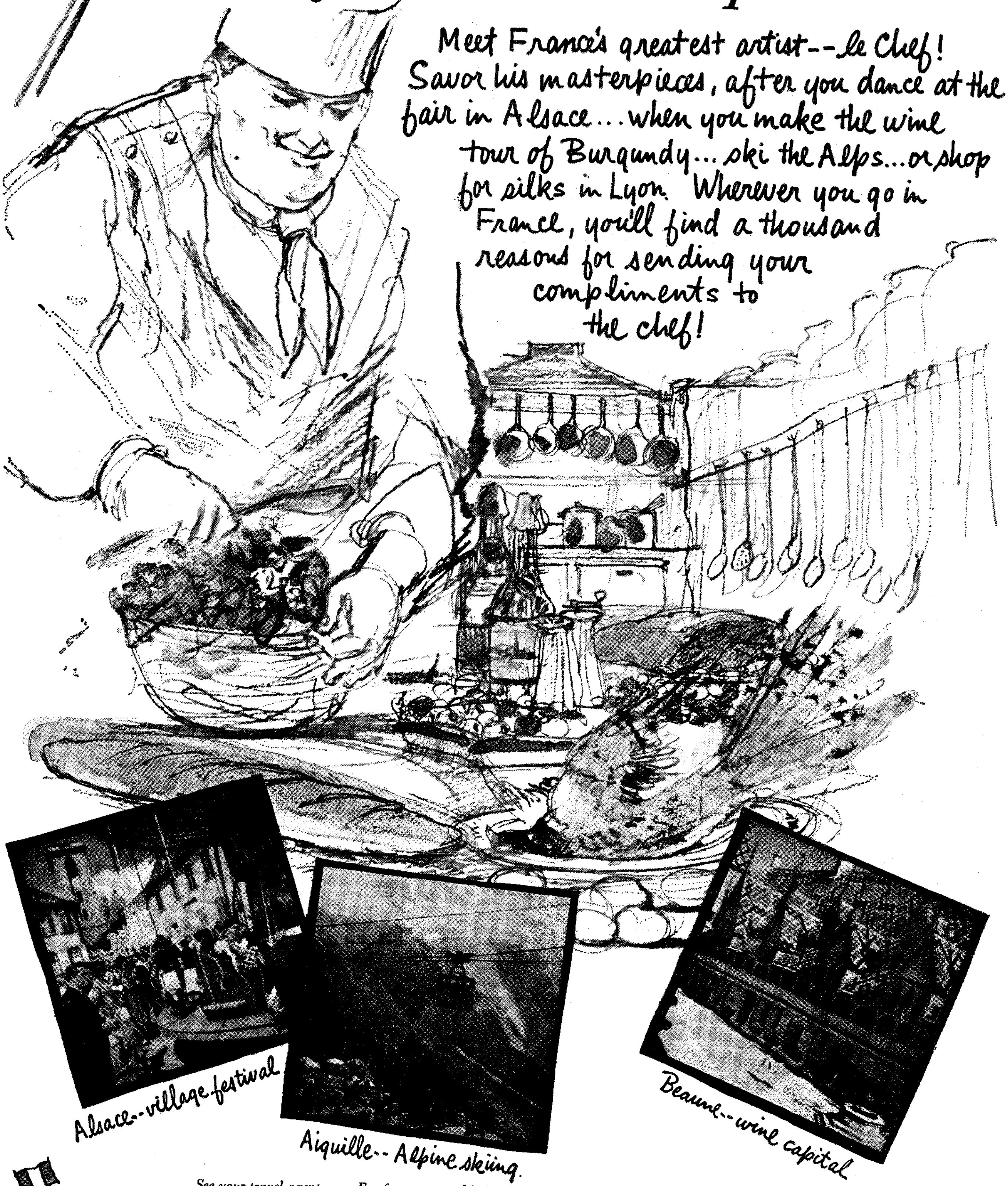

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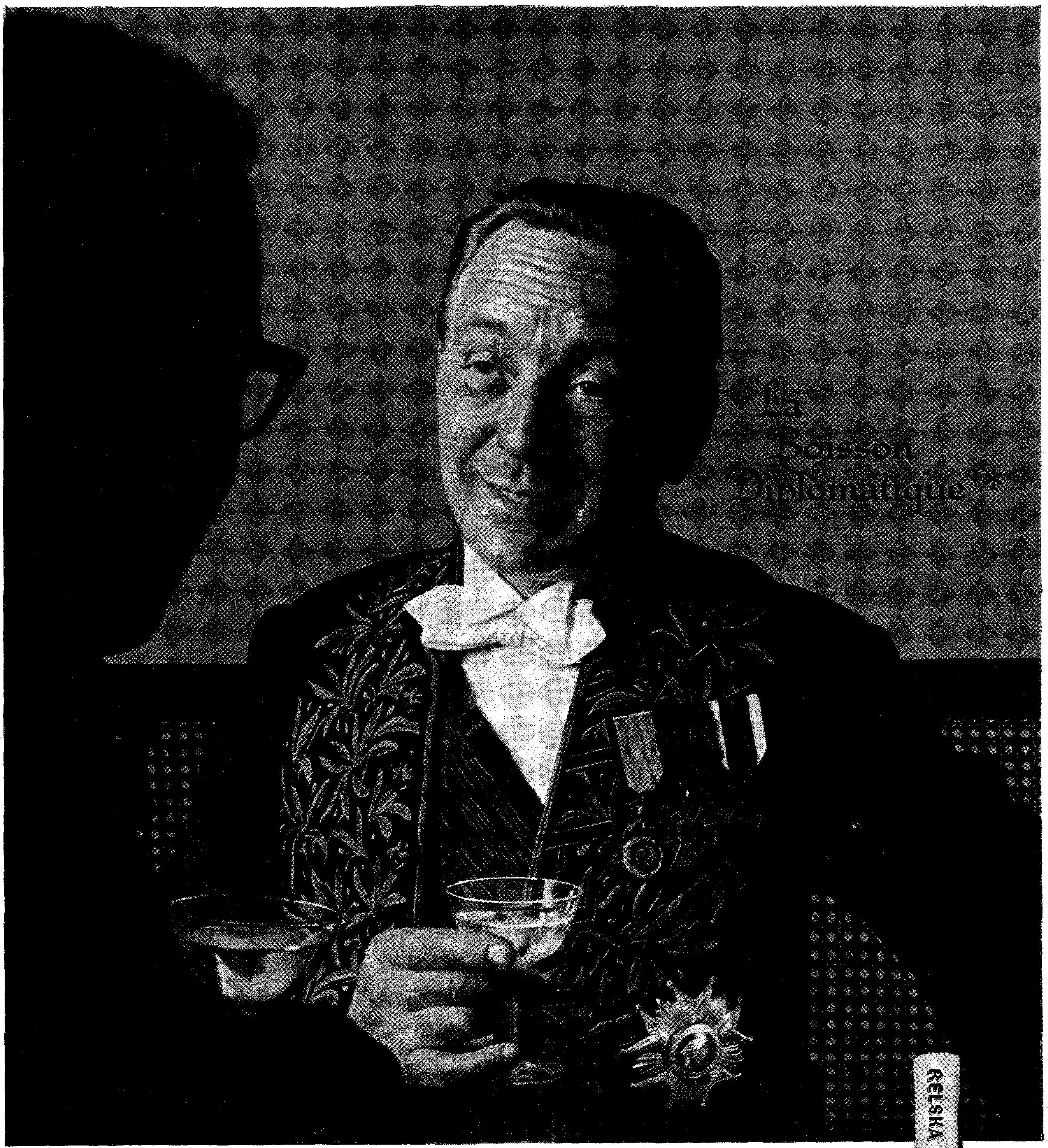
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top and an attached wool skirt; the jacket, of the wool, is hipbone length, and a band and a bow of the taffeta occur two inches above the hem without indenting it at all. A charming Simpson costume is of silk printed in hyacinths and sapphire blues and leaf greens. Its sleeveless dress has a U neck, and the jacket hangs to the hipbone. Scaasi, to prove that he can make a simple black crêpe dress as well as extravaganzas, is represented here (and plenty of other places) by a lightly molded one with a fold emerging from the right hip and ascending to a bow at the left of the deep, square neckline. In the collection of dressier fare is Pattullo's sheath of black satin with a blue flower pattern all over it. This has an oval neck, a shallow yoke, and a seven-inch hem of black satin. And among the really formal clothes, chiffon and an Empire line reign. Rosalie Macrini has made a beauty of cocoa ombré with off-white satin through the middle. The draped, strapless top has one satin and one chiffon panel floating down from the top of the décolletage in back or else tossed around the shoulders or else dipped in the punch, if you don't watch out. This one, in the vernacular, is to dream.

—Lois Long

•

OUR HUNGRY LEGISLATORS

[*House Resolution 472, offered by Mr. Carroll D. Kearns, of Pennsylvania*]

Resolved, That in carrying out his functions with respect to the House of Representatives restaurant, and branches thereof now or hereafter established, pursuant to section 208 of the First Supplemental Civil Functions Appropriation Act, 1941 (40 U.S.C. 174k), the Architect of the Capitol shall provide that potato soup, prepared in accordance with the recipe set forth in section 2 of this resolution, shall be served as often as possible in such restaurant and branches.

Sec. 2. The potato soup referred to in the first section of this resolution shall be prepared in accordance with the proportions and in the manner set forth in the following recipe designed for a serving for six persons:

Cut into cubes four medium potatoes.

Add one cup chopped celery, one-half cup chopped onions and one diced carrot.

Add water, with two teaspoons salt, to cover the vegetables and cook until tender.

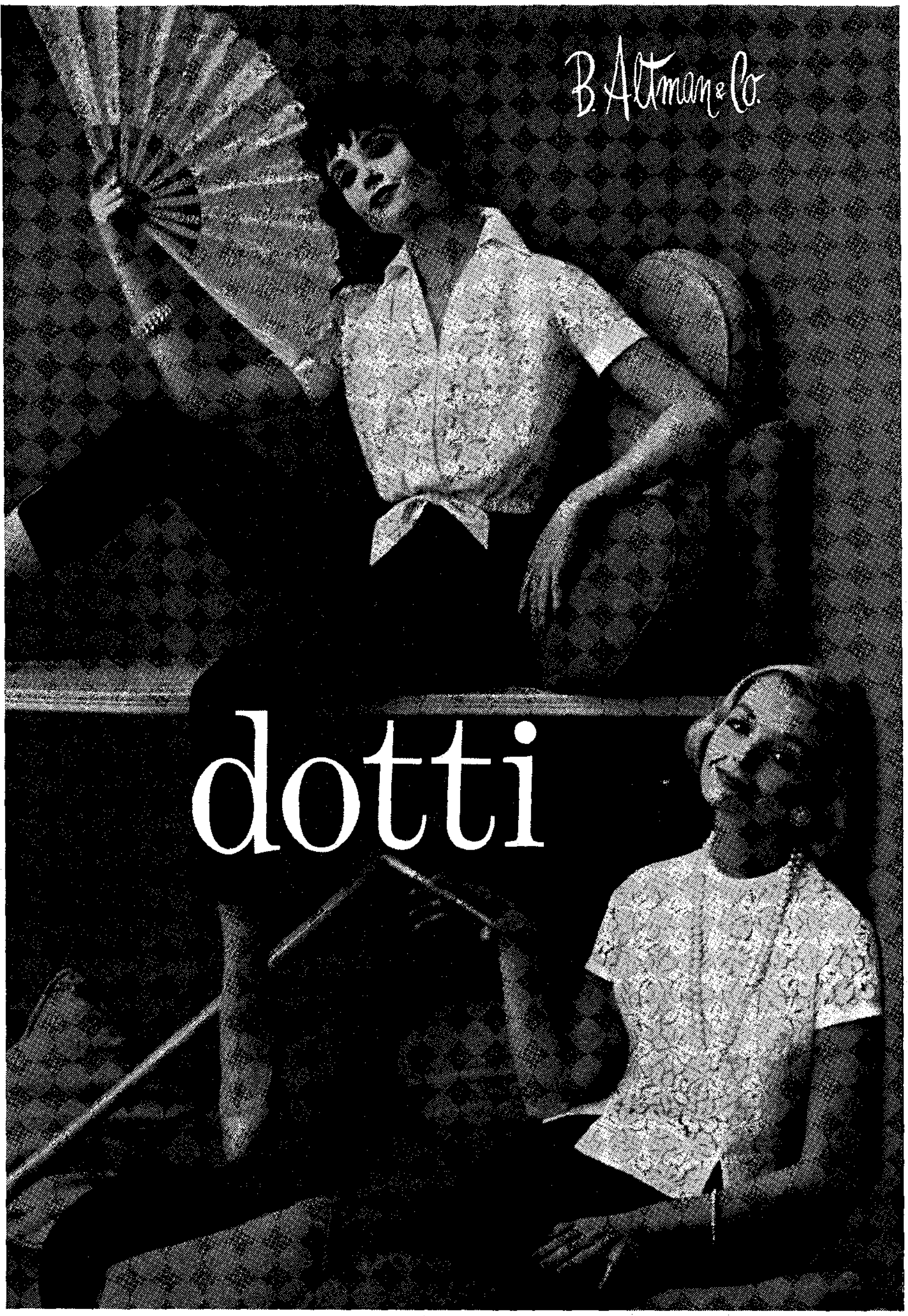
Add two tablespoons butter.

To this, add one quart milk (scalded), two tablespoons chopped parsley, one tablespoon chopped pimiento, and add salt and pepper to taste.

Take two eggs, two tablespoons cold water, a pinch of salt. Stir together, adding just enough flour to make a soft dough.

Place dough on flat plate, and with a spoon pinch off small amounts into the soup.

More milk may be added, if desired.



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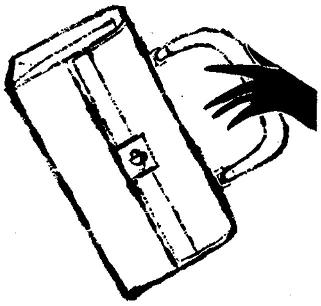

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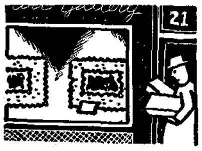

BY a fairly rare coincidence, three Europeans, all well established in their own countries, are having their first solo exhibitions here. Two—the French abstractionist Edouard Pignon and the Italian sculptor Mario Negri—are contemporaries. But the third, the German painter Paula Modersohn-Becker, at the St.-Etienne, died in 1907, and since for some time she has been recognized as one of the founders of the Expressionist movement, it is odd that she has attracted so little attention here.

Perhaps one reason is that from all accounts she was a shy, indrawn, solitary woman, not at all the sort to push herself toward prominence. She died young, at the age of thirty-one, and though she was a key figure in the tiny colony of "modernist" rebels at Worpswede, in the North German moorlands near Bremen, she was always under the shadow of its more notable members, such as the now nearly forgotten Fritz Mackensen, Heinrich Vogeler, and Otto Modersohn, her own husband.

Worse than that, as far as her chances of contemporary recognition were concerned, Modersohn-Becker was not so much a founder of Expressionism as she was a precursor, and so in a sense ahead of her time from the start. The Worpswede group advocated a break with the classical styles then in vogue and a return to a more earthy but still predominantly sentimental realism, derived from the Swiss Arnold Boecklin and the French Courbet and Millet. She went further, simplifying and broadening her forms and making steadily bolder use of color, and as a result her work must have seemed crude and rough indeed in contrast with the more elaborately planned, more "finished" paintings of the others. She died almost unknown, and remained so until the Expressionists, discovering their kinship with her, revived her; with the current resurgence of interest in these men—Nolde, Macke, Kirchner, and so on, now also dead—the importance of her position in the development of modern German painting has been recognized even more widely.

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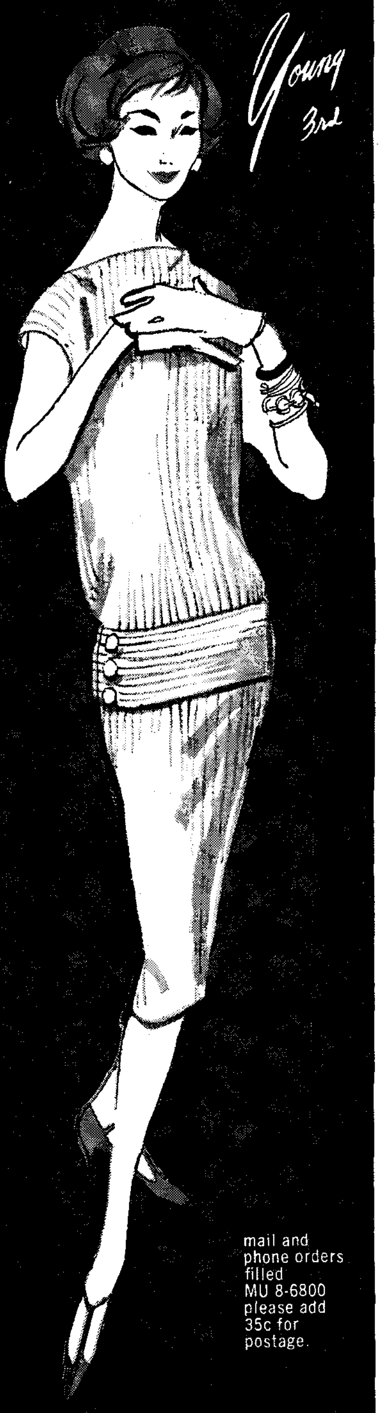

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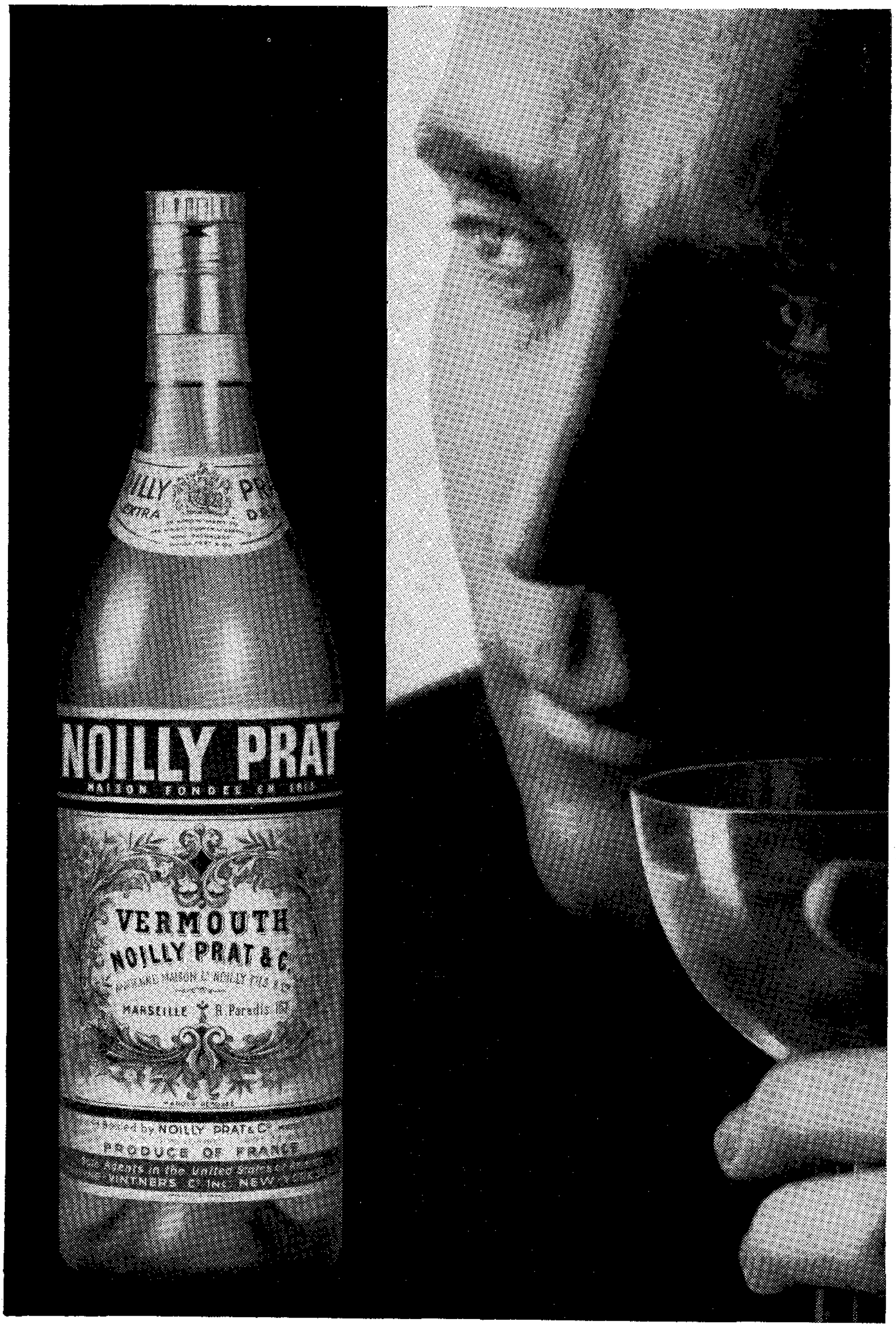
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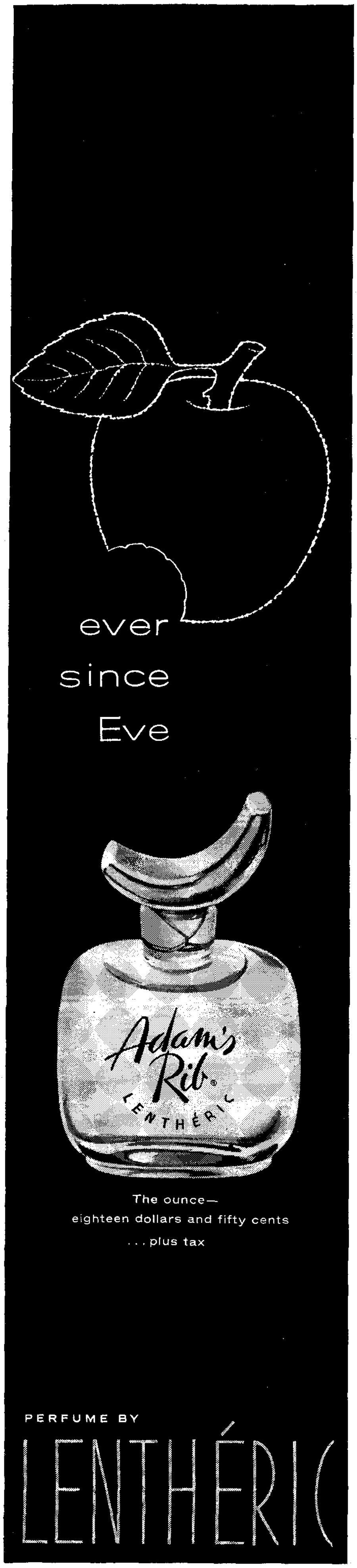

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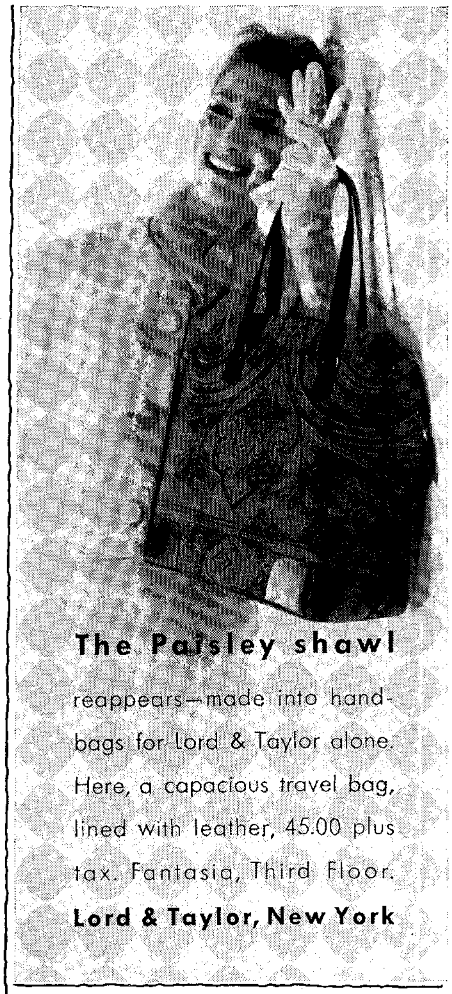
deserved one, for in spite of her short life and small production she reveals herself, in the current show, as a fully mature artist, with great strength and originality of perception. To be sure, there are influences. Cézanne, I should say, appears in one of the earliest pieces, "Still Life with Fruit and Flowers," which is markedly more carefully executed, in both texture and design, than the ones that follow. (She had seen some Cézannes, it seems, in Paris in 1900, and had been much taken with them.) There are traces of Gauguin and van Gogh, too—for instance, in "Peasant Woman, Two Children and Goat" and "Two Children and Birch Trees"—whose work she also saw later in Paris.

But none of these influences is obtrusive, and in the main her paintings have an individuality and a depth of true emotional expressiveness that are remarkable. Perhaps because she died so young, or because of her unassuming nature, her work is mostly on a small scale, the subjects simple and the treatment direct and uncomplicated. But this only adds to its winningness, and there's a warmth running through it—a true sense of womanliness, which allies it to that of Mary Cassatt—that increases its charm. I liked especially her study of three wonderfully scrawny young bathers called "Three Nude Boys in River Landscape," the cool, springlike "Cattle Grazing in Birch Wood," and the pensive "Woman Between Birches," as well as the tender "Girl with Daisy" and the masterly portrait of a tight-bodiced, waddling peasant woman called "Armenhaeuslerin." *It's a distinguished showing.*

EDOUARD PIGNON, at the Perls, is a member of that generation of French artists whose careers were hampered at the start by the last war and the Occupation, and then were overshadowed by those modern Old Masters Braque, Picasso, and, till recently, Léger, Matisse, and Rouault. For all that, Pignon's reputation has risen steadily, until he is solidly established as one of the top men in the contemporary French school, and the fact that until now he has never had a full-scale exhibition here is just one of those minor mysteries the art world abounds in. Under the circumstances, it would have been instructive if the affair had been given a more retrospective flavor. As it is, the collection is focussed almost entirely on Pignon's last year's production, with only a scant handful of other pieces to suggest his development. One,



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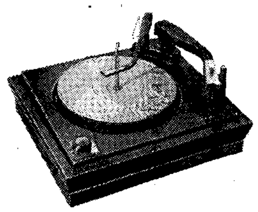

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"Table Bleue à l'Enfant," dated 1944, shows him working in a mode of semi-abstract simplifications that reminded me of Marcoussis, and he seems to have wavered for some time between the abstract approach (as in "Ostende") and the more representational ("Le Mineur"). As I recall his work, it wasn't until six or seven years ago, when he turned to landscape painting more or less exclusively—and became a close friend and part disciple of Picasso—that he really struck his stride, but from then on his attack has grown ever more confident and authoritative. Oddly, Picasso is not his main influence. Graham Sutherland is the man one thinks of first, and though there's probably no direct relation, there are obvious similarities between both their brisk, calligraphic approaches and the bristly angularities of their line. In Pignon's case, the method is well adapted to the steep, rugged hills and bushy-branched olive trees of the Provençal regions he principally paints, and since he has a fine feeling for formal balance and an exultant compositional verve, many of his paintings are truly impressive, and on a grandiose scale that is seldom attempted nowadays. I'd cite, among many others, "La Ferme aux Oliviers Morts" and the sharply outlined "La Colline de Bandol."

THE sculptor Negri, at the Borgenicht, is as suave and restrained as Pignon is brusque and emotional. He works almost entirely in bronze, and his figures are small, for the most part—some, like "Leonidas" and the tiny, exquisite study of a seated woman called "Solitude," approach the minuscule—but he is equally at ease with larger subjects, as his life-size bust "Large Portrait," among others, amply proves. To judge by such pieces as his standing figure "Vertical" and the semi-Surrealist "Figures on the Pier," he has studied Giacometti's early sculptures and some of the archaic Greek figurines. But the influences are well absorbed, and he has a feeling for sculptural balance and deft attenuations that gives his work considerable individuality. I liked most the smoothly simplified nude called "Small Stele," the slim, graceful "Woman," and the more massive torso called "Erma." —ROBERT M. COATES

•

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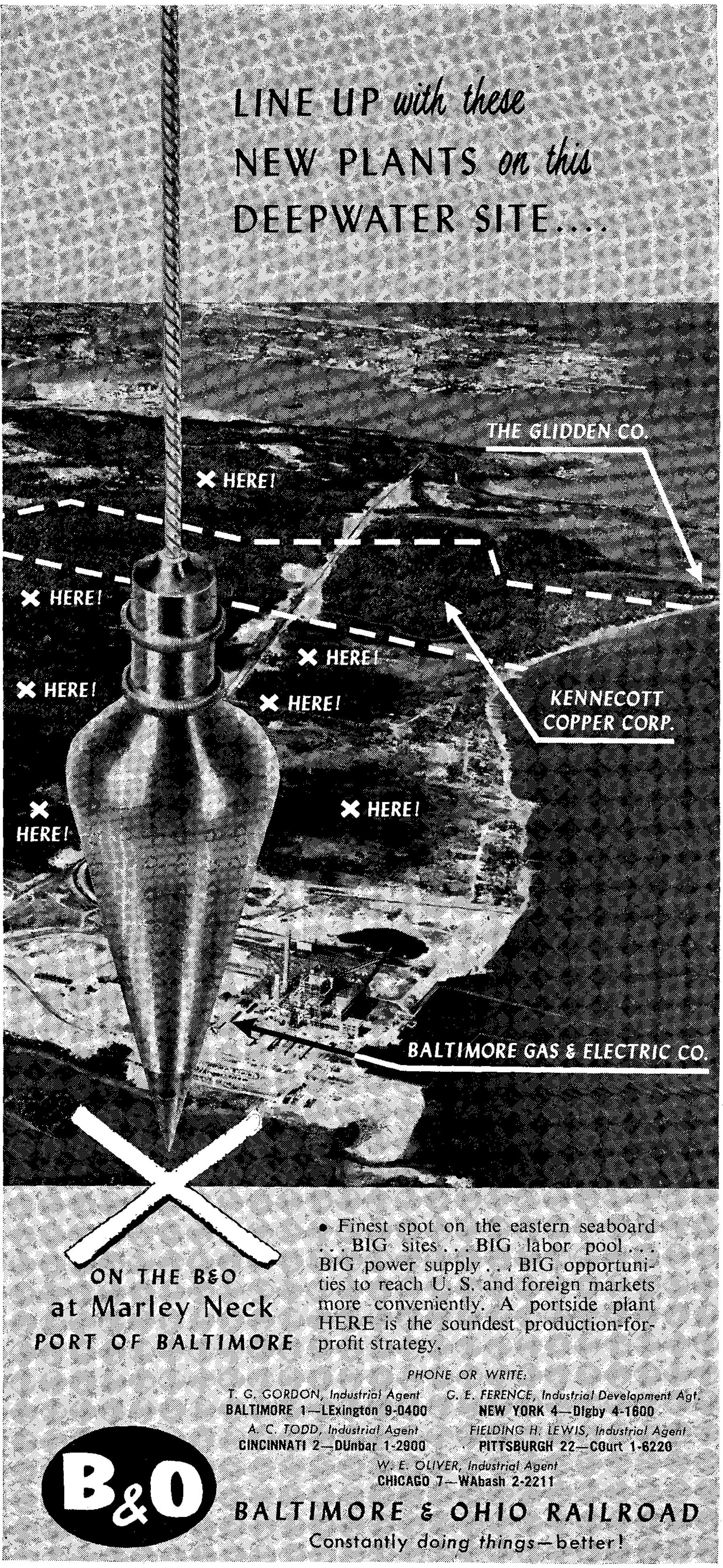

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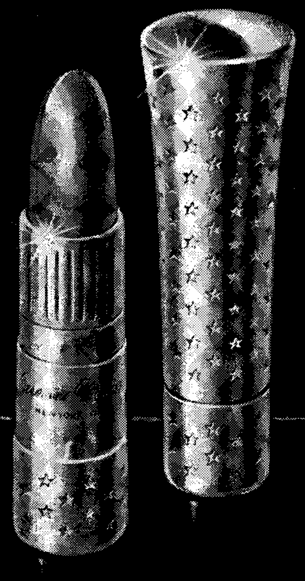

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ANOTHER LANGUAGE

SOME people maintain that half the pleasure of travelling abroad lies in being able to speak the language of the country you're visiting. For my part, I've always found it possible to get along agreeably enough with a few basic words and phrases. In fact, I can think of one instance in which my linguistic ineptness was actually an advantage, because if I had been able to speak the language, the experience I had would never have taken place.

This happened a few years ago, when I had been in Naples for about a week. The morning of the last day I planned to spend there—a Sunday in early May—was so warm and bright that I abandoned my original plan of visiting the city museum in favor of a steamer ride to the island of Ischia. I dressed hurriedly, left my hotel without eating breakfast, and walked about ten blocks to the Molo Beverello, the wharf where the boats docked. A *vaporetto*, loaded down with passengers, was on the point of leaving when I arrived, and, hastily buying a ticket, I rushed aboard just as the gate was closing.

Three-quarters of an hour went by, in the course of which I explored the crowded boat as much as possible, and then a bit of land came into view in the distance. I started edging my way forward in order to be among the first to get off. As the island we drew near began to take shape, I was disappointed to see that it wasn't particularly attractive, but I recalled that the most beautiful side of Capri was the side opposite the one where the boat came in, and I hoped that the same would be true of Ischia. Within half an hour, we had entered the harbor and were pulling close to the wharf, beyond which a large, stone-paved village square stretched back to a row of dingy stone buildings, facing the water. Their walls, at one time pink or mustard-colored, had faded to an almost nondescript hue, and were covered with splotches where the paint had peeled. In the middle of the square, a dust-covered bus was standing, apparently waiting for passengers from the boat. It was a vehicle of ancient vintage, with a high roof that sagged in the middle, and a capacity of, at the very most, about twenty persons. Noticing this, I was glad that I had gone forward. When the gangplank was lowered and the gate opened, I ran ashore and, hurrying over to the bus, got in and sat down near the rear. Only five other people, plainly not tourists, boarded the bus after me, and I looked back toward the boat, wondering what had become of the other passengers. Then I realized that the five people and I were the only ones who had disembarked. The *vaporetto*, still crammed with passengers, was pulling away from the landing place—no doubt, I thought glumly, on its way to the island of Ischia.

Before I could decide what to do, the bus started up with a great roar, shuddered violently, and then rattled across the square toward a road leading out of the village. I ran down the aisle to the driver—a stocky man in his thirties, wearing a red-and-white striped shirt open at the collar and a battered leather cap pulled low on his forehead. He had a bristling black mustache, out of all proportion to his features, and at first glance his face seemed all cap and mustache.

"Where is the bus going?" I asked him, in English, trying to make myself heard above the noise of the motor.

He looked at me blankly, and grappled with the wheel as the bus lurched around a corner.

"I want to get out," I said, pointing to the door. "Let me out."

The driver spoke angrily in Italian, and pushed down harder on the gas. We had left the village by now, and were going up a winding road lined with vineyards. Trying to keep my balance as the bus bounced about, I fished through my pockets for the Italian phrase book I usually carried with me. The search was useless; in my hurry to leave the hotel, I had forgotten to bring the book along.

I turned to the other passengers—three middle-aged men, and an old woman with a little girl. "Do any of you speak English?" I shouted. They stared at me as blankly as the driver had. "*Inglese?*" I said. "*Inglese?*" There was no response for a moment; then one of the men shook his head.

I decided to try the driver again. Leaning toward him, I pointed to the road ahead. "Ischia?" I asked. He shook his head; the island we were on was definitely not Ischia. "I," I said,

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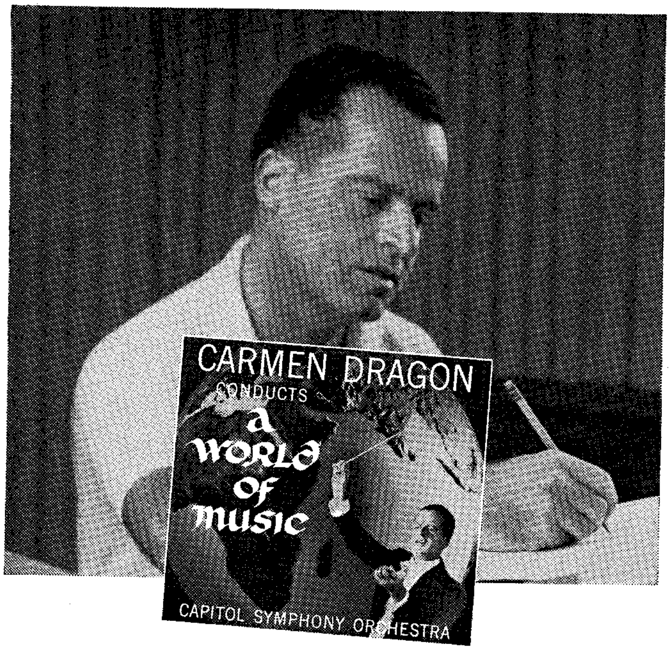
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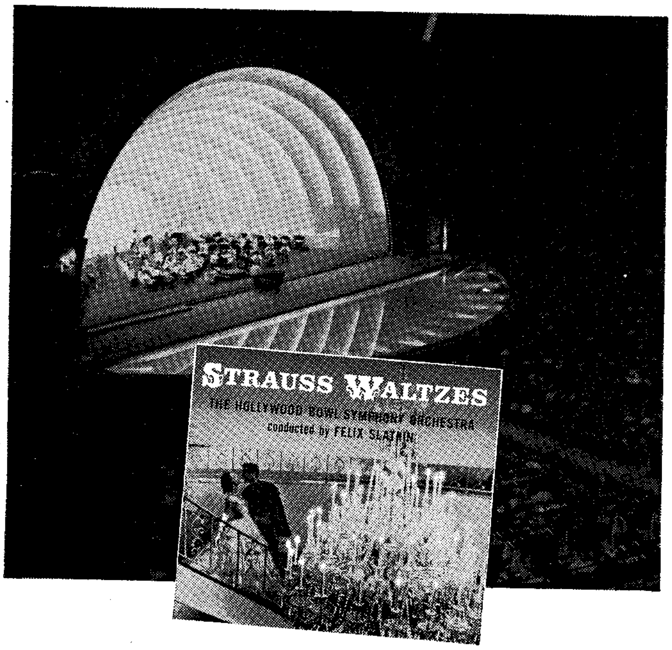
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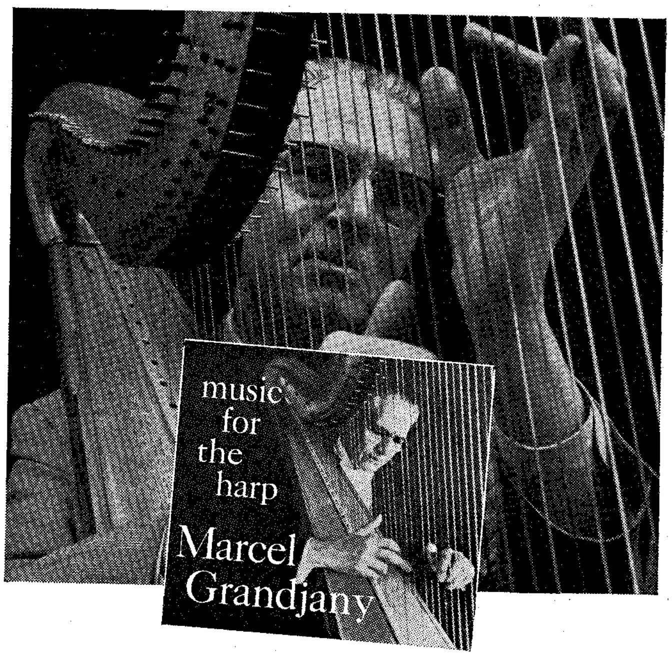
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tapping my chest with a forefinger. "Ischia."

The driver glanced at me with raised eyebrows, then let loose a stream of Italian. As he finished speaking, he made a circular gesture with one hand—his way, I assumed, of telling me that the bus would come back to the landing place after it had dropped off its passengers. This seemed reasonable enough. The boat had already gone, so there was no point in getting out now, even if I could, and by the time the bus returned to the square, another boat would probably have arrived. In the meantime, I'd have a tour of the island, whatever its name was.

I went back to my seat, and settled down to enjoy the ride. The fact that I didn't know where I was, or where I was going, no longer seemed important. I had done what I could; there was nothing to do now but wait. We passed more vineyards and a long grove of fragrant lemon trees, and then stopped at a crossroad at the top of a hill. The old woman and the little girl left the bus. A few miles farther on, at a tiny village consisting of no more than a dozen buildings, two of the men got out. We rode on for ten minutes more before the bus stopped again, this time at a road leading down to a white-painted villa at the water's edge. Here the third man, the only passenger besides me, got out.

Before starting off once more, the driver looked back at me. I smiled, to let him know that everything was all right; he could go back to the harbor whenever he was ready. He asked me a question. I replied with the only pertinent thing I could say: "Ischia." Again he spoke. "Ischia," I said.

He raised his hands in a helpless gesture and turned back to the wheel. We rode on, rounding a point that overlooked the water, and then, swinging inland, we began a long, twisting climb up a narrow dirt road that was more a pathway than a thoroughfare for vehicles. The bus choked and sputtered, but it somehow kept going until it reached a small plateau, where the road ended abruptly. The driver brought the bus to a halt beside a low stone wall surrounding a house. The house was of a dirty yellowish color, and was partially obscured by thick clusters of wisteria, which hung limply from little balconies outside two upstairs windows. The yard between the wall and the house was dust-dry and bare of grass; a gnarled umbrella-pine tree in the center provided a small oasis of shade.

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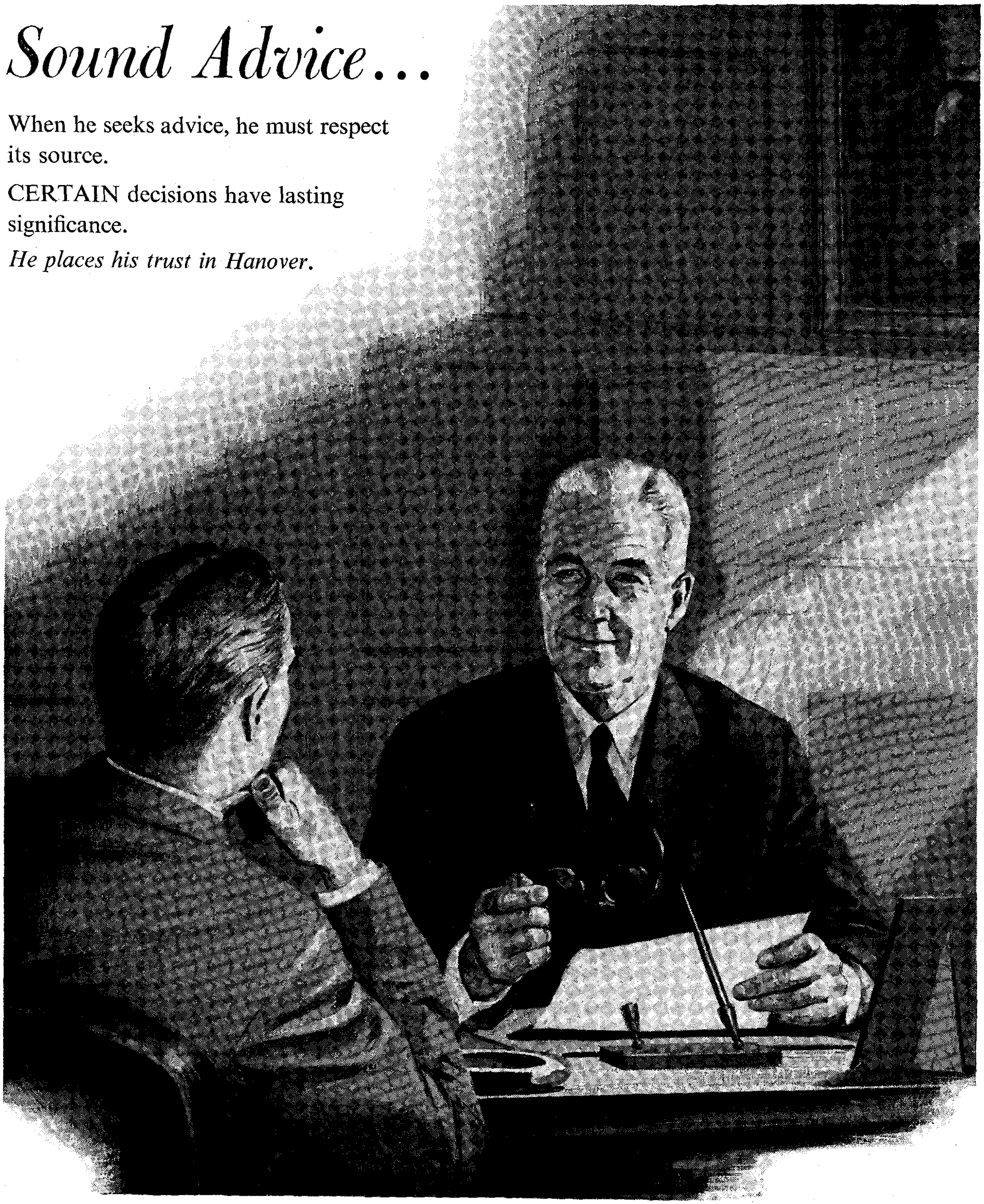

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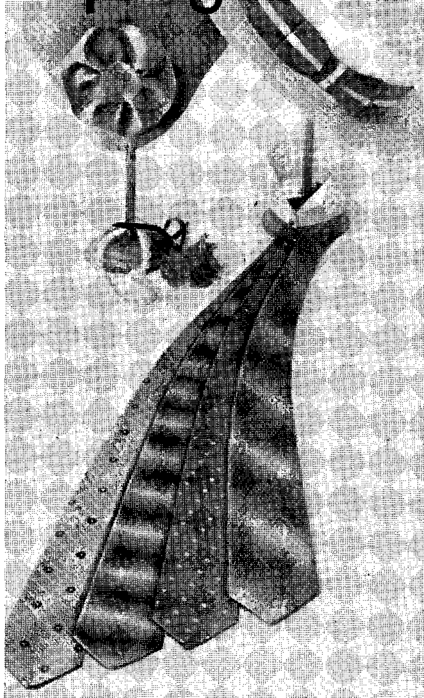

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got out of his seat and turned to me. "*Mangiare*," he said brusquely and, without waiting for me to speak, jumped out of the bus and went into the house. "*Mangiare*," I remembered, meant "eat," and with that a pang of hunger reminded me I hadn't had any breakfast. The driver wouldn't be too long with his meal, I hoped, and then we could get back to the harbor.

I sat where I was, drowsily trying to decide whether I should stay there or leave the bus and walk around. I looked out the window. A small terraced orchard stretched down a slope away from the house, and farther on a thick patch of green woods shimmered in the sunlight. As far as I could tell, there were no other houses in the area. Everything seemed to bulge with warmth and brightness in the noonday atmosphere, and flies buzzed noisily against the panes of the few bus windows that had not been opened. From a church in the distance, bells tolled, while guns, presumably of hunters, going off in the woods provided intermittent accompaniment. The two sounds should have contradicted each other, but they blended somehow into a peaceful harmony.

MY eyes closed, and I had almost fallen asleep when I was aroused by a loud rapping on the window beside me. I looked out to see a woman smiling up at me. She was about thirty years old and buxom, with sleek black hair drawn back in an untidy bun, and gold-capped teeth that caught the sun. She had on a torn black dress. Seeing that I was awake, she motioned to me to come out. I got up, and as I walked toward the front of the bus, she ran to the door and stood there waiting for me.

"*Buon giorno*," she said. "*Mangiare?*"

"*Inglese?*" I asked. She shook her head. I tried to make her understand that I wanted to return to the harbor to catch the next boat. "Ischia," I said, pointing first at myself, then in the general direction of the harbor.

"*Si, si*," she said, smiling brightly. "*Mangiare*." She made the outline of a table with her hands, and went through the motions of eating. "*Mangiare*."

"*Si*," I said.

"Ischia," she said, pointing where I had pointed. "*Mangiare* . . . Ischia." Again she outlined a table with her hands, went through the motions of eating, and pointed in the direction of the harbor. This graceful pantomime, executed with a friendly smile and all

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the precision of a movement from a ballet, was hard to resist.

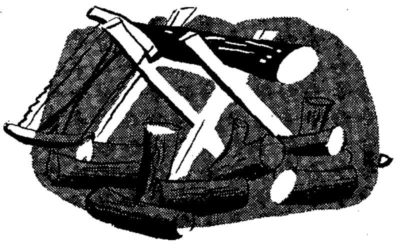
"*Si, si,*" I said. "*Grazie.*"

The woman turned and walked toward the house, looking back once or twice to make sure that I was following her. The inside of the house had an almost well-like coolness, and smelled of garlic and mimosa. We went through a narrow hallway to the rear and then down a short flight of steps to a large kitchen. In a windowed alcove on one side was a long table, surrounded by people who were clearly members of the family. At one end sat an old man with a deeply tanned, wrinkled face, tobacco-stained teeth, and a right eye that was half closed. At the other end sat the driver of the bus, chewing on a crust of bread and drinking wine. The sullen glance he gave me indicated that the invitation to join them hadn't been his idea; the woman who had come out to the bus was probably his wife. Three children—a boy about eleven, and two girls a few years younger—sat along the side of the table next to the window, and opposite them was a middle-aged woman, plump and dour-faced, who I guessed was the older sister of either the husband or the wife.

Without ceremony, the wife led me over to the table and, pulling out a chair next to the woman, bade me sit down. There was an awkward silence while everyone but the wife stared at me. Then the old man filled my tumbler with red wine; the noise it made pouring into the glass was the only sound in the room. For the first time since I had arrived in Italy, I felt the full impact of my inability to communicate. The old man, perhaps sensing my plight, lifted his own glass of wine, and held it toward me.

"*Salute!*" he said, his mouth opening wide in a smile.

A chorus of voices echoed the toast, and we all drank. Now everyone began talking at once, while the wife brought food to the table: a tureen containing broth with tiny bits of *pasta* in it, a second loaf of bread, and a bowl of soft white cheese. Between mouthfuls of food, the talking went on, most of it in the form of queries directed at me by the children. At last, the bus driver rapped



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on the table and spoke to them, apparently explaining that it was no use asking me questions, because I didn't understand the language. They became silent, but continued to stare at me curiously. Several times, making careful gestures, like a player acting out a word in a game of charades, I tried to find out what island I was on (I learned when I got back to Naples that it was Procida), but I only succeeded in making the family uneasy. It was difficult to do "Where am I?" in makeshift sign language without looking a little odd.

More food came after the broth—plates of spaghetti with red clam sauce, followed by a dish made of veal and some kind of shellfish, mixed with peppers and mushrooms. The bottle of wine was emptied, and another brought out. With the third glass, my discomfort at being unable to communicate dissolved, giving way to a feeling that was almost euphoric. The thought suddenly occurred to me that it didn't matter at all that I couldn't speak Italian. It wasn't necessary to know the language. What better language was there than the sharing of food and drink and pleasure together? Words were only a prop. If they had to be spoken, any words—in any language—would do. The idea began to take on a positive glow in my mind; the more I thought about it, the more wonderful it seemed. I decided to make a toast. Getting to my feet, I raised my wineglass and swung it in an arc from the old man at one end of the table, past the children, to the bus driver and his wife at the other, and ended with the dour-faced woman beside me. "*Grazie*," I said. "From the bottom of my heart, I thank you." Then, as an afterthought, I added "*Viva Italia!*" and, with a flourish, downed the glass of wine.

There were cries of "Bravo!" and some hand clapping, and the bus driver, smiling for the first time, responded by draining his glass. The cheers that followed were broken by the old man's tapping loudly on his plate with a spoon. When everyone was silent, he struggled to his feet, stood for a moment wetting his lips, and then made a long speech. He started out firmly, lapsed for a few minutes into a hesitant, meandering phase, and at last worked up to a fine bravura climax that had his family shouting in accompaniment.

He then bowed slightly to me, left the table, and returned with what I took to be another bottle of wine. It must have been something he had put away for a special occasion, for the bus driver's face lit up when he saw it, and

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the wife commented excitedly to him and to the other woman. This woman showed her only emotion of the afternoon by raising her eyebrows and protruding her lower lip. While the wife fetched some small glasses, the old man worked the cork out with a loud pop; then he held the bottle up to his nose and sniffed gently. After an approving nod, he poured some of the contents—it was a colorless liqueur, not a wine—into one of the glasses. He tasted it, smiled with satisfaction, and then filled the other glasses, which he passed to the adults. A loud protest from the children ended with their being sent out of the kitchen by their mother. The rest of us waited for the old man to speak. He said something to the bus driver, who smiled sheepishly and got to his feet, his face flushed with wine. He grimaced, pulled at his mustache, shifted from one foot to the other, and finally spoke. Whatever it was he said came out of his mouth like a burst of gunfire—as brief and belligerent a toast as I've ever heard—and we all raised our glasses and drank. The liqueur was smooth and fiery, and evoked little murmurs of admiration from the wife. We all sat sipping it quietly, basking in the afterglow of food and drink. The old man would say something now and then, as though thinking out loud; his remarks brought no response. After the wife had emptied her glass, she spoke to the other woman, and the two of them got up and began to clear the table. The old man, the bus driver, and I each had half a glass more of the liqueur, whereupon the old man, yawning noisily, rose, mumbled something, and left the room. The two women, having taken the dishes away, disappeared completely. The bus driver stretched himself and leaned on the table, his head propped up on one hand, his eyes half closed. Soon his head slumped to the table, and he began to snore lightly. I sat for a while staring at the stained, knife-marked top of the wooden table, trying to keep awake. It was no use. My eyes began to close, and in a matter of seconds I was asleep.

SOME time later, I was awakened by a gentle tugging at my shoulder. It was the bus driver's wife. "*Signore*," she called softly. "*Signore*." With gestures, she indicated that it was time to leave. I looked at the end of the table where the bus driver had been sleeping. He was gone. Outside the window, the shadows had lengthened. I must have been asleep a couple of hours. Satisfied that I was fully awake, the wife walked briskly to the hallway; there she

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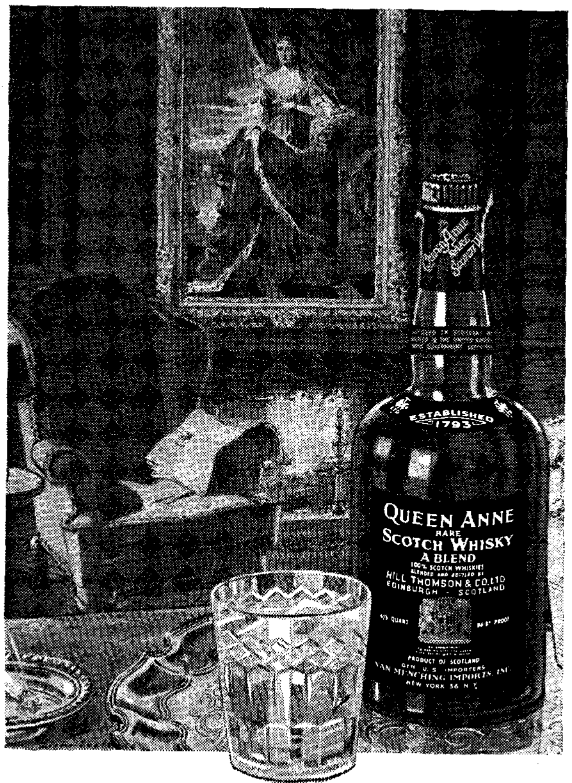
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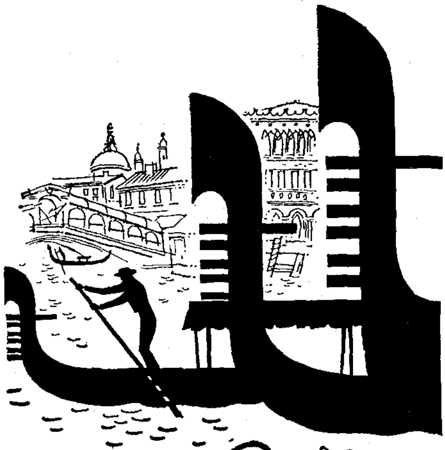

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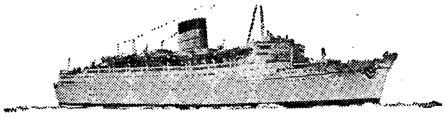

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turned and waved to me to hurry. I noticed that she had changed her clothes while I was asleep; instead of the torn black dress, she now had on a plain but freshly laundered white dress with a belt of bright-red silk. I followed her through the hall and out to the front of the house, where the bus, now turned around, was waiting with its motor running. The driver was at the wheel, his cap pulled down on his forehead, and in the first seat across the aisle from him sat the old man and the middle-aged woman. The three children were running up and down the aisle, stopping only to poke their heads out one window after another and make noises at each other. I looked at the wife. Was it possible that the whole family was going to see me off at the harbor? She held out one hand toward the bus. "Ischia," she said, and, smiling happily, she climbed aboard and settled down in the seat behind her husband.

Ischia! What with the orgy of toasts I'd been indulging in and the nap that followed, I had all but forgotten Ischia, and the name struck my ears like an echo—far away and a little unreal. It was foolish to be going there now, of course. The day was all but ended, and besides, I suddenly remembered, I was supposed to be having a farewell dinner with friends in Naples that evening and was to leave for Rome in the morning. When I returned to the harbor, instead of going on to Ischia, I would take the next boat back to Naples.

I got on the bus and sat down beside the driver's wife. We started off with a lunge, and, after an agonized screeching of gears, jolted swiftly down the hill. At the bottom, where the path joined the main road, the driver turned to the right. The harbor, I remembered, lay in the opposite direction, and I assumed that he must be returning there by a different route, perhaps completing a circle of the island. We had gone only a few miles, however, when he swung the bus onto a narrow road that led downhill to a group of houses with white-tiled rooftops gleaming in the afternoon sun—a tiny fishing village, at the mouth of a very small inlet. A single fishing boat, freshly painted a bright blue, was moored to a stone wharf. The driver stopped the bus near it, and directly in front of a faded pink house, as scabrous-walled as the buildings at the harbor. Then, with the old man and the children at his heels, he got out and walked through the front yard and around one side of the house. The other woman ambled after them. I turned to the wife, wondering what was going to happen

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now. She said something, as if trying to reassure me, and then, taking hold of my arm, she led me after the others.

In a grape arbor behind the house, about a dozen people were sitting at a table that held the remains of a meal. Leaving me at the entrance to the arbor, the bus driver's wife ran around the table, greeting one person after another, and finally pulled up a chair next to a smiling young couple at the far end. They were obviously newlyweds—I saw the young woman lift her hand to show the bus driver's wife her ring—and the dinner that had just ended had apparently been held in their honor. They had probably been married that morning, and now they were being given a brief farewell party before they started on their honeymoon.

The bus driver's wife was deep in conversation with the bridegroom when an older man, who seemed to be the bride's father, got up and gave a toast—one of several that had been given. The bridegroom blushed at the cheers and laughter that ensued, and after mumbling a few words in response, he and the girl left the table and went into the house. The bus driver's wife immediately stood up, and smiled at me with one hand raised in the air, as though she were a magician about to pull a rabbit out of a hat. The other guests, having finished their wine, got up from the table, and the driver's wife and I went along with them as they strolled from the arbor to the front of the house, where they gathered near the blue boat. The boat's engine was running, and an old fisherman with gray hair and a weather-beaten face stood leaning against the wheel, waiting patiently for his passengers. The bridal couple soon came out the front door of the house, and the bus driver's wife went over to them and led them to where I was standing. The bridegroom and I shook hands. "Ischia," he said, pointing first to the boat, then to me. Without waiting for me to say anything, he turned and helped his bride into the boat.

"Ischia!" The bus driver's wife spoke the word again, her eyes glowing with pleasure at the arrangement she had made. She held one hand toward me, watching my face closely, and then extended both hands toward the young couple, who were now sitting in the stern of the boat. They smiled and nodded, to let me know that I was welcome to come along. The old fisherman waved at me to get aboard. I looked at the bus driver's wife. How could I tell her that I wanted to go back to Naples? I pictured the involved explanation, the

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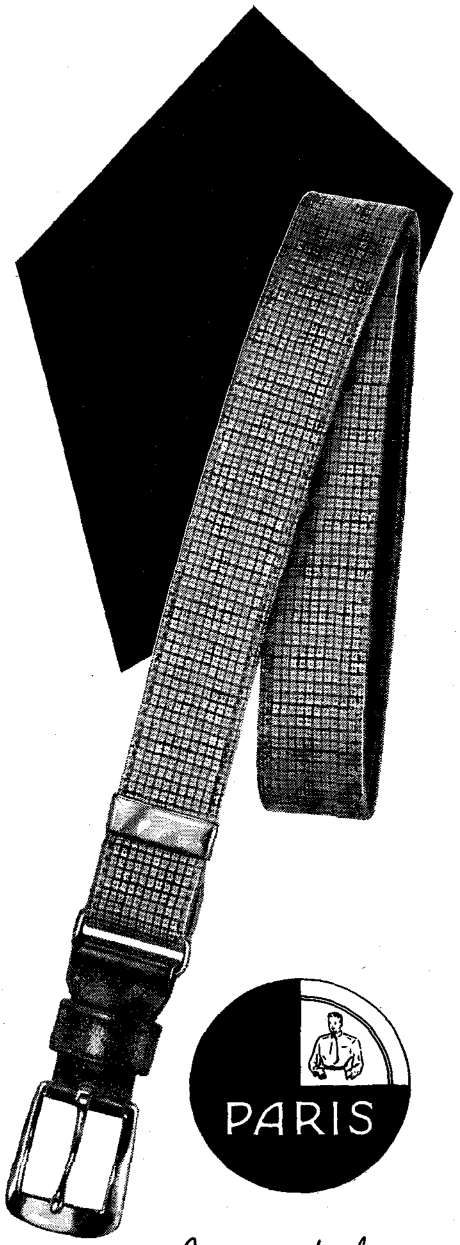

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frantic gestures accompanying it, her baffled look as she tried to understand. It would all be far too complicated, I decided, and even if I managed to make myself clear, it would only spoil everything that had happened that afternoon. A pleasant dream would turn into dismal reality. Although it meant missing the dinner and postponing my trip to Rome, I felt now that there was only one thing I could do: go on to Ischia.

The old fisherman waved to me again, and the bus driver's wife pulled at my sleeve. "*Grazie*," I said, shaking her hand. Then I stepped into the boat and sat down forward, on a wooden seat, close to the old fisherman. The mooring rope was loosened and thrown to us, and while we waved and called goodbye to the people on the wharf, the boat moved quickly and smoothly seaward. As we emerged from the inlet, the old fisherman tapped me on the shoulder and pointed toward the horizon. "Ischia," he said, smiling down at me benignly.

I smiled back at him. "*Si, si*," I said. "Ischia." —FREDERICK L. KEEFE

•

FINGERS IN THE NESTING BOX

My heart would be faithless
If ever I forgot
My farmhouse adventure
One day by the fowl run
When Phoebe (of the fringe
And the fairy-story face)
Incited me to forage
Under speckled feathers
For the first time.

Fabulous I thought it,
Fabulous and fateful
(Before familiarity
With the fond pastime
My feelings blunted),
To clasp in frightened fingers
A firm, warm, round . . .
"Phoebe, dear Phoebe,
What have I found?"

—ROBERT GRAVES

•

For that matter, Carter is not "literary" at all except by debatable courtesy.

His sole distinction was a Pulitzer award for "editorial writing" 10 years ago. This is the lowest category of the Pulitzer awards in daily journalism and it always goes to Hacks whose attitude agrees with the bigotries of the Pulitzer jurors.—*Westbrook Pegler in the Bridgeport (Conn.) Post.*

How did Carter get it if it always goes to Hacks?

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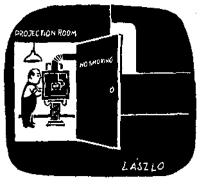
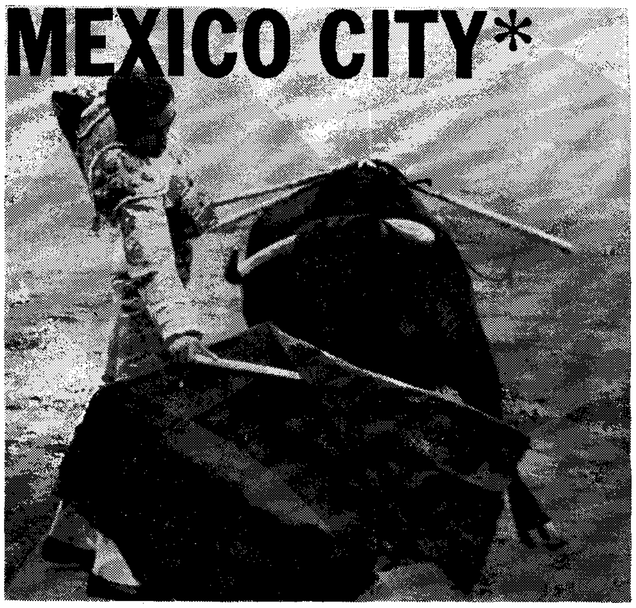


"SOUTH PACIFIC," produced by Buddy Adler, directed by Joshua Logan, and adapted for the screen by Paul Osborn, is full of technical razzle-dazzle, but it never comes anywhere near expressing the simple charm of the work from which it stems. As photographed by Leon Shamroy, who has employed a Todd-AO lens, the movie offers such things as gigantic closeups, in which the actors' faces resemble relief maps of the Andes; endless color effects to intensify the moods induced by the various songs (yellow for "Happy Talk," purple for "Younger Than Springtime," a wild assortment for "Bali Ha'i"); and many large, blurred landscapes. In keeping with the generally spectacular interpretation of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, the sound track is constantly emitting great stereophonic yawps, which destroy most of the enchantment of the score. The actors are pretty much lost in the uproar, but Juanita Hall, as Bloody Mary, does manage to make her presence warmly felt. The others prominent in the cast—Mitzi Gaynor, who plays Nellie the Nurse; Rossano Brazzi, who plays the French planter enamored of Nellie; John Kerr, who plays the young lieutenant in love with a native girl (France Nuyen); and Ray Walston, who plays the redoubtable Seabee called Billis—excite little or no emotion as they go about their humdrum chores. Adding to the other handicaps the film suffers from is Mr. Logan's persistence in spelling out scenes that were merely indicated on the stage, thus taking away a good deal of its imaginative content. I guess you might put this one down as yet another example of Hollywood's notion that size can always serve as a profitable substitute for content.

DANNY KAYE has a strenuous comic workout in "Merry Andrew," but all his efforts can't disguise the fact that the script of the thing, based on a story by Paul Gallico and written by Isobel Lennart and I. A. L. Diamond, is farfetched and laggardly. As the hero of the business, Mr. Kaye is supposed to be an English schoolmaster who, to prove that he isn't quite as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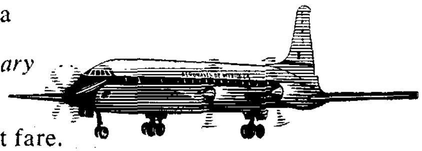

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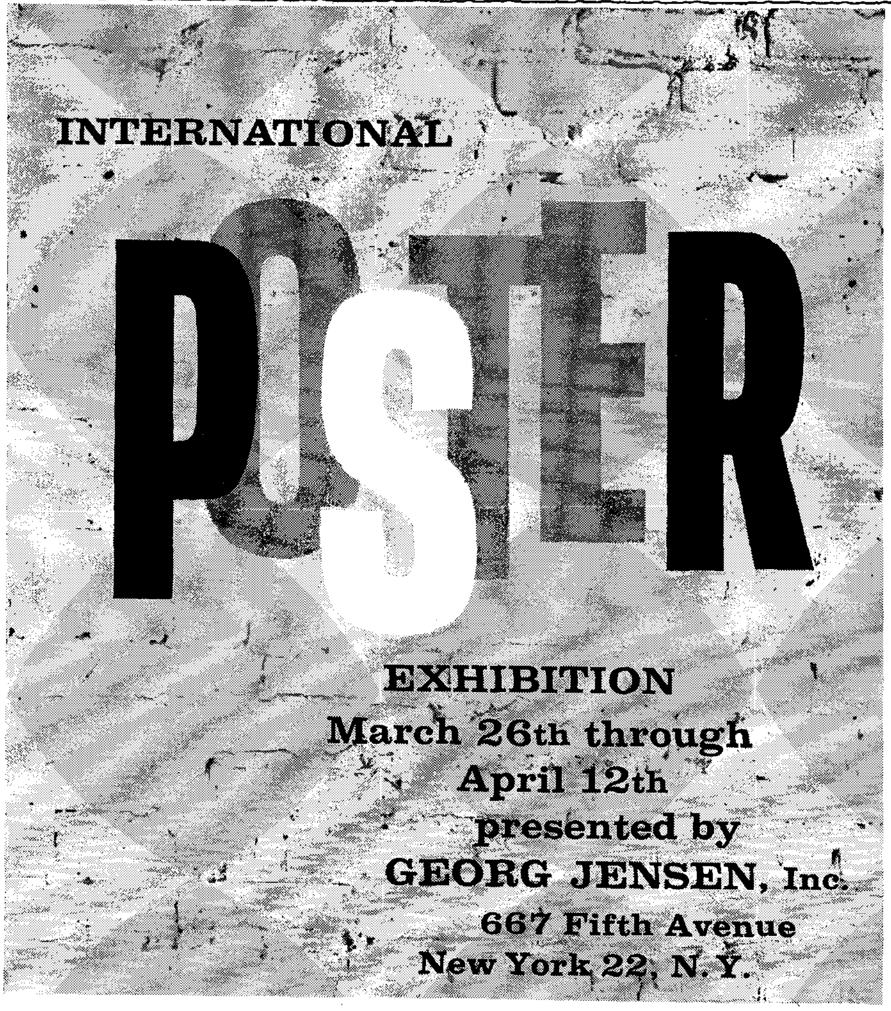
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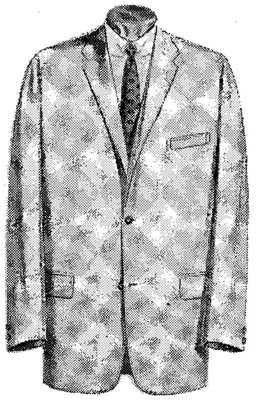

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negligible a character as his friends and relatives consider him, undertakes to dig up a Roman statue that has eluded archeologists in Sussex for years. While he is rooting around, a circus pulls onto the site of the digging, and he soon forms a fine friendship with the performers. At this point, all attempts at logic are abandoned, and before long Mr. Kaye is right in there as ringmaster, soaring about on a trapeze, facing up to a pride of hungry lions, and cultivating the circus proprietor's daughter (Pier Angeli). Mr. Kaye has been provided with some songs by Johnny Mercer, which are tolerable, and with a chimpanzee as an associate clown. It all seems a dreadful waste of the star's talents.

"TEACHER'S PET" offers Clark Gable as a tough city editor who doesn't think much of journalists trained in colleges. Presently he is sent to lecture to a class in journalism supervised by Doris Day, where he is mistaken for a student. The backing and filling between hero and heroine is sporadically amusing, and Gig Young does a funny turn as a drunken professor. Also on hand is Mamie Van Doren, who renders "The Girl Who Invented Rock 'n' Roll" in a night-club interlude. Miss Van Doren really throws herself into the song and she has the heft to subdue it. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

L'ENFANT D'AVRIL—I must disagree with you, violently, on the subject of astrology. If I understood it years ago, my husband, fundamentally a good man, would be still with me. As I delve back I see now why he acted as he did—and why I should have held on until his adverse planets passed.

Did not the Three Wise Men—astrologers of their time—follow the star that led them to the stable? Do you ever know people to be disturbed when the moon is full—women especially—and men at the new moon? There is much we do not understand. God made the world. He also put the planets and stars there for a purpose—I believe. CRAZY LOUISE.
—*Boston Globe.*

Just how *did* your husband act, Crazy Louise?

•

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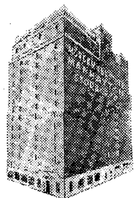

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Glimpse Ahead

LAST week, I attended the New York premières of three operas, whose juxtaposition struck me as particularly interesting, since each of them represents one of the three main traditions that currently appear to be competing in this field of musical expression. Benjamin Britten's "The Turn of the Screw," which was presented by the New York College of Music at the Ninety-second Street Y.M.H.A., belongs to what I am sure historians will someday describe as the early-twentieth-century period of decadence. Dominick Argento's "The Boor," given at the Brander Matthews Theatre, on the Columbia University campus, is a fairly conventional essay in the great international tradition of operatic writing, which preceded the period of decadence, and which is also being kept alive by such better-known composers as Gian-Carlo Menotti and Vittorio Giannini. Douglas Moore's "Gallantry: A Soap Opera in One Act," which followed "The Boor" on a double bill, is a product of the slowly emerging but very vigorous American operatic style that has already been reflected in Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" and Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah"—a style in which native folk idioms and the idiom of the Broadway musical show are made to serve operatic purposes. None of the three operas under consideration can be described as a masterpiece, though I found Mr. Moore's unassuming offering thoroughly enjoyable. Yet each is, in its different way, a respectable work of art, and to me there is something intensely exciting about the conflict of traditions that the three operas reflect, for in this conflict I can, I think, detect the birth pains of a new era of vitality in the operatic theatre.

I have called Mr. Britten's "The Turn of the Screw" decadent. It is so because of its emphasis on manner, rather than content. This opera is by all odds the most musically intricate of the three. Its score bristles with complicated workmanship and arresting originalities of orchestration, which show again—if we needed to be reminded of the fact—that Mr. Britten is a master of every technical device used in contemporary music. But to me it points

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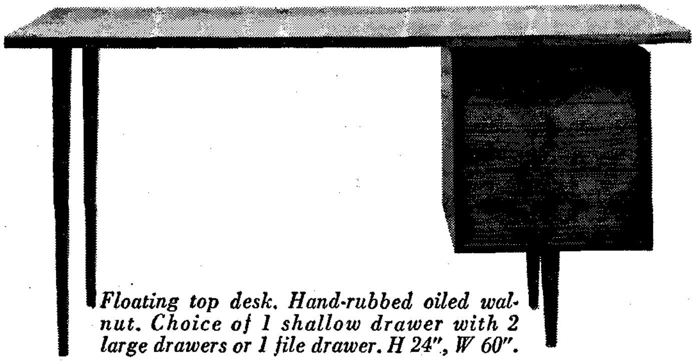

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to the recent past instead of to the possibly sunnier future. I am frankly tired of technique, and I would willingly trade all Mr. Britten's amazing feats for a few moments of really inspired lyricism. No such moments occur in "The Turn of the Screw," which is a rather literal theatrical adaptation of Henry James's famous story. In listening to it, one remains a passive, if mildly interested, spectator, quite uninvolved in the problems of its characters. The human voice, as so often happens in operas of this type, is used merely to declaim words more or less arbitrarily set to musical notes; what it is called upon to do can scarcely be described as singing. And, of course, opera without singing is not opera at all, even though the whole weight and prestige of the decadent movement over the past forty years have been dedicated to the notion that it is.

The main contrast between "The Turn of the Screw" and the operas of Mr. Argento and Mr. Moore lies in the fact that the two latter works are written to be sung. I suppose that a confirmed decadent would consider them somewhat innocent compositions. In my opinion, however, this very innocence gives them freshness and exuberance—qualities that I have long been looking for in contemporary opera. Both Mr. Argento and Mr. Moore use technique merely as a conveyance for genuine musical ideas; both regard the voice with the affectionate respect of the true operatic composer; both have the ability and the courage to create melodies that are not only vocally challenging but expressive; and neither is burdened with the morbid fear of sincere sentiment that reduces so much contemporary music to meaningless artifice.

Mr. Argento, in "The Boor," has not quite the practiced assurance of Mr. Moore, and he relies somewhat more heavily on timeworn conventions. His opera, based on a one-act play by Anton Chekhov, concerns a highly amusing duel between the sexes, in which a supposedly inconsolable widow and a huffy middle-aged country gentleman succeed in falling in love in spite of themselves. The overture is a bit long, pretentious, and incoherent, but when Mr. Argento gets around to the farcical details of the drama itself, he handles his situations, arias, and lines of musical dialogue with a deftness that is sometimes reminiscent of Wolf-Ferrari's "The Secret of Susanne," which, in general format, "The Boor" very much resembles. It is by no means a perfect work, but it is an uninhibited

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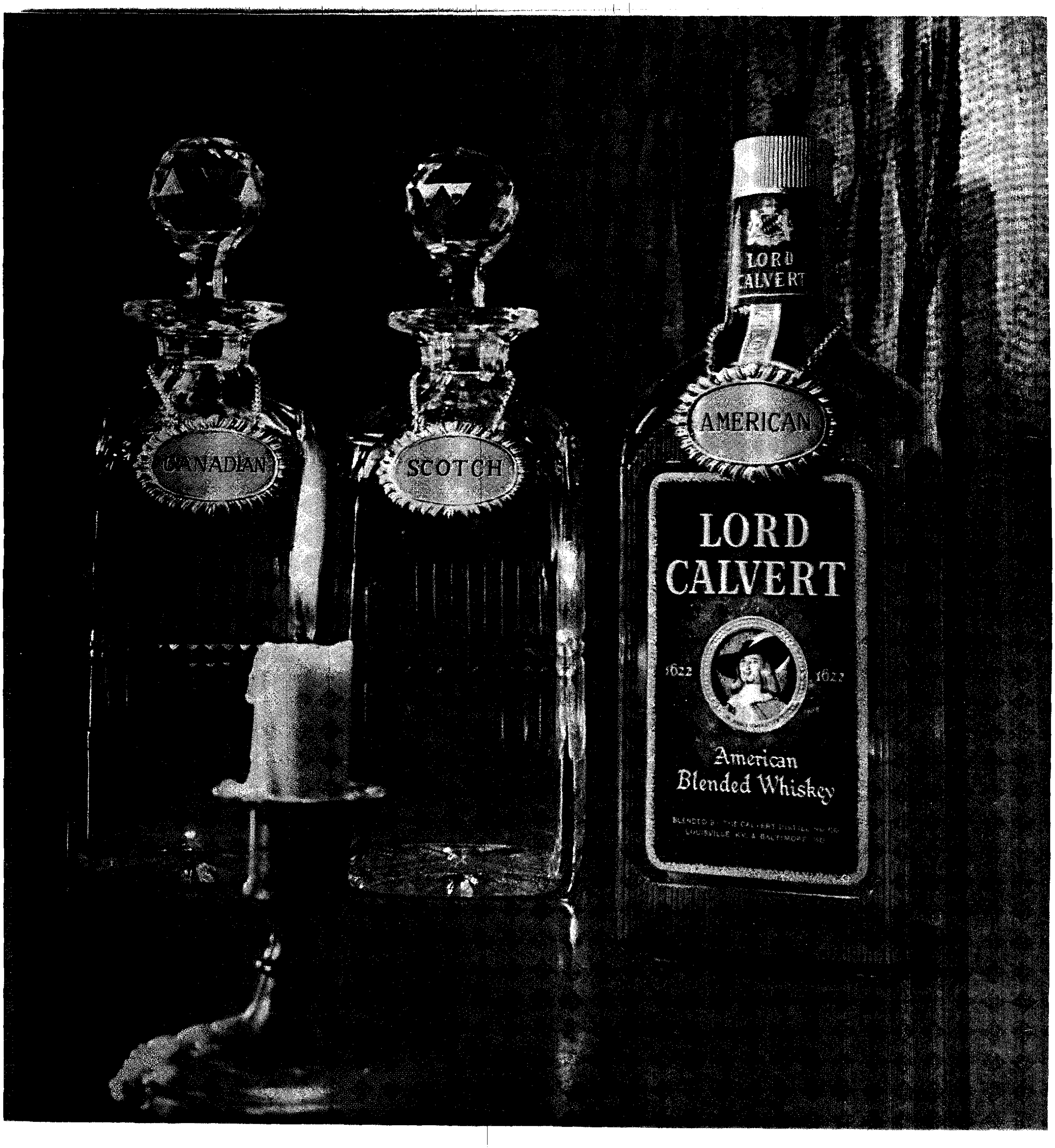
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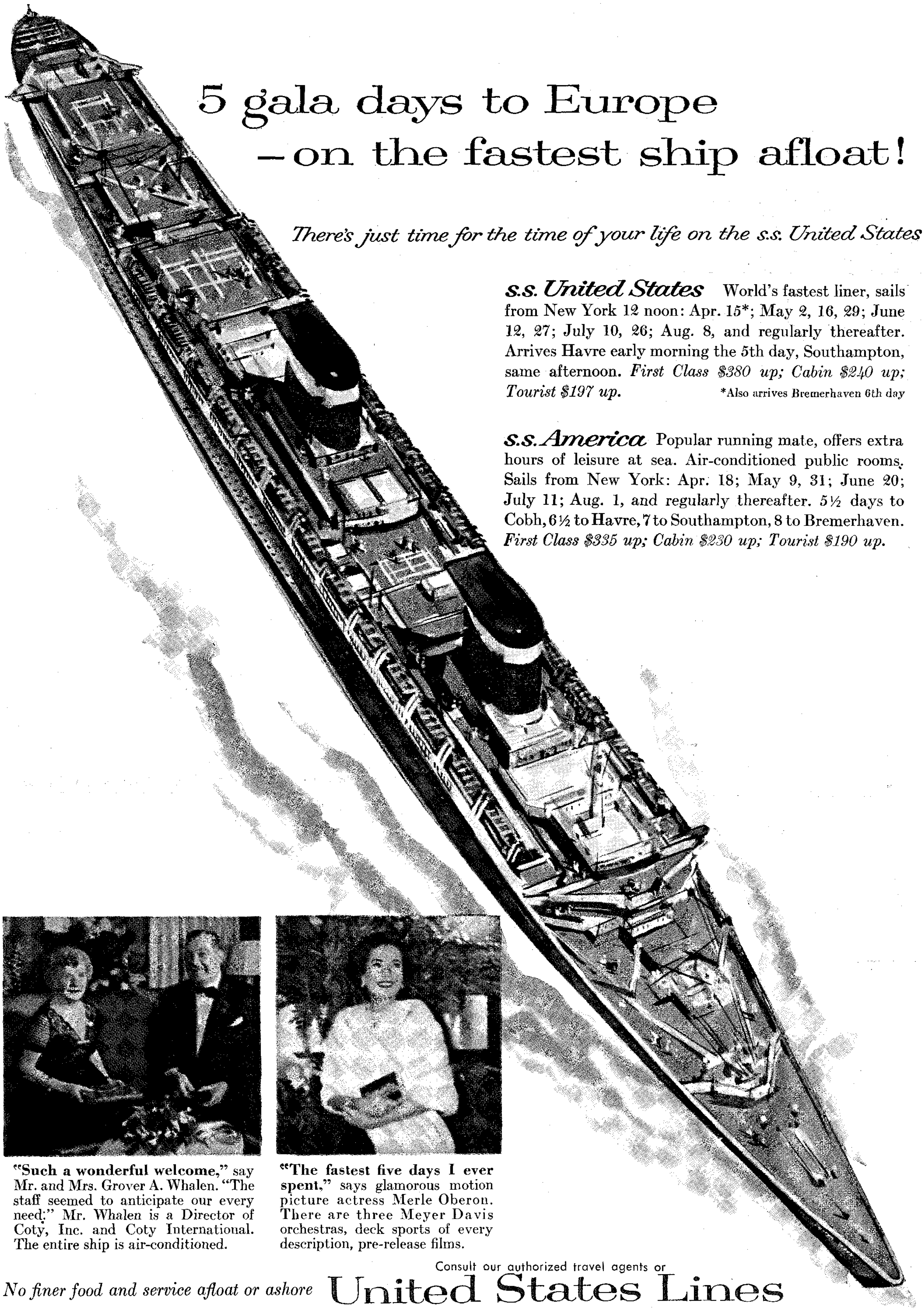

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Mr. Moore's "Gallantry" is, as its subtitle implies, a satire on television, and its decidedly expert libretto, by Arnold Sundgaard, is virtually a vaudeville skit, in which a hilarious operating-room love triangle involving a surgeon, a nurse, and a man with appendicitis competes with some lively commercials advertising soap and floor wax. If there is any flaw in the opera, it is that Mr. Moore's music is so beautiful and so unaffected in its melodic inspiration that it tends to diminish the work's effectiveness as satire. As music pure and simple, it is as enchanting as anything I have recently heard. Mr. Moore seems to combine the frank lyricism of a popular tunesmith with the intellectual stature demanded of a serious operatic composer. This is a very rare, heady, and fruitful combination, capable of working a much needed revolution in the field of highbrow opera. A longer opera by Mr. Moore, "The Ballad of Baby Doe," is to be presented next week at the City Center. I look forward to it with considerable interest. If it has the qualities exhibited in "Gallantry," it is likely to be a landmark in American music.

All three of the operas I heard last week were given the musical equivalent of off-Broadway productions, but each was admirably performed. "The Turn of the Screw" had a student cast and an excellent orchestra, which together gave it a quite adequate reading, under the stage direction of Albert Felmar and the conductorship of Siegfried Landau. "The Boor" had particularly charming scenery, by Sonia Lowenstein, and its cast—Mary Henderson, as the widow; Grant Williams, as an aging servant; and especially Hugh Thompson, as the irate country gentleman—sang and acted with finish and spirit. "Gallantry" offered some remarkably fresh and agreeable young voices, notably those of the nurse, Bonnie Murray,

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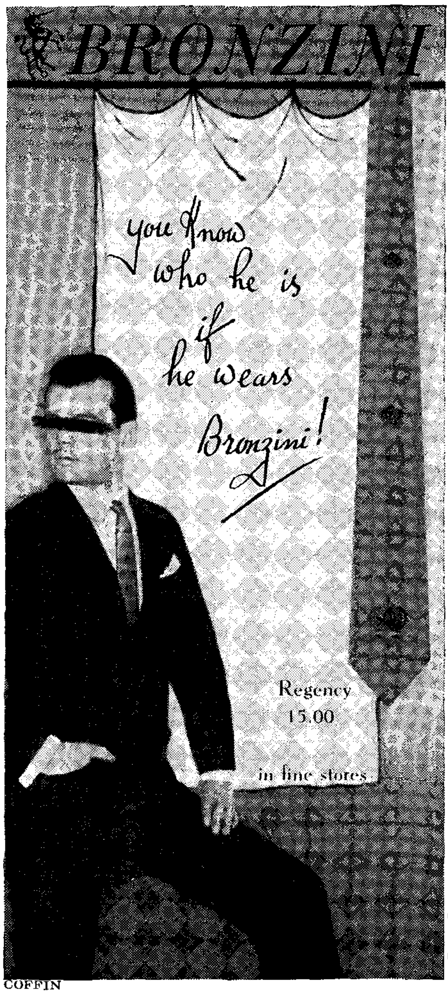

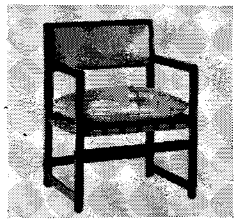

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and the appendectomy victim, Joseph Sopher; some well-turned comedy, by the television announcer, Cecilia Ward, and the doctor, David Atkinson; a clever set, by Don Jensen; and skillful stage direction, by Day Tuttle. Both the latter operas were ably conducted by Emerson Buckley.

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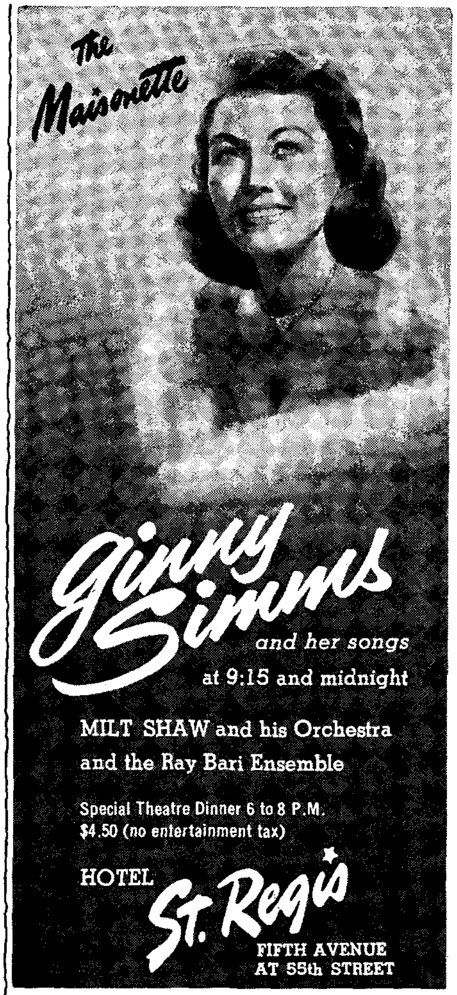
CONCERT RECORDS

Congratulations and Condolences

COLUMBIA is to be congratulated for a valiant and comprehensive effort to record music by contemporaries, for though one may dislike certain items in its modern catalogue, it does, as a whole, represent an enterprise of documentary and historical importance. It also permits the repeated hearing that any composer deserves and that he is not likely to get in our concert halls. Among the recent recordings of contemporaries by Columbia and one or two other firms, there are a number of interesting discs, nearly all of which can provide subject for controversy and some of which are really a pleasure.

Stravinsky's "Perséphone," a melodrama with a text by André Gide, conceived in 1933 as a vehicle for a fascinating Parisian theatrical personage, Ida Rubinstein, has been issued in two versions—one by Columbia, with the New York Philharmonic, Vera Zorina, Richard Robinson, and the Westminster Choir, under Stravinsky himself; the other by Angel, with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra, Claude Nollier, Nicolai Gedda, and the Chorus of the University of Paris, under André Cluytens. This is one of Stravinsky's most original and ingratiating works, for it has many passages of lilting lyricism, especially in the choral sections, and it is entirely free of both atonality and the more obvious tricks of neoclassicism. I have a slight preference for the Angel version, mainly because Mme. Nollier's inflection of the French language is subtler and more authentic than Zorina's. But both are excellent. Stravinsky's most recent scores—the ballet "Agon" and the "Canticum Sacrum ad Honorem Sancti Marci Nominis"—have been issued by Columbia on a single disc. I do not like either, but they have their points for admirers of Stravinsky's later style. Among his more familiar works is a superb "Firebird Suite," conducted by Fernando Previtali with the Royal Philharmonic, and this is happily coupled on one disc with Béla Bartók's spirited ballet score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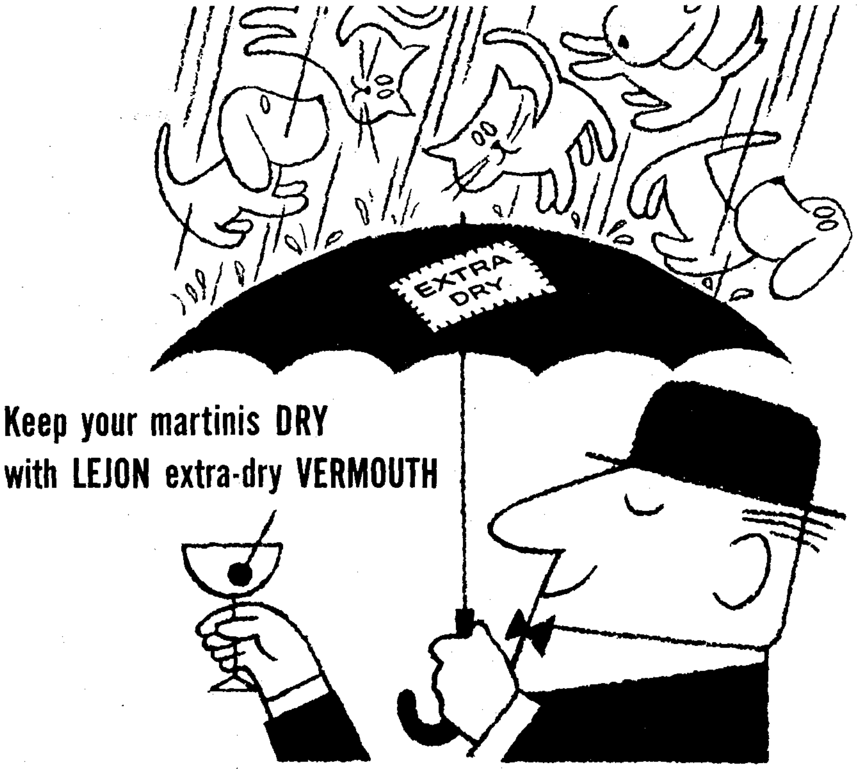
for "The Miraculous Mandarin" and, for good measure, Stravinsky's early and brilliant tone poem "Fireworks" (Angel). Victor has issued a version of the "Firebird Suite" in combination with "Petrouchka," both effectively done by Pierre Monteux and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra.

FOR people who like Schoenberg, Columbia has recorded all his piano music (five collections of short pieces, which I suppose one can call suites), played by that diligent Schoenberg specialist Edward Steuermann. Columbia has also put forth his Quintet for Wind Instruments, Opus 26, by the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet. This, which dates back to 1924, is described in an accompanying note as the first work in which Schoenberg reached complete maturity in the twelve-tone system, and among the piano items is the "Drei Klavierstücke," Opus 11, a historically interesting composition because it is the first in which he abandoned the traditions of tonality. Those who, like me, regret that he ever abandoned them will find all these compositions as uncommunicative as a game of solitaire.

HINDEMITH'S Concerto for Organ and Chamber Orchestra, Opus 46, No. 2, has been coupled by Columbia with Josef Rheinberger's Sonata No. 7 in F Minor for Organ, Opus 127. E. Power Biggs plays both of them capably, and in the concerto he is accompanied by a chamber orchestra under Richard Burgin. Fifty years separate the two works, since Rheinberger was a *petit maître* of the romantic era. But they are alike in that they are loaded down with intricate Germanic workmanship and are a trifle lacking in genuine lyric inspiration.

DARIUS MILHAUD is now represented by two short operas, "Le Pauvre Matelot" and "Les Malheurs d'Orphée," each occupying a single disc (Westminster). Both are conducted by the composer, in charge of the Orchestra of the Paris Opéra and various soloists. Milhaud has never been a favorite composer of mine, and his idiom in these works is essentially smart ballet music accompanied by endless vocal recitation, with little contrast or dramatic excitement. I consider them boring.

Westminster has also come up with a Concerto for Ondes Martenot and Orchestra, by André Jolivet (Ginette Martenot on the Ondes Martenot, an electronic keyboard instrument, and the Paris Opéra Orchestra, conducted by



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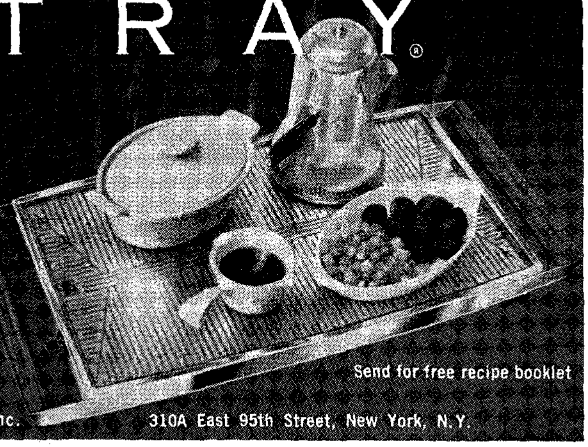
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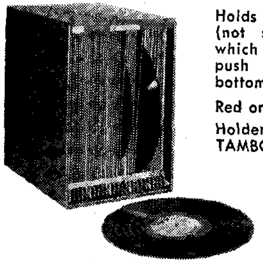
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the composer), which to me consists entirely of sound effects and fog, and a disc combining Goffredo Petrassi's "Coro di Morti" (Rome Symphony and the Chorus of the Radiotelevisione Italiana, under Ferruccio Scaglia) and a symphony by Henri Dutilleux (Paris Opéra Orchestra, conducted by Pierre Dervaux), both of which have original touches of orchestration but little else to recommend them.

AN agreeable contrast to all this is provided by Norman Dello Joio's symphonic suite "Air Power" (Columbia), most of which derives from background music written for the C.B.S. television program of that title, and which, despite its original functional purpose, contains some highly expert writing and a great deal of real musical inspiration. It is performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy.

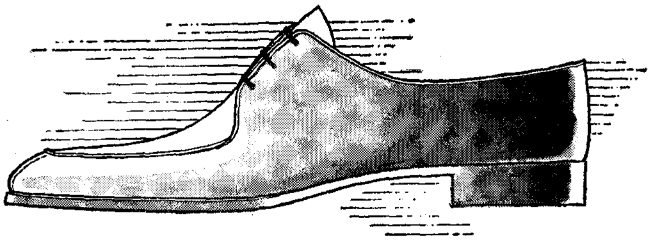
Another contrast, in that it is fun to listen to, is the Urania disc entitled "Breaking the Sound Barrier, Vol. I: Percussion." It consists entirely of percussion music written by such irrepressible exponents of the medium as Edgar Varèse, Lou Harrison, Harry Bartlett, Jack McKenzie, and Michael Colgrass, and it enlists such instruments as drums, cymbals, iron pipes, sirens, and even a pistol. The greater part of this music is simply rather amusing noise, but Mr. Bartlett seems to have achieved an enchanting kind of impressionism with the help of cowbells, a vibraphone, and a few other extracurricular implements.

—W. S.

●

J. A. (GABBY) GABALDON, has openly declared that he will become a candidate for the important office of Sheriff at the next May 6, 1958 primaries. Gabby as he is better known, has been a life time Democrat, a business man and father of three children. He also is a veteran of World War II having served overseas as a gunner with Armed Air Forces, afterwards he was with the U. S. Immigration Service, so that with his past experience as a law enforcement officer he will become one of the best of sheriff's Santa Fe county has ever had, his ability, honesty and integrity qualifies him to render a great service to every community in the entire county and protect every law abiding citizen. He has numerous acquaintances who will readily assist him in keeping crime at a low level, whether they are hardened criminals or juveniles who are constantly commiting vandalisms and atrociousness violations against the dignity of our citizens, he is sure to crack upon them.—*Adv. in the Santa Fe New Mexican.*

Yeah, but a sheriff can't just watch his friends.



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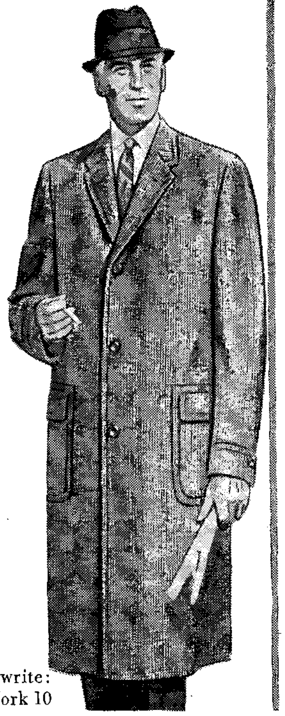

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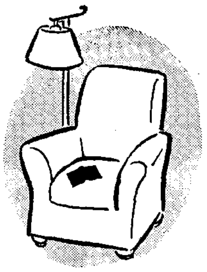
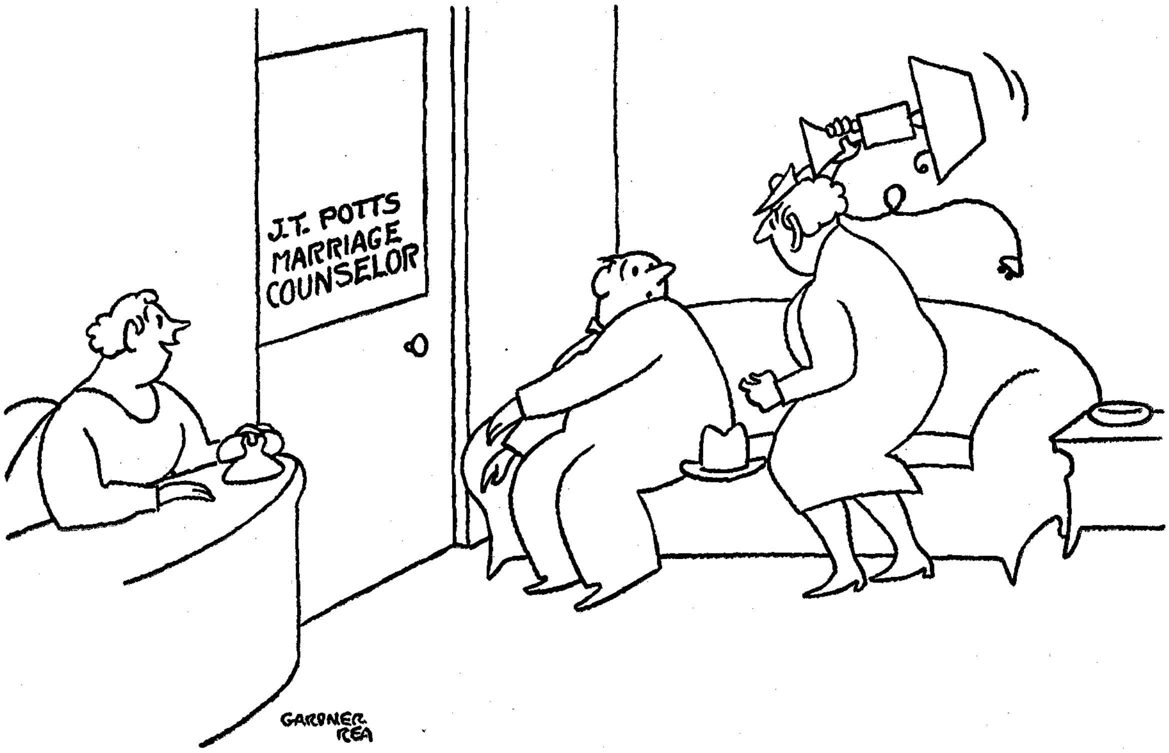


WHEN Albert Camus won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1957, the committee cited him for illuminating "the problems of the human conscience in our times," but I doubt whether even his most fervent admirers will find much illumination in his new book, "Exile and the Kingdom," a collection of six short stories that Knopf has disingenuously billed as a "work of fiction." Camus has always been concerned with experiences that belong not so much to individuals (love, ambition, family) as to whole societies and even the world at large (war, concentration camps, mass annihilation), and in this sense it is certainly true that he has addressed himself to "the problems of the human conscience in our times." But this preoccupation is precisely what accounts for the thinness of his fiction. His books are parables rather than novels, anecdotes illustrating an idea, tales told not for their own sake but for what they exemplify. Nor are there any characters in his work. Though the people he writes about have the usual appurtenances of character—they are of such-and-such an age, they look so, they live in this or that quarter of the city—they are always types instead of individuals; they are there because they stand for something in Camus's conception of the world. In "The Stranger" (Camus's first and best novel), this conception is stripped to essentials. A young man with the most appallingly apathetic attitude toward everything and everyone suddenly, for no compelling reason, shoots an Arab to death on a beach in the glaring sunlight of a North African day; arrested, he resists all the pressure put on him by the officials of society to explain the senseless crime. They conclude that he is a moral monster and condemn him to the guillotine. While awaiting his execution, he is visited by a priest, who tries to persuade him that there is an afterlife, and in the course of a violent argument (the only moment of passion he has ever known) he discovers that the source of his incorrigible apathy was an unexpressed conviction that death is the major fact of human existence—in the end, everything comes to the same. The rush of anger at the priest cleanses his soul of fear; now, on the brink of death, he feels ready to start life all over again, and he lays his heart open to "the benign indifference of the universe." On this note the book ends. But the final pages remain unclear even after several rereadings. Camus's intention is clear enough: he is asserting that life has value and meaning even when it appears most valueless and meaningless; he is trying to find a way to repudiate the implications of his own vision of the human predicament. Yet all he can do is to counter this vision with an abstract argument, and since he is a man of honesty and intellectual integrity, he will not permit himself a glib argument. The result is an obscure one—obscure not because it cannot be elucidated (it can) but because of its complicated philosophical trappings—that carries far less conviction than the strong nihilistic bias of the book as a whole. What remains after you have put "The Stranger" down—and this could be said, too, of his "The Plague" and "The Fall"—is a cry of despair and the memory of a writer doing his best to say no to the pronouncements of his own voice.

Three of the six stories in "Exile and the Kingdom" involve the same conflict between the nihilistic imagination that broods compulsively on death, executions, sickness, and doom, and the intellect seeking reasons to refute the evidence dredged up by the imagination. And these stories have the same peculiarity as the novels: they end in obscurity. In "The Adulterous Woman," Janine, a childless wife, accompanies her husband on a business trip from Algiers to a town in the desert. There she realizes that her life, like the desert itself, has all been an empty, barren waste. Staring at the desert from the parapet of a fort on the edge of the town, she sees an encampment of nomads, and "a knot tightened by the years, habit, and boredom" slowly begins loosening:

> Homeless, cut off from the world [the nomads] were a handful wandering over the vast territory she could see, which however was but a paltry part of an even greater expanse whose dizzying course



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stopped only thousands of miles farther south, where the first river finally waters the forest. Since the beginning of time, on the dry earth of this limitless land scraped to the bone, a few men had been ceaselessly trudging, possessing nothing but serving no one, poverty-stricken but free lords of a strange kingdom. Janine did not know why this thought filled her with such a sweet, vast melancholy that it closed her eyes. She knew that this kingdom had been eternally promised her and yet that it would never be hers.

Seized with a fever in the middle of the night and suddenly terrified of the idea of death, she slips out of the hotel room she shares with her husband and rushes back to the parapet. There she submits to a sort of sexual union with the desert night. For a moment, it seems that this surrender to the indifferent universe, this acceptance of the paradoxical idea that all human beings are "poverty-stricken but free lords of a strange kingdom" which belongs to them and yet will never be theirs, this identification of herself with the very nature of the cosmos itself, is the answer to "the long anguish of living and dying," the "many years of mad, aimless fleeing from fear." Camus, indeed, tells us that "she seemed to recover her roots and the sap again rose in her body." But at the end of the story Janine is once more in her room, "weeping copiously" at the spectacle of her dull, fat husband staggering half asleep toward the washbasin to get a drink of mineral water. What is Camus saying here? That we are redeemed momentarily by the knowledge of our predicament? That there is no way out? A little bit of both, and yet it is significant that—just as in "The Stranger"—the dreadfulness of the predicament should be so much more vividly and forcefully presented than the possibility of redemption, a possibility Camus is able to suggest only in a piece of murky symbolism.

"The Renegade"—the best of the six stories in "Exile and the Kingdom"—provides an even clearer illustration of this difficulty. The narrator is a missionary whose fanatic religious zeal has led him to seek martyrdom by venturing unprotected into a city built on a salt bed in the Sahara and inhabited by a savage Bedouin tribe, which has apparently been allowed considerable sovereignty by the French colonial authorities. The Bedouins subject him to unthinkable cruelties (including the ripping out of his tongue), but as a consequence he is converted to their religion. Their idol, the Fetish, which must be worshipped by barbarism, mercilessness, and hate, becomes his god; their high priest, the Sorcerer, becomes

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his master. This is to be the new order of things in the world; the Fetish must triumph over "the whole of lousy Europe" and its lying Christian ideals of love and charity. While the narrator is in captivity, he learns that the French Army, suddenly reversing its policy, has forced the Bedouins to permit another Christian missionary to enter their city with immunity, and he panics at the thought that they may be defeated by this concession. He resolves to kill the missionary, but the Bedouins, suspecting that he will inform on them, set upon him once again and nearly tear him to pieces. At the point of death, and welcoming it because it has been inflicted on him in the name of the Fetish, he hears a voice say, "If you consent to die for hate and power, who will forgive us?" He cannot tell whether it is the voice of God, an old voice within himself, or the voice of "that other fellow refusing to die, at my feet, and repeating: 'Courage! courage! courage!'" For the space of a paragraph, it appears that he has been reconverted; looking around him, he sees the signs of a recent skirmish in which the Bedouins seem to have been defeated by French soldiers, and we get the impression that the religion of cruelty and hate has been overcome by the forces of Christian Europe. But Camus's final sentence ("A handful of salt fills the mouth of the garrulous slave") puts this impression in doubt; the garrulous slave, the name the renegade had taken for himself after his conversion to the religion of the Fetish, is silenced by a handful of salt—and salt, we remember, is the very foundation of the Bedouin city, symbolizing aridity and barbaric cruelty. The obscurity of the ending (who *is* "that other fellow"—the new missionary? the Sorcerer?) may derive from Camus's own uncertainty; he himself doesn't know where the mysterious voice came from and whether or not the Fetish is triumphant. This ambiguity could be intentional if the story is an allegory of the conflict between Eastern totalitarianism and Western civilization, the outcome of which is still uncertain. But I do not believe that "The Renegade" is so directly political, and even if it were, the obscurity would still be an aesthetic fault. Once again, Camus's creative power has gone into the construction of an image of doom and disaster, but he is unwilling to let his own impulses toward despair have the last word.

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group, "The Artist at Work," a charming, if rather obvious, satiric fable about a painter who is swallowed up by the conditions around him. Camus portrays the artist as a holy innocent, a kind of saint, who obliges the demands made on him by the world at the tremendous cost of losing his ability to work. Gilbert Jonas (the name suggests the prophet Jonah) has always followed his star, trusting it to lead him safely forward, painting his pictures by its light. He becomes a great success, but he has to support his wife and three children in a tiny apartment on a small remittance from an art dealer. The baby squalls, the telephone rings, his disciples crowd in to watch him paint and to chat; he is busy with correspondence, petitions, interviews. It becomes more and more difficult for him to get anything done; even when he moves his studio from the parlor into the bedroom, the crowd follows after, sprawling over the conjugal bed. He begins drinking; the critics turn against him; his devoted wife is haggard and miserable. In a final act of desperation, he builds a platform just below the ceiling of one of his little rooms and closes it off from the world. Alone in his makeshift loft for days at a time, he starts painting so feverishly that he collapses from exhaustion. When a friend climbs up to the loft, he finds an empty canvas with a single word written in the middle, and he is unable to tell whether the word is "solitary" or "solidary"—whether the artist is properly an isolated creature following his private star or a man burdened with communal responsibilities. Here the uncertainty in Camus is turned against his own career; he seems to be mocking his perennial temptation to see himself as a saint and simultaneously expressing the bitterness of a writer who has been up to his neck in public affairs. And once more the way out is hidden in obscurity, for the "solitary" artist is a child and a fool and the "solidary" artist cannot work.

The remaining three stories in "Exile and the Kingdom," which offer solidarity as a hopeful possibility, have none of the uncertainty that troubles the three dealing with the human being in his "solitary" condition, the lone person confronting the universe directly and nakedly. And yet these "solidary" pieces are less interesting. The point of "The Growing Stone" is, very simply, that a sharing of the burdens of the oppressed can be the way to salvation. A French engineer, D'Arrast, comes to a town in the Brazilian jungle to build a bridge,

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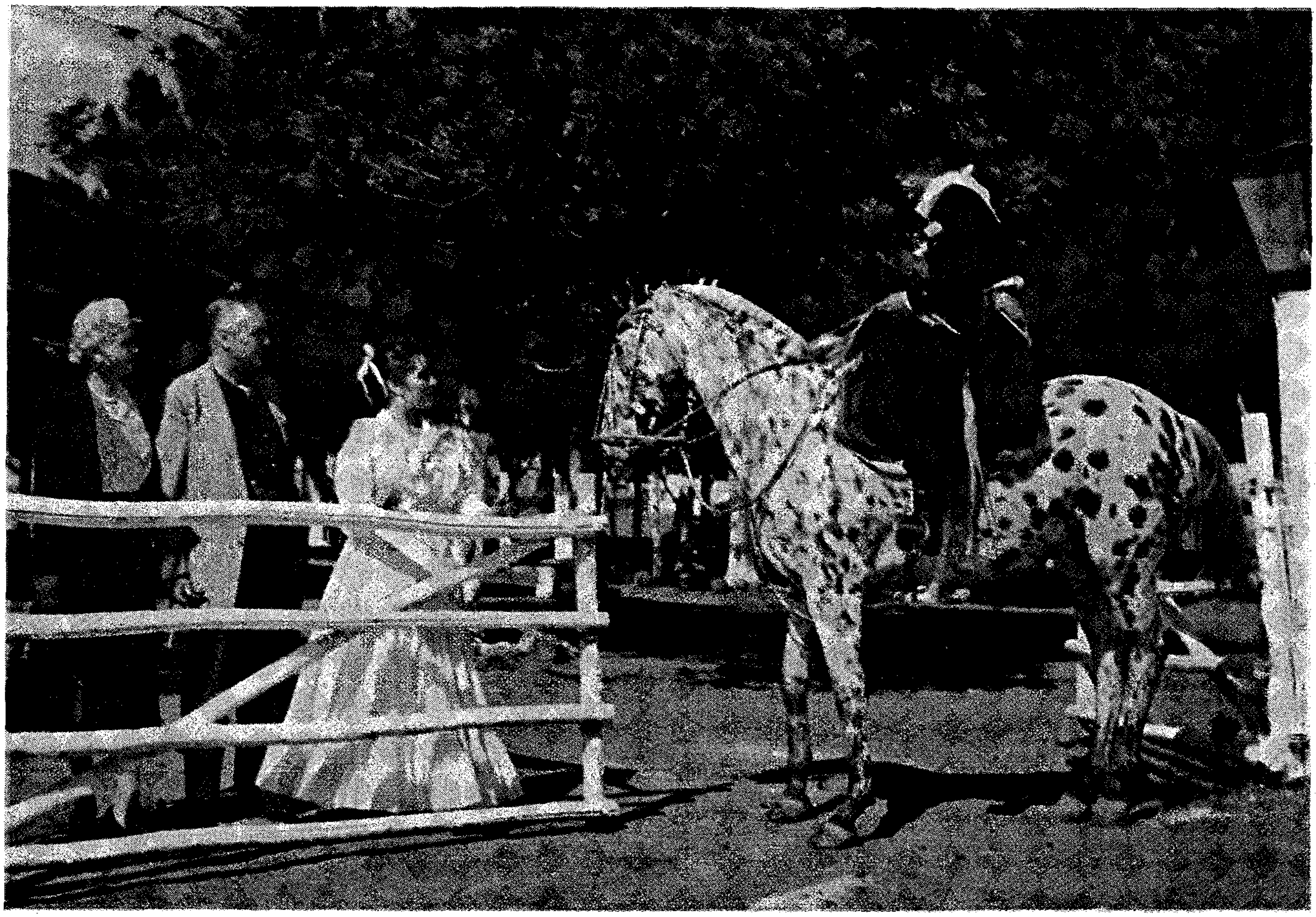

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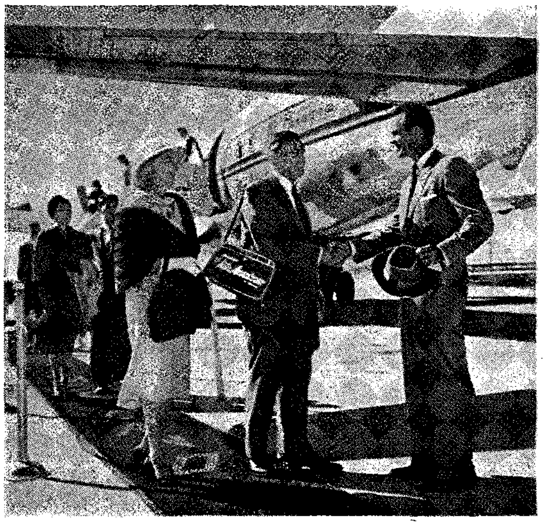

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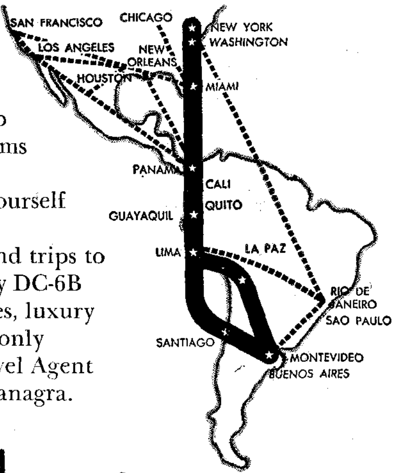
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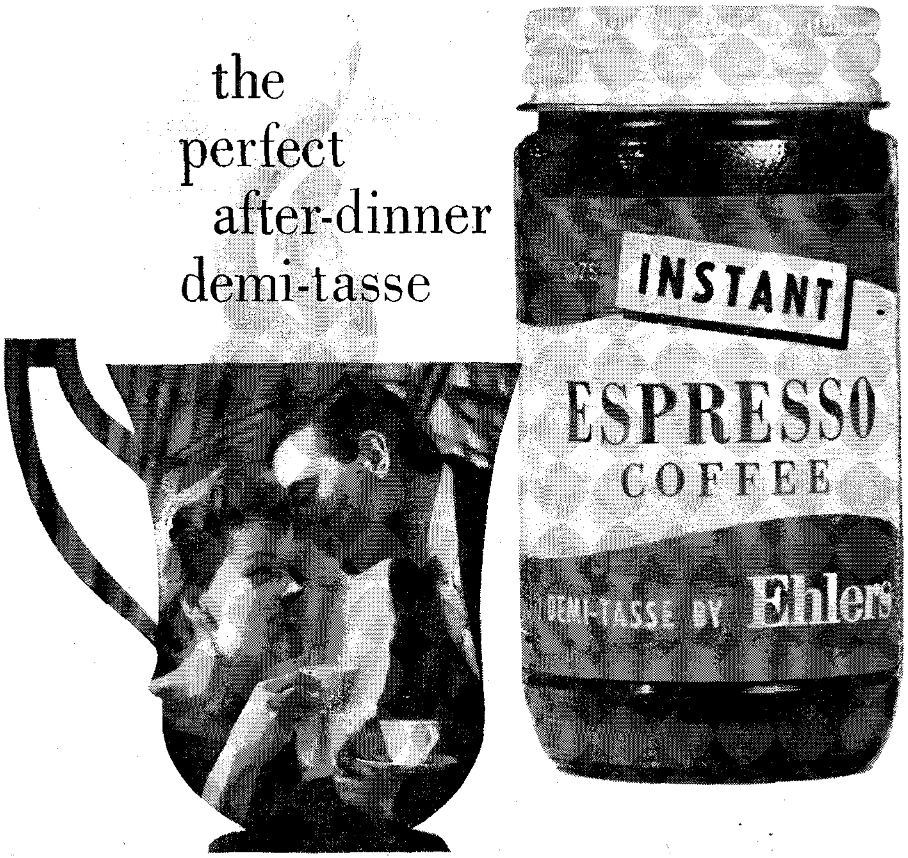
and there he meets a native, a former ship's cook, who has vowed to carry a hundred-pound stone on his head in a ceremonial procession to the church. The cook collapses under the weight of the stone, whereupon D'Arrast picks it up and carries it on his own head, not into the church (i.e., this is not a Christian act) but back to the miserable hovel where the cook lives. "And there, straightening up until he was suddenly enormous, drinking in with desperate gulps the familiar smell of poverty and ashes, he felt rising within him a surge of obscure and panting joy that he was powerless to name." "The Silent Men," making a similar point from the opposite direction, is about a paternalistic shop owner who has held out against his striking employees and tries to resume friendly relations with them after they return to work. Disaster overtakes his family, but his men, in their anger at his behavior during the strike, cannot bring themselves to offer sympathy and consolation. In "The Guest," the weakest of the stories, Camus is apparently criticizing a simple-minded notion of solidarity common on the French Left—that one must always side with the criminal against the police.

The difficulty in Camus's "solitary" stories is of a piece with the difficulty in his essays in the earlier "The Myth of Sisyphus," in which he begins by defining the human predicament as "absurd"—we are all exiles in an indifferent universe—and then tries to answer the question Why should a man not commit suicide? The answer he finds, if it can be called an answer, is unsatisfying, for the problem as he states it is insoluble. Life in the large may be absurd, but no individual life can be summed up in a single concept, and it is individuals who commit or do not commit suicide, not abstract figments of life. Most philosophers who engage in such speculations go on assuming—as David Hume did when he left his study—that the sun will rise every morning, though they know that this assumption is not strictly warranted in logic. Camus, as it were, always carries his study with him. To a novelist, the fact that a man enjoys swimming may be as big a fact about him as that he lives in a period which has seen horrible catastrophes and mass annihilation or that the principle of absurdity governs his stay on earth. But for Camus, even in his novels and stories, the character of the times and the nature of the universe are always encroaching upon the reality of merely personal experience and threatening to obliterate it altogether. He is a Hume



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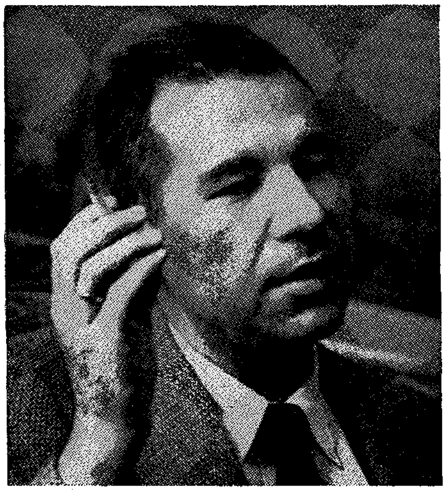

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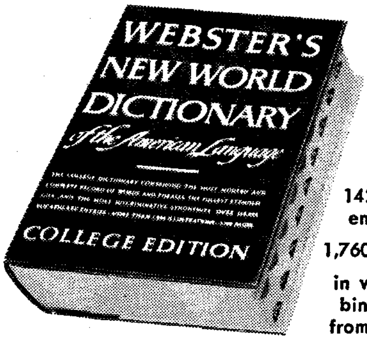

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who spends all his time worrying about whether the sun will rise tomorrow, a Dr. Johnson who kicks the stone and continues to regard the metaphysical proposition that matter is an idea in the mind of God more real than the pain in his foot.

How easy it is to be smug about this, to ascribe Camus's way of looking at the world to the decline of French power in the postwar period, or to his special political tribulations, or to a French atheist's battle with the Church. All these factors are present; there is something parochially French and not at all universal in his work. Yet what we want to say of Camus is not any of these things. For he is one of those writers who by sheer force of character make clever critical discriminations seem beside the point. He is marvellously endowed with nobility and courage and honesty, and we watch his career less in hope of seeing him produce a great novel (though he may yet do that) than for the spectacle it offers of a man grappling more and more bravely with his impulses toward a fruitless nihilism. —NORMAN PODHORETZ

VERSE

THE groves of Academe were once thought to lie in the vicinity of the Muses' laurel wood, and poets could move between these two secluded areas freely and with ease. Nowadays there is a widespread belief that close contact with academic life is dangerous for the creative artist; he is warned, on all sides, that any relationship with institutions of learning will cause his gifts to dwindle, if not totally to disappear. In spite of such warnings, poets of the younger generation have taken to the teaching profession in numbers, and some of the results of this association are coming to light. A recent anthology, "New Poets of England and America" (Meridian Books), is edited by three young men (Donald Hall, Robert Pack, and Louis Simpson) who have themselves received fellowships, grants, and other honors, and who now teach. The volume, which has a delightfully shrewd introduction by the non-academic Robert Frost, contains the work of forty-six young men (two of them appear posthumously) and six young women, British and American, whose ages range from twenty-two to forty. (Their nationalities and dates are listed.) Although their work seems to have escaped excessive conventional pressures, academic or otherwise, they all—with one or two borderline exceptions—write in form. Freedom of technique has, in the last

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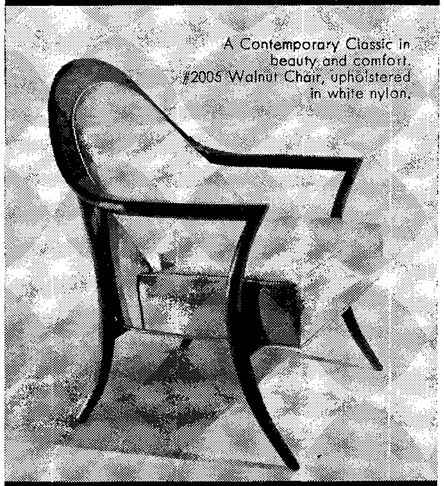
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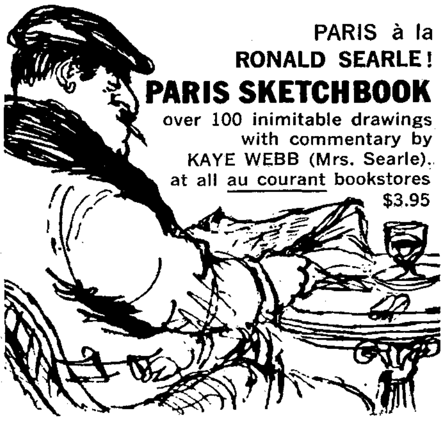
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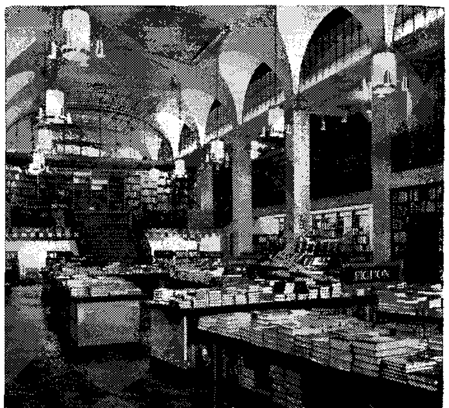
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forty years, been equated in most people's minds with true poetic originality. But as we look back over the list of major modern talents, writing in English, from Pound and Eliot through Auden, we find that form, although loosened and revised, has never been wholly abandoned. Metre, rhyme, and the stanza have withstood many blows and have been transformed, but they have survived. We can even trace pattern and design of one kind or another in Marianne Moore's syllabic verse and in the rhythms, based on the truest of ears, of Pound and William Carlos Williams. The poets of the youngest generation have come to realize, it seems, that form must be experienced and understood before it can be eliminated or tampered with; that the range of poetic effects is too valuable and varied to be treated with carelessness or inattention; that the virtuosity of an Eliot or an Auden is based on both knowledge and practice; that power and nuance partially depend upon the poet's knowledgeable approach to language. These poets, moreover, have moved away from many of the more chilling dicta of modern criticism. If some of them are imitative of their elders, it is at least an imitation of other poets, and not this or that critic's say-so, that they are pursuing.

Very nearly all of the poems in "New Poets" are lyrics, but of the renovated, enlarged, and dramatic kind that has risen, phoenixlike, from the ashes of exhausted nineteenth-century "song." And the intractable subject seems to have disappeared, or, rather, been absorbed; machines, for example, are treated with casual directness. The love song written in the first person singular shows up only once or twice, but there are many disguised love poems, written in every sort of tone and manner. And the idea of death is presented from both the secular and the religious points of view, sometimes in elegies (often addressed to the young). Myth seems to be going out, while actual history is coming in—another good sign, since it is much more difficult to be fancy about history. Nature comes through in all aspects, together with the night side of things—dreams, nightmares, and the fantasies in between. The percentage of ballads is high. One, W. S. Graham's "Baldy Bane," is as close to the shocking subject matter of folk as the "coarse" ballads of the later Yeats. The collection is notably free of the coldly elaborate, the foolishly excited, and the gloomily bardic, and there is little word-spinning or verbalism for its own sake. And if few rebellious notes are openly

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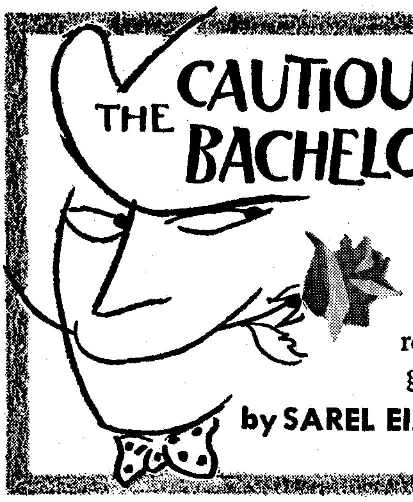

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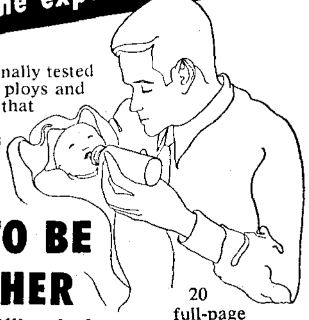

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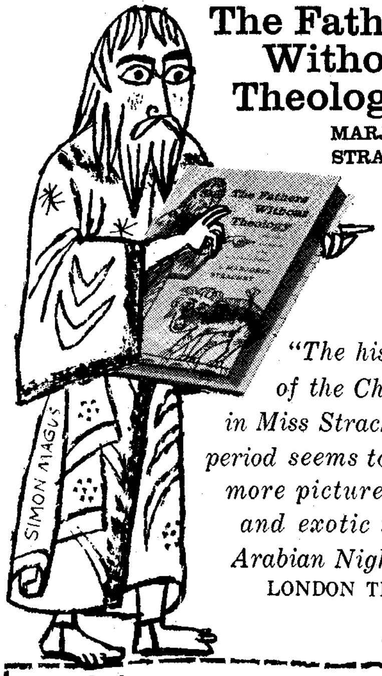

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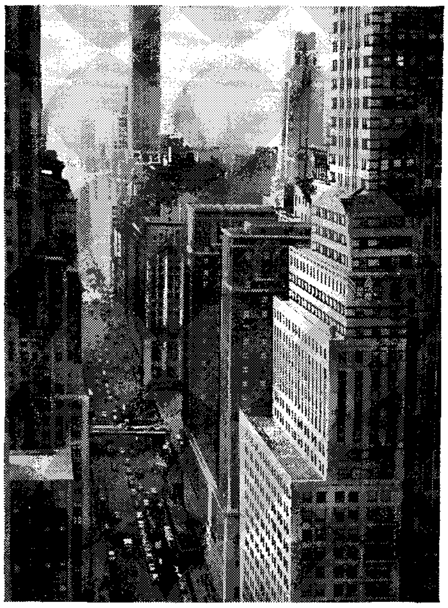
struck, many of these young men and women are capable of satiric poems that indicate the working of a sharp and critical eye. We can only guess at the futures of these writers, and all are not on a high level of talent, but to see so much liveliness and accomplishment should stir our imagination and our hope. And the notion that any involvement with the academic automatically results in the drying up of talent should be reëxamined, since some, at least, of these contributors seem not only to have survived exposure to learned institutions but actually to have drawn nourishment from them.

LIGHT and nonsense verse, which the Victorians used chiefly to work off their hidden tensions, has become part and parcel of the modern poet's equipment. It cannot be carelessly written and remain either edged or pointed; its effects depend directly upon the amount of skill the writer can call upon, down to the last turn of syntax. Its relation to serious verse has become so close that a hair's breadth often divides the two kinds, and light satire, which goes back as far as classic antiquity, has in our day regained some of its effectiveness. One contributor to the Hall-Pack-Simpson anthology, William Jay Smith, has recently published, in "Poems 1947-1957" (Atlantic-Little, Brown), a collection of lyrics wherein serious and light verse are about evenly balanced. Gaiety and lightheartedness are extremely difficult to express; they are also impossible to simulate. The slightest suspicion of affectation is immediately defeating. Mr. Smith's serious poems are filled with fresh observation and direct emotion. His light verse—"epigrams, satires, and nonsense"—sparkles and flies free, often straight to the center of a chosen target. He is also an expert translator. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DAUGHTERS OF JASPER CLAY, by Lucille Fletcher (Holt). Miss Fletcher creates a touching and almost universal figure in Jasper Clay, an elderly widower who sees the four daughters he loves separating themselves from him and from the home in which he wishes to shelter and protect and rule them. The girls are all grown up, but Jasper cannot bear to believe that any of them are ready to live as independent adults. He has worked hard all his life, doing neither well nor badly, and while he



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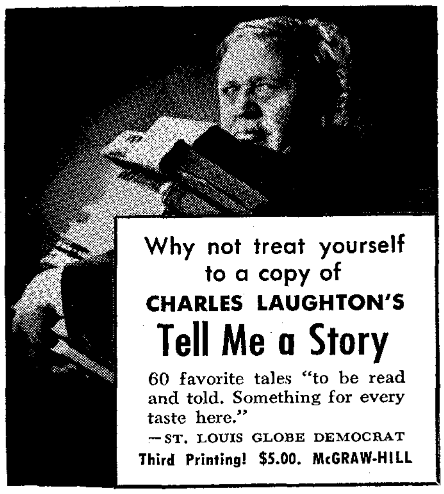

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could never have described exactly the future he hoped for for his daughters, he knows for certain that they should all have stayed with him until some miracle happened that would justify the final flight from home. He is a possessive, humorless, very human man, whose life grows meaningless to him as he watches a new generation come along to inherit the earth. Or perhaps it is only that his heart breaks when he sees the small share that his four daughters claim as their part of their generation's inheritance. The girls, more realistic than their father, make their individual compromises with life and face the future with what courage they can command. For the most part, the story is set in an old, shabby family house in Brooklyn in the early nineteen-forties.

THE SERGEANT, by Dennis Murphy (Viking). This galloping melodrama concerns a nightmarish non-physical relationship that springs up at a small American Army base in France some years after the Second World War between a tough middle-aged master sergeant and a twenty-year-old private. The sergeant, who resembles a beefy, no-nonsense Commander Queeg, attempts, for reasons that are never clear, to bind the boy to him spiritually by sheer possessiveness and is only stopped when the private suddenly flings him across a barroom one night—an act that is indirectly caused by the boy's love for a Job-like French girl. Mr. Murphy writes fervently. A first novel.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT, by Evelyn Anthony (Crowell). A historical novel dealing with Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, her courtship of her cousin Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg (for that is the way it was), their happy married life, and his untimely death. Miss Anthony's version of the old story is somewhat overwrought, and the dialogue often becomes uncomfortably soapy:

"Tell me, Albert [the young Queen and her new husband are in their bridal chamber], what did you feel when we were being married?"

"Feel? Why—what do you mean?"

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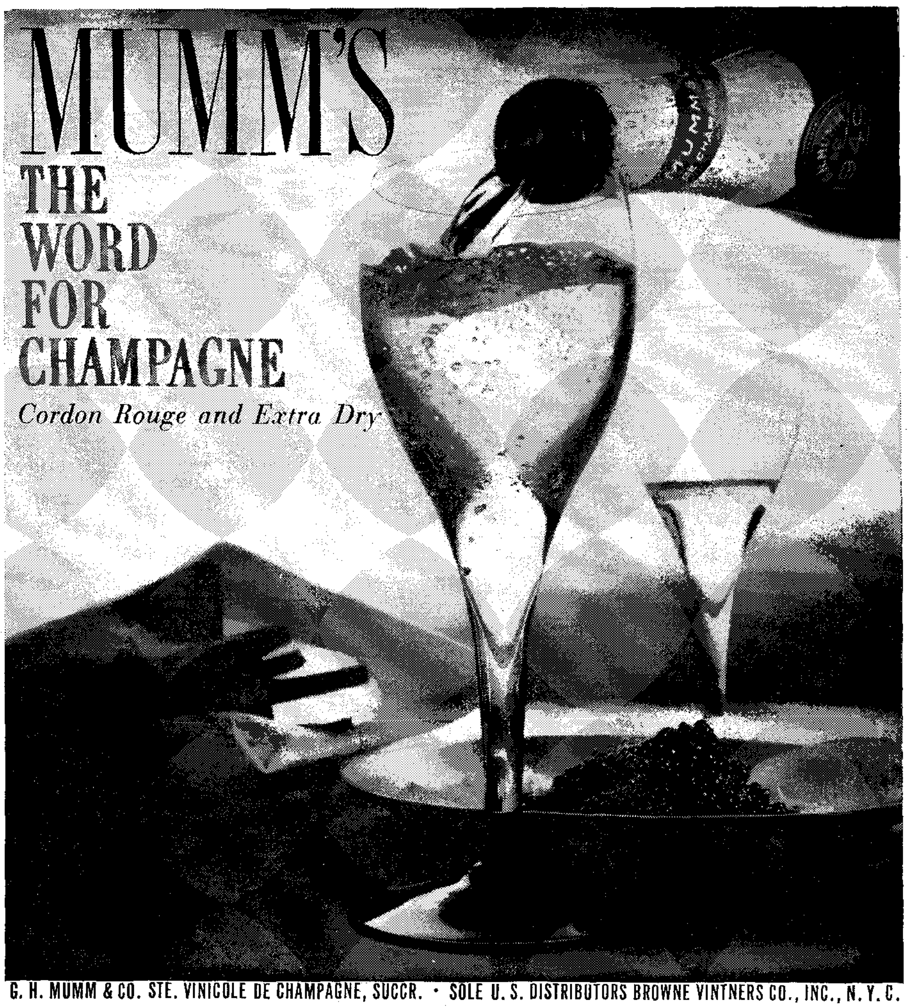
A Literary Guild selection.

EXTRAORDINARY SEAMAN, by J. P. W. Mallalieu (Macmillan). Not so much a novel as an imaginatively embellished memoir of the naval



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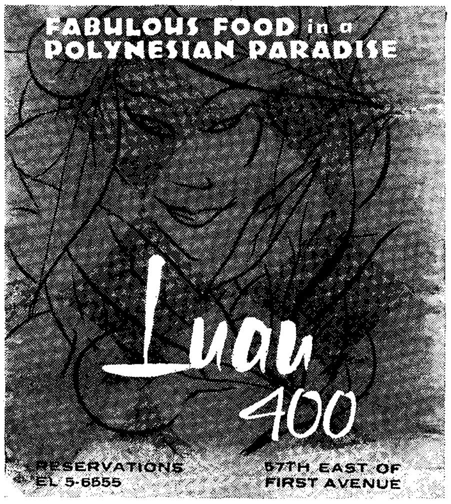

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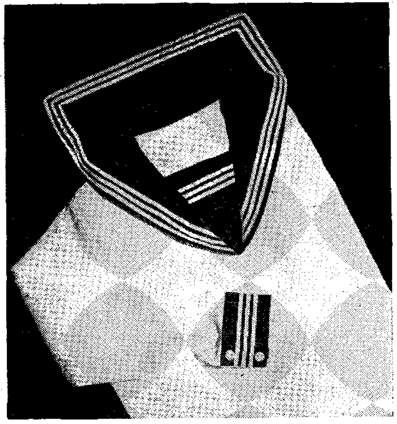

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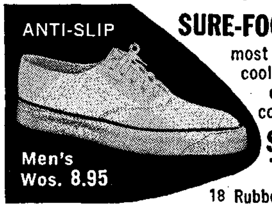

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A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES: THE GREAT DEMOCRACIES, by Winston S. Churchill (Dodd, Mead). Volume IV—the terminal one—of a sweeping and magnificent work. In this book, Sir Winston ranges the length and breadth of the nineteenth century, dealing with the unparalleled ferment and growth of that period as they affected the peoples of Britain, the Commonwealth, and the American Republic. He has always held that "the fortunes of mankind are largely the result of the impact upon events of superior beings," and this book focusses on the superior beings who left their mark on the two democracies—Wellington, Canning, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Gladstone, and Lincoln, Lee, Grant, and Stonewall Jackson, among others. (Sir Winston also upgrades a few men of not quite such apparent superiority, including George IV, Lord Raglan, of the charge of the Light Brigade, and Jefferson Davis.) The book, however, takes into full account the effects of the mass movements of the nineteenth century—the waves of reform, the migrations, and the whole expansion of the democratic idea. The author's masterly and thorough survey of our Civil War will be of particular interest to most Americans, for here is the most poignant era in our history seen through other, shrewdly understanding eyes. The book ends with the final years of the Victorian Age—the age into which Sir Winston himself was born. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE ARCTIC YEAR, by Peter Freuchen and Finn Salomonsen (Putnam). A natural history of the top of the world, and one that by almost every criterion—size, scope, and the unquestioned authority of its authors (Dr. Salomonsen, the late Mr. Freuchen's collaborator, is an arctic specialist on the staff of the Universitetets Zoologiske Museum, in Copenhagen)—approaches the encyclopedic. It calls the roll of arctic plants (nearly five hundred species of wild flowers have been identified in Greenland alone), arctic insects (flies, mosquitoes, bees, ants, spiders, but-

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terflies, and many others), arctic birds (scores of them), arctic animals (about a dozen), arctic sea life (finned, furred, shelled), and the native arctic peoples (Eskimos, Aleuts, Lapps, Samoyeds, Yakuty, and Chukchi, among others), and describes their varied and vigorous lives at every point throughout the calendar year. The result, enlivened by an infinity of curious facts (the exhalations of a herd of walrus on a small island, for example, can create a heavy fog), is a magnificently instructive demonstration of the tenacity of life. Illustrated with drawings, maps, and charts.

The Unsilent Generation, edited by Otto Butz (Rinehart). In this book, the idea of which was conceived by Dr. Butz, the John Witherspoon Bicentennial Preceptor in Politics at Princeton University, eleven anonymous Princeton students of the class of 1957 present, with considerable candor, the long, long thoughts of their particular kind of youth on religion, sex, happiness, earning a living, the world, America, and Princeton. Their opinions on these subjects are remarkably diverse, although most of the eleven consider religion of little—and sex of much—personal significance, and nearly all are deeply pacifistic, largely indifferent to the lure of wealth, and enormously conscious of themselves as individuals. It should be added that in the main they express themselves extremely well. Altogether, a most interesting book, but not—and this is perhaps a measure of its value—one from which it is possible to draw any neat conclusions.

Woodrow Wilson, by Arthur Walworth (Longmans, Green). A two-volume biography and the most substantial study of Wilson that we have had. The two books are subtitled "American Prophet" and "World Prophet," and while it is true that the author is principally interested in Wilson's statesmanship, he has not for a moment neglected Wilson's private character—laughing his head off at vaudeville comedians, playing tag and "rooster fighting" with his daughter Nellie in the corridors of the White House, and cracking jokes in Cabinet meetings.

The Tenth Muse, by Herbert Read (Horizon). "Art," Mr. Read remarks in one of the critical essays that form this new and icily lucid book, "has no outer courts: it is absolute—it either *is*, on the level of 'Phèdre' or 'King Lear' or 'Samson Agonistes,'

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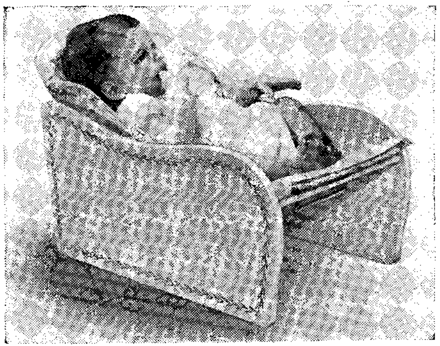

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or it is *not;* it does not admit of adulteration." Having thus set his standard, his fixed center, he gazes uncompromisingly at the several arts and certain of their practitioners (Frank Lloyd Wright, Walter Pater, Wordsworth, Baudelaire, Henry Miller, Graham Sutherland, Henry James, Jackson Pollock, Nietzsche, Samuel Daniel) whose works exalt, interest, or repel him. A splendidly enlightening book. Illustrated with photographic reproductions of paintings and sculptures.

MY DOUBLE LIFE, by Newman Levy (Doubleday). As a trial lawyer, Newman Levy has defended men accused of murder, burglary, and conspiring to violate the Smith Act. As a comic writer, he has contributed to practically every national magazine and to several Broadway revues. Naturally enough, his memoirs are a blend of two kinds of surefire anecdote: courtroom dramas and funny stories about celebrities. Mr. Levy is modest about his legal and literary successes, and his book is all the more charming for that.

PARIS SKETCHBOOK, by Ronald Searle and Kaye Webb (Braziller). A thoroughly delightful picture book. Kaye Webb, who is Mrs. Searle, contributes a fresh, enthusiastic, and totally unpretentious text to go with her husband's drawings. Mr. Searle's sketches—most of them intimate and informal glimpses of people in night clubs, in restaurants, and in the streets and out-of-the-way corners of the city—are Paris to the life.

•

What makes a teacher the "sweetest and prettiest" in the world?

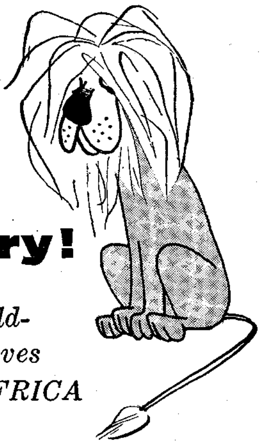
A contest sponsored by the *Akron (Ohio) Beacon-Journal* uncovered some unusual reasons. One youngster, stressing physical qualities, said: "She has pretty, soft eyes like the cocker spaniel we had." Another, emphasizing teaching skill, said: "She teaches like English isn't English at all but something exciting, interesting, and you don't know what's going to happen next."—*Junior Scholastic Magazine.*

And how right she is.

•

In May, as the season advances, there are the fragile but lovely iris in splendid shades, the white and violet to red-violet lilacs and lilies of the valley, as well as blossoms of the fruit trees, weigelas, peonies and aquilegias. Birds now are returning from their sojourn in the South. What could be more beautiful than an arrangement of these flowers on a table or piano, using a colorfully plumaged bird as an accessory?—*The Times.*

That means buying a shotgun.



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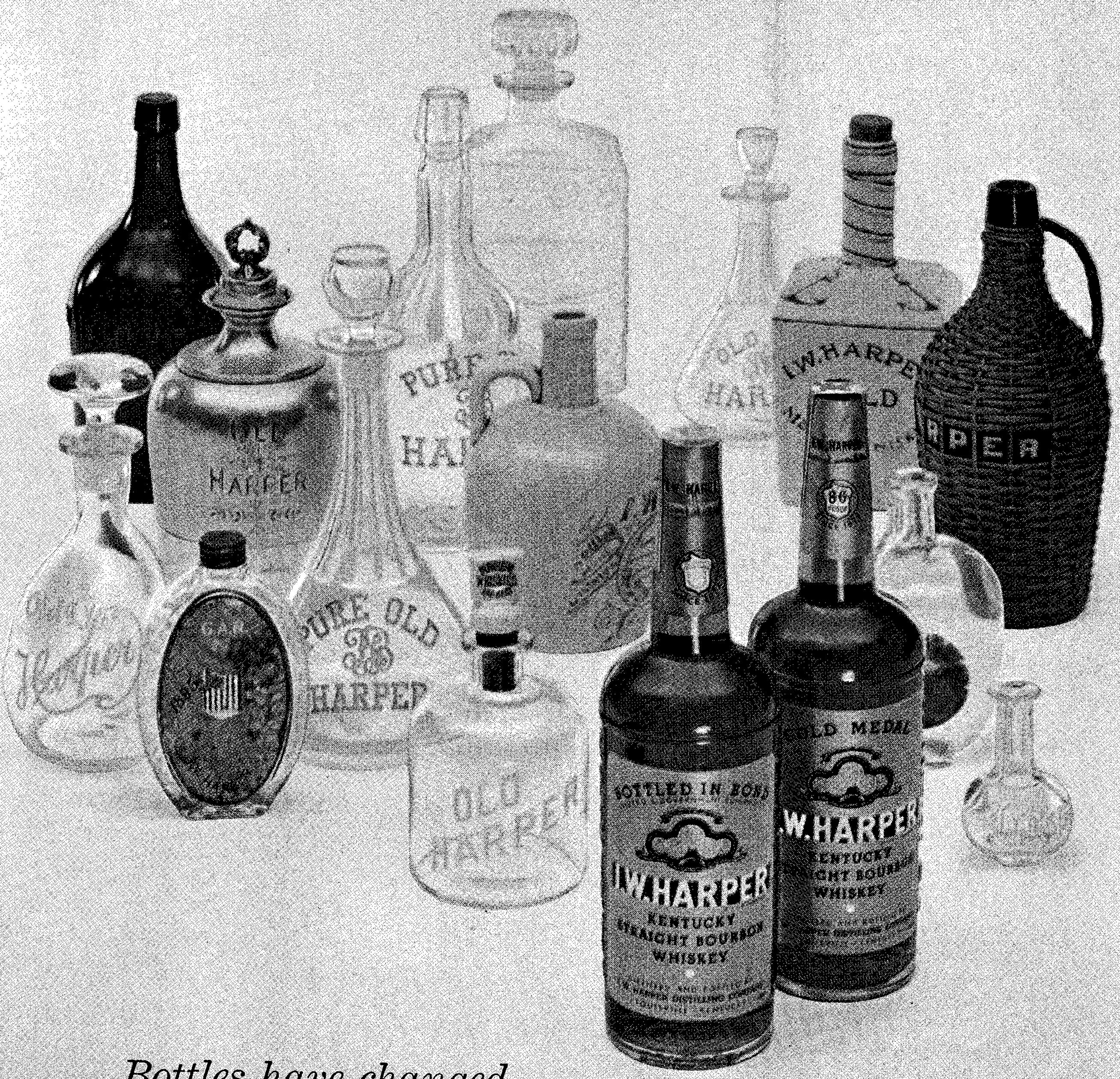
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From left to right: "DANDY" Pinch Bottle, 1900; "AMBER" Colorful Glass, 1880; "CANTEEN G. A. R." Reunion Souvenir, 1895; "PEWTER PITCHER" Gift Decanter, 1900; "COMPANION" Long-Necked Decanter, 1910; "BAR BOTTLE" Ornate Cut Glass, 1910; "DWARF" Round Etched Decanter, 1885; "GOLD MEDAL" Embossed Decanter, 1949; "HARPER'S OWN" Ceramic Jug, 1890; "LITTLE COMPANION" Cut Glass, 1910; "NAUTICAL" Shippers Tribute, 1890; "THE AMERICAN" Hand-Blown Flask, 1875; "CARBOY" Wicker-Covered, 1880; "CAMEO" Cut Glass Miniature, 1899.

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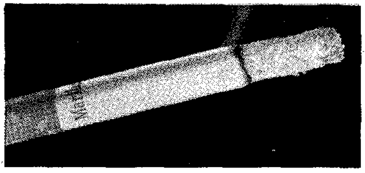
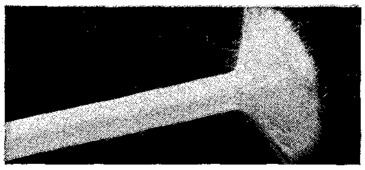


A long, white ash—the kind Marlboro has—is always a sign of good tobacco and a real mild smoke.



This photo of a "filter flower" shows the cellulose acetate (the modern effective filter material) that goes into just one Marlboro exclusive Selectrate Filter.

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